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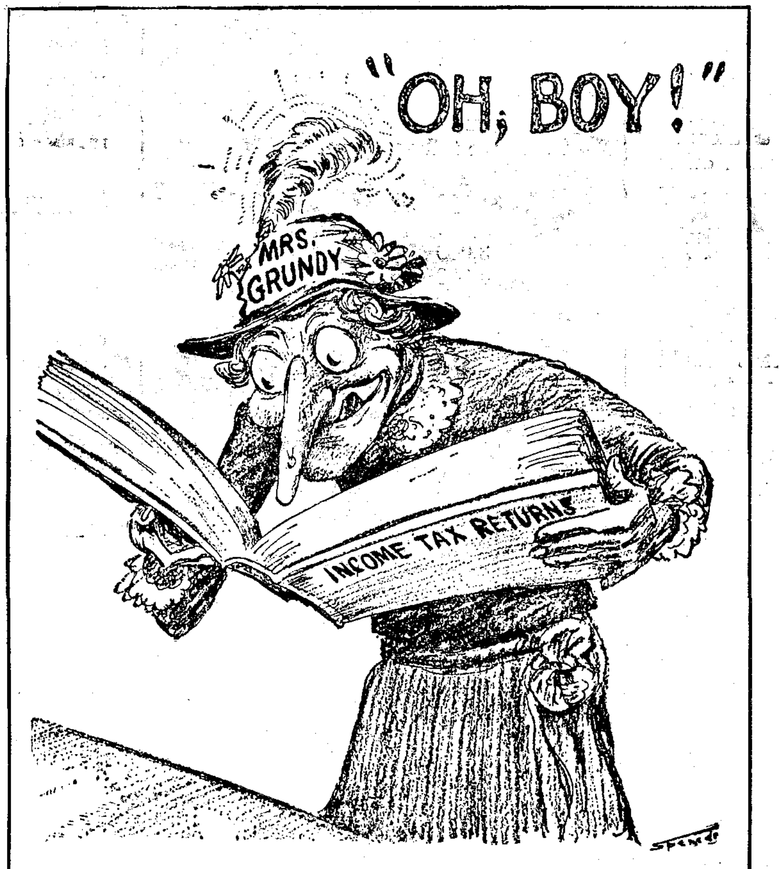
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

PAUL PRY WEEK IN THE INCOME TAX

A NATIONAL PEEP-SHOW of sensational interest was opened on October 23, when the records of the sums paid by the income-tax payers of the United States were made available for public inspection. The immediate consequence, remarks the Baltimore *Sun*, is that "the whole country is wagging its tongue in true Main Street fashion over some one else's income-tax." We have crossed the threshold of an era of "long noses and stretched necks," laments the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*. "Will the craze for snooping end with this, or will it continue until men in uniform are assigned to ring every doorbell to learn what householders have for breakfast and what uses they make of their spare time?" asks the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*. "After a while, if the rage for progressive legislation and moral reform by statute continues, a citizen will have no more privacy, as Irvin S. Cobb said, than a goldfish," thinks the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*. "Let's forget the eagle and make the goldfish our national bird," suggests the Minneapolis *Tribune*, which goes on to say:



—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald*.

"Congress in its vast and all-embracing wisdom evidently foresaw what a benefit this law would be to the sovereign gossips of this fair and somewhat gabby land. Gossip will be made much more accurate, almost an exact science, now that we may know all the details of our neighbor's income and business. There need no longer be any doubt as to whether our neighbor can afford the automobile. One glance and a quick reference to our figures from the collector of internal revenue will tell us whether or not his wife is dressing beyond their means, and the problem of how they keep a hired girl will be of simple solution.

"Of course only a beginning has been made, but it is a step in the right direction. There are still many little secrecies that should be eliminated. An amendment to the Constitution, so drawn as to abolish all privacy, is now in order."

Some idea of how the public responded to the opportunity offered by the throwing open of the income-tax records may be gathered from the dispatches. The liveliest interest, it seems, is that shown by wives in the size of the taxes paid by their husbands. In some instances, however, the situation is reversed. Others sought the records for business reasons—sometimes to "get a line" on the affairs of their business rivals, sometimes to make up lists of promising customers. One man, according to the Boston *Transcript*, "desired to have a copy made of the entire assessment list for the Massachusetts district, comprising 475,000 names." At the New York office of the Collector of Internal Revenue, reports the New York *Times*, the inquirers "were for the most part women." Among these "a girl engaged to be married wanted to know how much her fiancé made," "a woman separated from her husband sought to determine how much alimony she should claim, and others were anxious to learn the incomes of their husbands." Other details are added by the New York *Evening Post*, in which we read:

"The flow of prying souls at the Customs House office, where the largest of the returns are filed, started early. Many came for strange reasons. As they stept to the counter, P. J. Charles, chief clerk, asked them why they sought certain records. They were unblushingly frank.

"One was a stock salesman of the type described as a 'go-getter.' He admitted he was the early bird out after worms.

"'I want to get a list of 1,000 prospects,' he said. 'Any one with an income equal to some of those reported could afford to invest in stocks.'

"One girl, pretty and businesslike, admitted she had hurried down to find out what her fiancé's income for last year totaled. She indicated that if it didn't come up to her expectations the match might be off. And she didn't even blush.

"Another romantic touch came when a young man explained that he wanted to look into the fortunes of his prospective father-in-law, to see just what was coming to him in matrimony.

"There were others who admitted they were spying on their competitors, and one man, who said he contemplated buying a certain business, desired to see whether it had been as prosperous as its owners had asserted.

"There were wives in the throng, too, some of whom admitted that they were there to see whether their husbands had been truthful in reporting their incomes at the 'home' office."

To put some check upon the curious, Collector Tait, of the Maryland district, has resorted to the following device, according to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun:*

"To insure full publicity Mr. Tait will compile and post a list of all those who seek information along with the list of tax payments. The list will read something like this: Mr. Jones asked for information with regard to the taxes paid by Mr. Brown, and wants the information for the following reason. Mr. Jones will be forced to tell what he wants with the information before he gets it.

"The regulations put in force by the Baltimore collector are being attacked as not in conformity with the publicity section which gives any person the right to information in regard to any other person and puts no restriction on the use of the information."

Making public the income-tax figures, some observers say, marks the beginning of a fight to abolish not only the publicity clause of the law, but the income tax itself. Says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Bulletin:*

"The income-tax law has never been popular, naturally, with the rich, and is still looked upon by most of them as a war measure that must, with other war measures, some day pass away—like a nightmare or illness.

"On the other hand, the radicals, or many of them, have seen in it the forerunner of even further and perhaps confiscatory taxes upon great wealth. There are those who have believed it was the entering wedge that would eventually commit America to the principle that wealth is, after all, the property of the people and should, as such, be made to bear all burdens of taxation.

"While these views represent, as is pointed out here, the extremes in the matter, there is no doubt that the rich would not hesitate to take any means to kill or curtail the income-tax law."

HOW TO RECKON INCOME FROM U. S. TAX RETURNS

By the United Press

Tho accurate estimation of an individual's income from the tax he pays is hardly possible, a rough approximation may be obtained from the following table, drafted by Joseph McCoy, actuary of the Treasury Department.

In using the table it must be borne in mind that it applies only to an individual's taxable income. Income not taxable, for example, derived from tax-exempt securities, does not show up in the tax.

The table follows:

Tax	*Income*
$1,000	$20,000
2,000	28,000
3,000	35,000
4,000	40,000
5,000	45,000
10,000	65,000
15,000	80,000
20,000	95,000
45,000	150,000
65,000	200,000
85,000	250,000
110,000	300,000
200,000	500,000
430,000	1,000,000
890,000	2,000,000
1,350,000	3,000,000
1,800,000	4,000,000
2,270,000	5,000,000
7,500,000	15,000,000

What has the publication of the income taxes revealed? A look at the lists, says the Chicago *Tribune*, seems to show that "some of the rich are very poor and some of the rich are very rich." The huge income taxes paid by some individuals moves the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* to remark that—

"The number of extremely rich men who have not sought to evade payment of enormous taxes by the device of tax-exempt bonds must be a matter of disappointment and grief to all the prophets of political wo who trail in the wake of Mr. La Follette. Similarly, it is interesting to learn that others never assailed by a reformer, but known to have huge incomes, manage to contribute little or nothing to the emergency need of the nation."

Among those whose payments are unexpectedly small are John D. Rockefeller, Sr., whose $124,266 is in striking contrast to his son's income tax of $7,435,169; J. P. Morgan, whose income tax of $98,643 is less than is paid by some of the other members of his firm; and Harry F. Sinclair, of Teapot Dome fame, whose 1923 income yielded a Federal income tax of only $213. Among those whose payments were of impressive dimensions were John D. Rockefeller, Jr., already cited; Henry Ford, with a tax of $2,467,946; Edsel Ford, with a payment of $1,984,254; Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who paid $1,173,987; George F. Baker and George F. Baker, Jr., who paid respectively $660,371 and $678,664; Clarence H. Mackay, whose tax was $488,353; and E. H. Gary who paid $473,364. The biggest income taxes paid by corporations were $15,930,901, paid by the United States Steel Corporation, and $14,449,673 paid by the Ford Motor Company. One woman, Anna M. Harkness, paid a tax of $1,422,676. Four musicians, Feodor Chaliapin, Lucrezia Bori, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Ernestine Schumann-Heink, paid income taxes of more than $25,000. Big theatrical incomes were revealed by George M. Cohan's tax of $87,656, and Al Jolson's of $45,070. Among the movie stars Douglas Fairbanks leads with a tax of $225,679, and is followed by Thomas Meighan with $51,239, Gloria Swanson with $38,800, Richard Barthelmess with $29,995; and William S. Hart with $22,654. Jack Dempsey's income tax was $90,831. Among the writers who paid income-taxes of more than $10,000 we find: Mary Roberts Rinehart, $42,612; Zane Grey, $22,112; Edith Wharton, $16,875; Channing Pollock, $14,326; and Montague Glass, $10,777. R. L. Goldberg, a comic artist, paid the Government $20,920.

But these figures, the editorial commentators remind us, are not as illuminating as one might suppose. Says the New York *Times* editorially:

"The figures made public have no further significance than that they represent the amounts assessed by the Government as taxes. No factor can be set up that will translate these figures into terms of actual income. To make any such attempt would be to disregard all those legal deductions that have been made in advance on account of interest payable on borrowed moneys, or on account of investment in tax-exempt securities, or on account of contributions to charity in the amount of their exemption, or on account of taxes paid at the source. The maximum income is, therefore, not to be inferred with any approximate degree of accuracy.

"The minimum income may perhaps be approximated, but even here it has in many cases been unduly swollen by the necessity of crediting in one year the profits realized on a capital sale whose increased value has been accumulating over a long period of time. So while the figures required by law to be exposed to public inspection may in some instances have been lessened by virtue of deductions due to losses substained during the year, they may in other instances have been augmented by sales that will reduce future income. No one is able, therefore, to infer his neighbor's actual income from his neighbor's tax assessment, tho many will assume to do so, with consequences that at the least may prove annoying."

Noting the "gross unfairness" of the fact that "a capitalist who invests heavily in tax-free bonds may virtually escape taxation, while a man who is in active business or on a salary pays the full tax," the Kansas City *Star* declares:

"This is not merely unjust to the business man. It is against the interest of society. Society is concerned in encouraging men to go into business, to produce more goods, to employ more labor. Yet it has so arranged its taxation system that it puts such a man under severe handicaps compared to the inactive capitalist.

"For the welfare of the nation as well as in justice to the active men of affairs in business for themselves or on salaries, this condition should be corrected. There ought to be no more tax-free securities."

The $15,930,901 tax paid by the United States Steel Corporation and the $14,449,673 paid by the Ford Motor Company move the New York *Times* to make the following informing statements:

"Comparison of the two returns was said yesterday to throw a particularly interesting light on the comparative earnings of the billion-dollar Steel Corporation and of Henry Ford's automobile company, which started with a capitalization of $100,000, of which its backers were able to furnish only $28,000 in actual cash. Earnings of the Ford Company had always been hidden from the public, and even the keenest students of finance in the Wall Street district had been unable to even approximate the earnings of the automobile concern. The latter, owned by only two persons and being in effect a 'closed corporation,' and therefore not required to make public its earnings, had for years been one of the mysteries of the financial district.

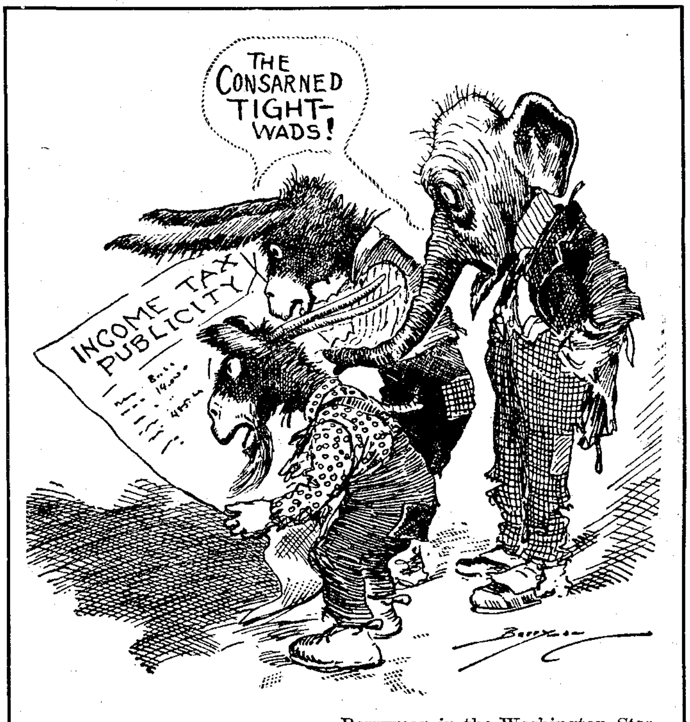
"Even with the aid of comparison afforded by income-tax payments the actual net earnings of the Ford Motor Company can only be approximated, but apparently they were close to those of the Steel Corporation.

"Available figures, which in the case of the motor company are scanty, show the following contrasts between the size, earnings and capitalization of the two largest industrial concerns of America:

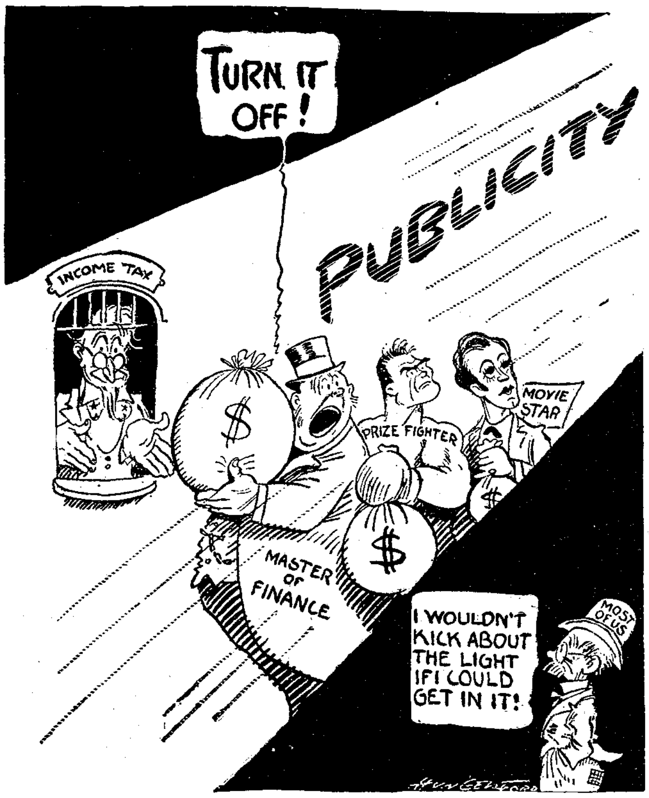
"The Steel Corporation showed in its 1923 report outstanding capital stock of $868,583,600 against only $17,264,500 in the case of the Ford Motor Company. The Steel Corporation had outstanding many millions in bonds; the Ford Company had no bonds against it. Total assets of the Steel Corporation amounted to $2,420,882,704; for the Ford Company they totaled $568,101,639. Working capital of the Steel Corporation—representing the difference between total current assets and total current liabilities—was $451,192,447; for the Ford Motor Company, $257,295,916. Plants of the Steel Corporation showed a long list of properties of which there were 147 steel works, 123 blast furnaces, 331 open hearth and electric furnaces, and 157 sheet-jobbing and plate mills, not to mention railroad properties and millions of dollars' worth of other properties; the Ford Motor Company's properties comprise only thirty-four plants, with the principal one in Michigan, and the rest scattered all over the world.

"The United States Steel Corporation reported gross earnings in 1923 of $1,571,414,483, and net earnings of $108,707,064, while the Ford Company kept a veil of secrecy over its earnings.

"Including the income tax of $14,449,673 paid by the Ford Motor Company, which is owned solely by Henry and Edsel Ford, the income tax paid by the Ford family on all their holdings amounted to $18,902,981, or $2,972,080 more than that paid by the Steel Corporation."



—Berryman in the Washington *Star*.



SOME FOLKS ARE HARD TO PLEASE

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh *Sun*.

Despite the chorus of protest evoked by the application of the Norris amendment, or publicity clause of the 1924 income-tax law, its friends maintain that it has fully justified itself. George F. Authier, in a Baltimore dispatch to the New York *World*, quotes Senator La Follette as saying:

"The information regarding taxes paid by income-tax payers which has already been published in the newspapers is a complete justification of the long fight that has been made by the Progressives to open tax returns to public inspection.

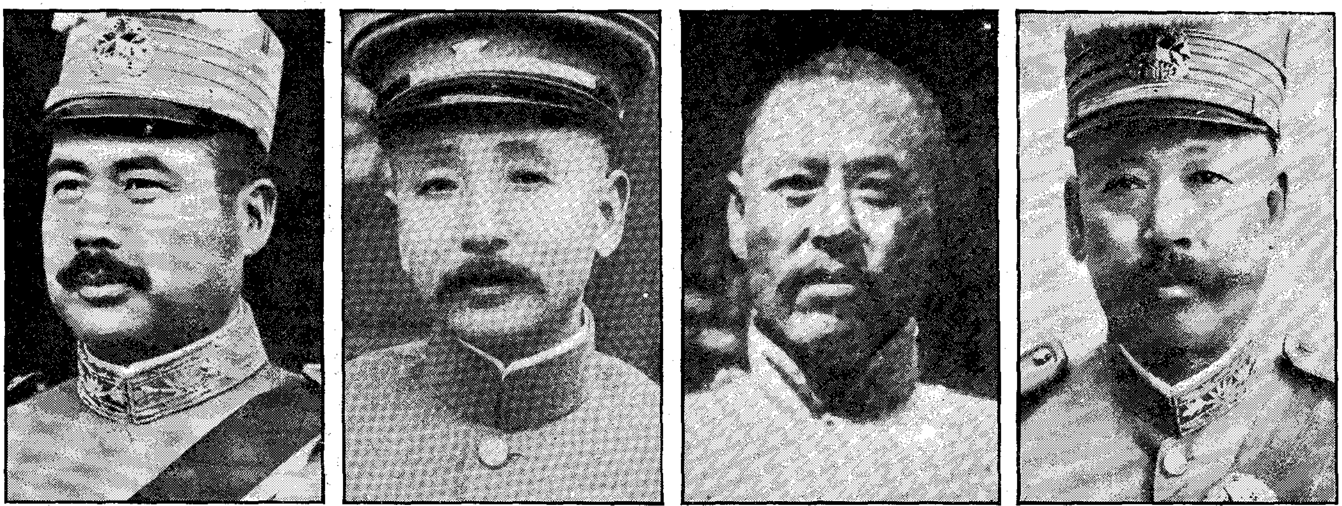
"The publication of these lists is merely the first step in cleaning up the wide-spread tax-dodging which has been permitted by Democratic and Republican Administrations.

"When Congress reassembles, we intend to go to the bottom of this matter and find out just exactly how Harry F. Sinclair manages to escape with only $213 personal income tax. We are also going to find out what Secretary Mellon and the other officials of the Treasury Department have done to stop this form of tax-dodging.

And in Robert T. Small's Washington correspondence for the Consolidated Press Association we read:

"The glee with which most of the supporters of the Norris Amendment in the Senate have greeted the publication of the tax-lists in the newspapers throughout the country is a tell-tale straw as to how the wind will be blowing when the tax-laws come in for revision this winter. The Senators believe they have accomplished a great public good. They are not concerned with the commercial strife and the business gossip which has been engendered in every section of the country—the disturbance of social conditions and, in some instances, the breaking of life-long friendships. They say the country is being apprised of the fact that the tax-laws as levied at present are inequitable and make either for artful tax-dodging or deliberate falsification of returns. When a man who conducts the biggest racing-stable in the country, and never sets out upon a railroad journey unless he is in one of his palatial private cars, can make an individual return of only $213 to the Government, the Senators say there is 'something rotten in the State of Denmark.'

"The income-tax lists as they have appeared in the papers will furnish food for Senatorial and Congressional debates during the entire session of the coming Congress. And it is evident already that Congress is in a mood to pass any sort of legislation which may be required to provide for further publication of returns in the newspapers and to condone the publications already made."



Keystone View Company
FENG YU-HSIANG

Underwood & Underwood
CHANG TSO-LIN

WU PEI-FU

P. & A. photograph
PRESIDENT TSAO KUN

FOUR LEADING PERSONALITIES IN CHINA'S CIVIL STRIFE

THE NEW PHASE OF THE CHINESE WAR

IT IS NOT "MOCK WAR" or "slap-stick comedy" in China any longer, in the opinion of many press observers of the civil hostilities that have been going on this summer. "Twenty-seven hours of carnage, withering barrages of exploding shrapnel, shells dropping into the city and demolishing houses and killing whole families, airplanes bombarding railway trains, while station platforms ran red with the blood of neglected wounded—all," declares the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "warn the nations which have taught the Manchus and other Mongols the modern art of war that the lesson has been well learned."

The latest developments around Peking, together with the sanguinary street fighting in Canton, convince a number of our editors that a bad state of affairs in China is growing worse. After the "Christian General" Feng had deserted his chief, seized the capital and taken charge of the Government, he proclaimed himself an agent of peace and reconciliation. But, in view of all the executions and banishments, announced and foreshadowed, it seems to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* that the "era of peace and reconciliation has not been auspiciously ushered in." The so-called "Christian soldiers" of the so-called "Christian General" are credited in a Consolidated Press dispatch with having one of the most bloodthirsty codes that any body of soldiers ever professed to live by. Yet to the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* it seems that "common sense has scored" through General Feng, and that he "looms as a strong man with the possibilities of great leadership for the good of China." That "Feng has long enjoyed the confidence of foreigners in China" is another point emphasized by the St. Louis *Star:*

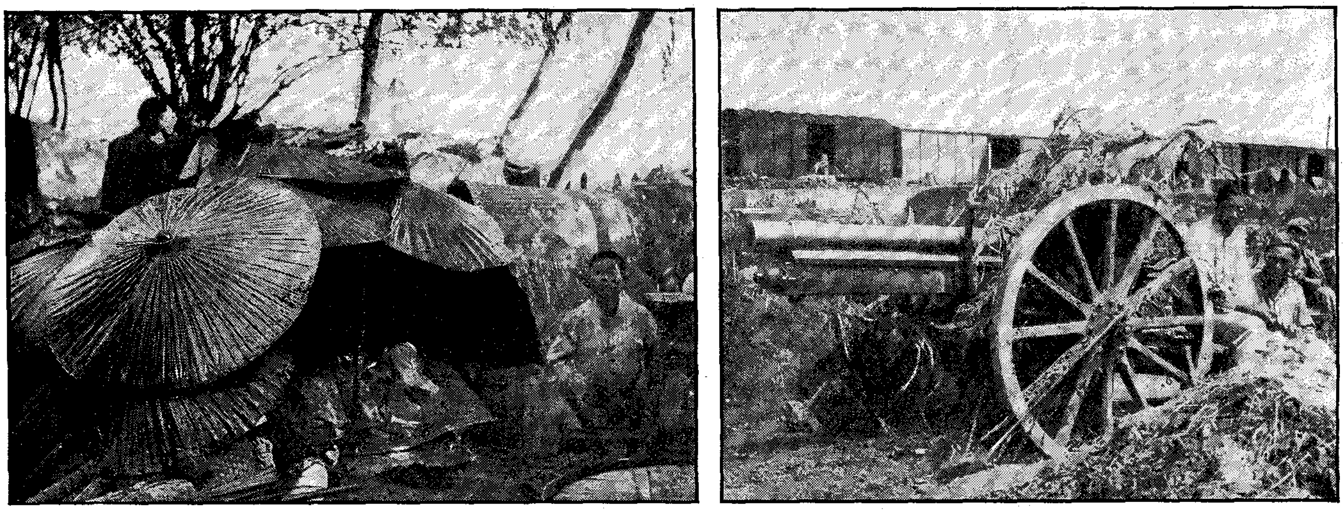
> "He now promises them they shall not be molested by the revolution. He can enforce that promise, for his men are declared to be 90 per cent. Christian, and the best trained and disciplined in the Republic. Wherever his troops go, the community through which they pass is left in better condition than they found it. For this, and because he has steadily refused personal preferment and has announced he will cooperate with any leader who advocates and works for China's best interests, his influence has steadily widened."

But these recent events in and around Peking may have no real significance, remarks the Baltimore *Sun*. Twenty years seems to us a long time for national disorder to continue, but it may be worth the recalling that the history of China dates back two or three thousand years, and that the sketches of that history in the reference books reveal it as a series of long periods of unified stable government, alternating with briefer periods of disorder and disunity. Time and again, by conquest, rebellion or civil war, an able warrior or leader has established a new dynasty to last through several generations, perhaps centuries, until foreign invasion or the weakness of a ruler ushers in a new period in disorder. And, as one newspaper writer on Chinese affairs points out, these periods of disorder may mean little to the Chinese people, for "the peasant clans, the artizans and the merchants seem to regard civil war as a visitation of uncontrollable forces like flood or famine." It has been said that a large portion of the Chinese population are probably unaware that any war is going on. And the Portland *Oregonian* suggests that if China is only let alone she may very well "arrive at unified stable democratic government by the same process as did France."

But will other nations keep hands off? The Baltimore *Evening Sun* is inclined to doubt it:

> "Every Power with interests in China is jealous of every other Power there. Japan is jealous of the United States and of Great Britain. What the relations between Britain and Japan are is open to conjecture. But there is no doubt that Russia is beginning to look upon China with covetous eyes, and has not been backward in helping the Chinese to realize wherein they are being exploited by the foreigners who dwell among them.
>
> "What will be the outcome, only time will tell."

Significant, in the opinion of the Baltimore *Sun's* correspondent in the Far East, is the return on the part of foreign nations in late years to "the gunboat policy" in China. This means the sending of warships, the landing of marines, the arming of American merchant vessels on Chinese rivers, exchanges of shots between the machine-gunners on these ships and snipers ashore, the summary execution of Chinese junkmen at the behest of a British naval officer with guns trained on a Chinese town. The renewal of the policy of armed intervention, continues Mr. John A. Brailsford in the Baltimore paper, contains two considerable dangers apart from all moral considerations—"danger to foreign residents and danger of conflict arising among the Powers themselves." It is impossible for naval forces and foreign garrisons at the seaports to protect foreigners in the interior, "and the very fact that armed intervention is practised at the ports and at the capital, stirs resentment against foreigners and so endangers those in the interior." And then, every step toward intervention will increase jealousies among the Powers. "Russia, Japan and America are already in dispute over the oil of Saghalien, Japan and America over wireless rights in China, Russia and the Powers—particularly France—over the Russian-built railway in Manchuria, and new conflicts over



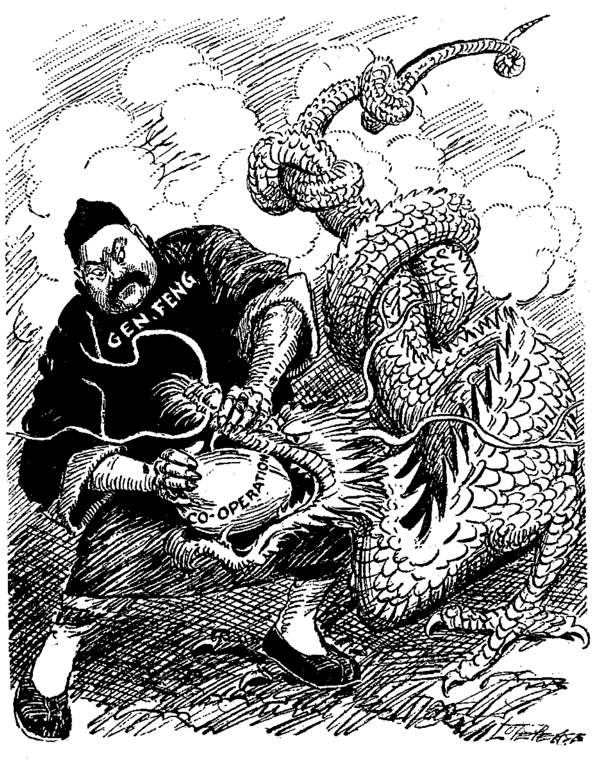
P. & A. photograph P. & A. photograph

CHINA'S CIVIL WAR PRESENTS STRANGE CONTRASTS

Here at the left are Chinese soldiers huddled for safety from shells under their "holy umbrellas." The umbrella is still part of the Chinese soldier's standard equipment. But on the right is a very modern-looking field-gun with a munition train of modern railroad cars in the background. This was part of the equipment of the troops defending Shanghai, but the armies of Chang, Wu and Feng are said to be no less up-to-date, and it is reported that China has half a million well-equipped soldiers under arms.

financial concessions and commercial advantages, besides the more critical question of military penetration, are likely to arise at any time.

So much for the possible consequences of the Chinese civil war. Let us note what the latest developments of that war have been, as somewhat sketchily and partially revealed in the news dispatches. Readers of earlier articles in THE LITERARY DIGEST are aware that for some time China has been nominally ruled by President Tsao Kun at Peking. His Government is the one recognized diplomatically by the foreign Powers. His chief backer, the power behind the throne, has been General Wu Pei-Fu, to whom most of the military governors of Central China have given a sort of allegiance. His chief lieutenant up to last month was the famous "Christian General," Feng Yu-Hsiang. The three Manchurian provinces in the North are held by Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, with a well-drilled army and reported financial backing from Japan. In the far South, Sun Yat Sen controls Canton, and is an ally of Chang in his bitter hostility to Wu. This year's civil war started when forces friendly to Wu attacked the pro-Chang rulers of Shanghai and finally secured control of that important city. Then Chang declared war on Wu.

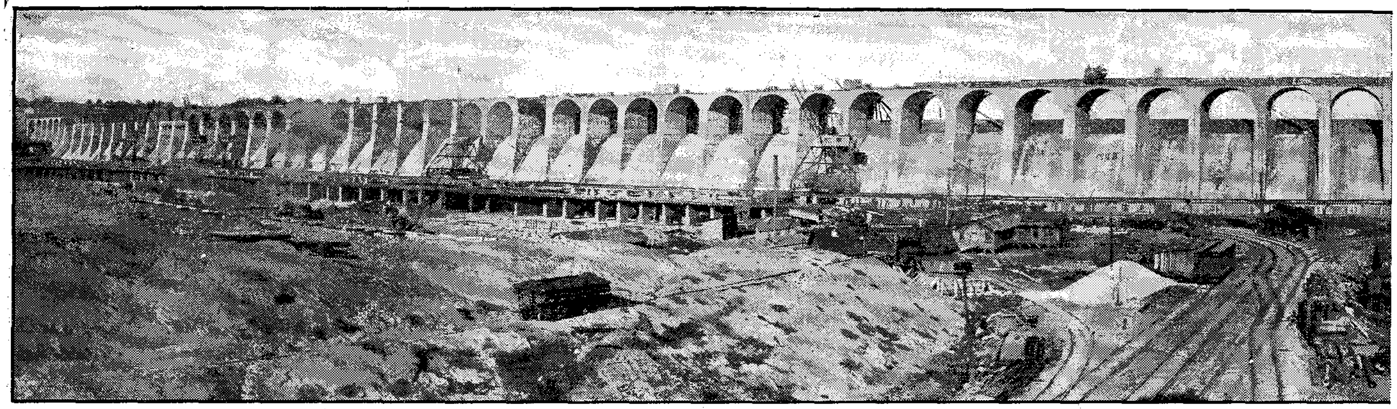


A TRY AT FORCIBLE FEEDING

—Pease in the Newark *News.*

The geography of this civil war is worth noting. To the north of Peking and across Chihli province stretches the Great Wall of China. Some distance beyond this is the Manchurian border Wu rushed his troops to strategic points on or beyond the Great Wall. The most important of these places is Shan-hai-kwan, where the Great Wall touches the sea and the Peking-Manchuria Railroad running along the coast, and where the Manchurian border is closest to the Great Wall and to Peking. Heavy fighting took place in this vicinity, which included spectacular aerial attacks on Wu's ships just off the shore. The dispatches tell of heavy losses suffered along this battle-front by both sides, but reveal little decisive advantage for either. Then came Feng's coup. On October 22 he suddenly turned his army back from its march to the front and seized Peking.

General Feng called Wu "a selfish and ambitious militarist and traitor to the country." President Tsao Kun was forced to dismiss Wu in disgrace and declare the war at an end. Chang, on his side, agreed to call off the war against the Central Government. The President offered to resign, and there was talk that his place might be given to former Premier Tuan Chi-Jui. Statements attributed to Feng revealed an idea of calling together all the best minds in China, excluding the military leaders, with a view to restoring unity. In the meantime, General Wu, leaving part of his forces to hold Chang at the Great Wall, started back to Peking with a strong army to chastise Feng, and the two armies began to "dig in" before the capital. While Wu is between the two well-equipped armies of Feng and Chang, he is said to have the support of a number of the military governors in Central China and commands China's entire Navy. Correspondents report three motives which have been variously ascribed to Feng—that he is sincerely trying to bring peace; that his act is merely the culminating move of a factional fight in the party to which he and Wu belong, and that he received a substantial sum of money from Chang Tso-Lin.



Photograph by Engineering View Service

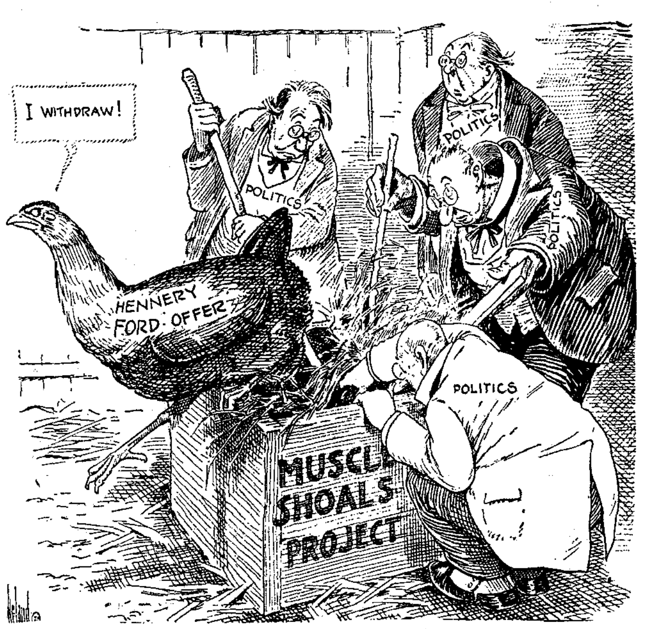
THE STUPENDOUS WILSON DAM, OF THE MUSCLE SHOALS PROJECT, WHICH HENRY FORD DOESN'T WANT.

WHAT NEXT AT MUSCLE SHOALS?

THE ELECTION OVER, the thoughts of many editorial writers will turn to Congress, which convenes within a month. The first business on the Senate calendar when Congress meets is Muscle Shoals. But now that Henry Ford has withdrawn his offer, as recently announced in *Collier's Weekly*, "the next move," observes the Boston *Post*, "is Uncle Sam's." The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* predicts "an increasing drive for public development and operation of the great water-power project." This would mean government operation for at least another year, another correspondent points out. Other bidders for the lease of Muscle Shoals are expected to press their claims more vigorously at the earliest possible moment. But whatever happens, the War Department, as custodian of the project, will continue the construction program which is scheduled to complete the power plants by next July, we are told by the Washington *Star*. Moreover, Secretary of War Weeks indicates that he "will take steps to make temporary use of the power to be produced if Congress has not by that time acted on the various offers now before it."

In a Muscle Shoals article in the September *Century*, Charles Merz says of these offers:

> "Four bids in addition to Mr. Ford's have been received by the Government. The identity of one of them is not disclosed; Secretary Weeks merely remarking that it represents a corporation financially reliable. The other three come first from the Alabama Power Company, which asks a lease for fifty years instead of for a hundred; second, from the Union Carbide Company, which also asks a lease for fifty years, and declares its willingness to pay 'a minimum guaranty of $120,000,000' for the nitrate plants and Dam No. 2; and third, from the White-Atterbury-Hooker interests, which affirm that they will pay $305,000,000 as against $136,000,000 for the Alabama Company, and against $91,000,000 for Ford, and whose proposal has the merit of suggesting what amounts to a profit-sharing partnership with the Treasury.
>
> "From the Ford plan Maj.-Gen. C. C. Williams, Chief of Ordnance in the War Department, figures that the Government would receive a return of $115,906,896 in a span of fifty years; from the Alabama Power plan a return of $134,909,320; from the White-Atterbury-Hooker plan a return of $113,274,738, and from the Union Carbide Company's proposal $36,574,200, in addition to what might be derived from a large supplementary distribution of electric power."



OFF THE NEST

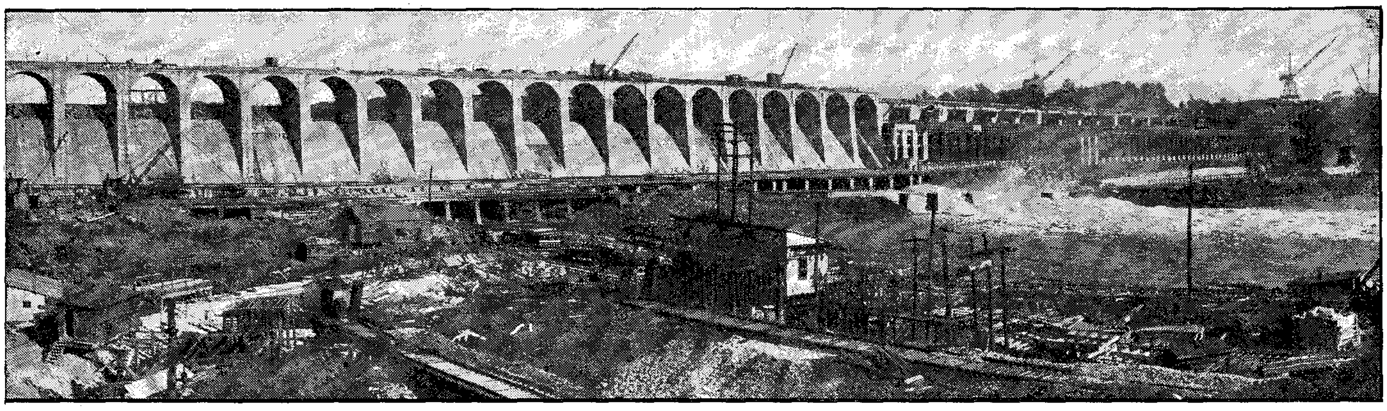
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch*.

In an Associated Press dispatch from Washington we are informed that "two other proposals that received attention at the last session of Congress were the President's suggestion for the creation of an impartial commission to study the problem and Senator Norris's bill for Government ownership and either Government or private operation."

Besides withdrawing his Muscle Shoals offer of July, 1921, in the *Collier's* interview with Samuel Crowther, Mr. Ford wrote President Coolidge, asking that he consider the letter "a withdrawal of said offer." Acknowledging this letter, Mr. Coolidge wrote in part: "I trust . . . that should the Congress conclude that it is best to restore this property to private ownership, you will at that time renew your interest in the project." In his interview, however, the Detroit manufacturer said:

> "We have been doing a great many things since first we were asked to bid on Muscle Shoals. We have bought coal-lands which we expect to reach by the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad, so that now we have about one hundred and sixty thousand acres of coal-lands in Kentucky.
>
> "We find from our experience at the River Rouge plant that we can generate electrical power in these coal-lands to any extent that we may need, and at a cheaper rate than we could under our bid at Muscle Shoals. And also we can generate in our own way, entirely outside of all political influence or political meddling. That is why we have lost our interest in Muscle Shoals.
>
> "When we were first approached we did not have the coal and engines and turbines which we now have. That is, when we bid for Muscle Shoals, we could have used it. Now we can achieve the same results in another way.
>
> "It is now no longer necessary to burn raw coal. Coal may be distilled and a great many valuable products taken from it. You may call them products or you may call them by-products. Then, from what is left over, as much power may be had as from the original coal. This may be turned into electrical power through big steam turbines directly connected with great dynamos.
>
> "It used to be that we could not send electricity very far, but now, with the high tension methods, we can send it hundreds of miles. That will be the basis of our operations in Kentucky."

"Whether Henry Ford's offer to the Government was a good bargain or not no longer matters much," notes



THIS DAM, NEARLY A MILE IN LENGTH, IS EXPECTED TO DEVELOP AT LEAST 600,000 HORSE-POWER

the Omaha *Bee*. The withdrawal of the Ford bid, however, seems to many editors to matter a great deal. "The destruction of the opportunity to turn the Muscle Shoals project over to Mr. Ford is the most costly blunder yet made by the Republican Administration," solemnly declares the Birmingham *Age-Herald*. "The water-power trust and the fertilizer monopoly," this Southern paper adds, "are the two influences that were potent in creating the political impasse that obstructed the acceptance of the Ford bid." "Mr. Ford's recent action means that the fertilizer trust has won its fight," agrees the Nashville *Banner*, and it goes on:

"*The Banner* has little faith in any of the concerns which submitted bids in opposition to the one made by Mr. Ford. Their bids were part and parcel of the general plan of obstructive tactics put into operation by the fertilizer trust. Having accomplished their purpose, having worn out the patience of Ford, they, too, will likely withdraw their bogus bids."

But, we are reminded by another Nashville paper, *The Tennessean*, "Muscle Shoals is too well known throughout the country, through Mr. Ford's initiative, for the project to be abandoned." Mr. Ford has been defeated, these Tennessee papers agree; the fight must now be taken up by the South.

In the opinion of the New York *American*, Oshkosh *Northwestern*, Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, and dozens of other papers, Mr. Ford's course was justified by the delay of Congress. As the Philadelphia *Record* puts it:

"Henry Ford's announcement in *Collier's* that he has withdrawn his bid for Muscle Shoals, is the natural reaction of a business man to the political botching of a business problem.

"Mr. Ford made his bid at a time when the nation had virtually written off its war-time investment at Muscle Shoals and refused to spend another cent there. That offer was open to examination and any legitimate criticism that could be made to it as a business proposal, but it got no such treatment. From the start until this moment it has been handled as politics."

On the other hand, a neighboring Philadelphia paper, *The North American*, maintains that "Mr. Ford's plan involved a grab of natural resources belonging to the people, a project of monopolization, a raid upon the Treasury, and a fraud upon the farmers." "The country is to be congratulated upon the withdrawal of his bid," thinks a Southern paper, the Columbia *Record*, for, believes the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, "the United States can dispose of the plant upon terms better than Mr. Ford offered." "Because Mr. Ford has left the field, the development of Muscle Shoals has not come to an end," avers the Montgomery *Advertiser*. "Other proposals will stand." "A combination of Southern hydro-electric companies," explains the Atlanta *Constitution*, "has made a better offer for the plant, with an even more definite fertilizer guaranty."

In the opinion of the Chicago *Tribune*, "Mr. Ford's complaint against politics is not well grounded." As the Birmingham *News* points out:

"If he charges that a simple, business proposition has been turned into a political proposition, crippling him and tying his hands, it is also true that Mr. Ford has contributed very largely to this development. His contemptuous treatment of Congress, his assumption that he was a superman on account of his wealth and power; his arrogant attitude and failure to speak freely or frankly, or to tell, except through more or less reliable intermediaries of his plans; his assertion that he would not deal with Congress but the President, as tho the President was emperor and sole lord of this country; all of these things have contributed to a reaction.

"Mr. Ford has no one but himself to blame. He has not been frank, he has not been open and above-board, and he has not made any guaranties worth the paper they were written upon relative to the production of nitrates or the sale of fertilizer.

"The people of the country have been thinking and analyzing the Ford offer, and there has been a very deep undercurrent of reaction against turning a national asset over to Mr. Ford or any other private individual for private exploitation, with practically no regulation, and setting at defiance a general statute of the United States governing water-power sites and power production, in order to do it."

"While Mr. Ford has shut the door on Muscle Shoals, he has not turned the key," observes the Milwaukee *Journal*. In fact, observes the New York *Evening Post:*

"Henry Ford knows the exact status of the bill. He realizes there is and will be great pressure on the Senate. A gesture of renunciation on his part will redouble that pressure. What he has done may prove the death-blow to the government ownership measure fathered by Senator Norris and finally approved by a Senate committee."

The October 18th issue of *Collier's*, in which the Ford interview was published, says editorially of Muscle Shoals:

"It is of no concern to *Collier's* whether Henry Ford or John Smith develops and puts to use the vast power resources owned by the people at Muscle Shoals, provided John Smith makes as good a bid as Henry Ford or a better, and provided he has the skill and money to make good. What does vitally concern *Collier's* and *must concern every citizen of the country* is the millions of dollars that the Congress costs the people every year through its clumsy, stupid, talk-'em-to-death handling of economic problems as tho they were purely partizan political issues. Of this Muscle Shoals is but an example.

"While the taxpayers of the country go about their daily work trying to earn a living, a blatant Congress is too often hampering their earnings and taking away from their savings. This is not maliciousness but sheer ineptitude.

"The Congress is and was designed to be a political body. The big questions which come before it to-day are *economic, not political*. It has tried to decide every one of these economic issues on political grounds, and every time it has fumbled and cost the taxpayers great sums directly, and vastly, incalculably greater sums indirectly."

To the Minneapolis *Journal:*

"One interesting phase of the situation is the announcement that the Ford interests will turn to the use of coal by the latest scientific methods. This is a venture such as has not as yet been tried on a large scale. If Henry Ford makes a go of it, as he is confident he will, it will be a contribution to industrial progress of far greater value than what he might have accomplished with the huge power of the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals."

LABOR'S "MAGNA CHARTA" UPHELD

THE MOST IMPORTANT VERDICT from the standpoint of labor since the Dred Scott decision; "of transcendent importance"; "epoch-making"; "a common-sense ruling"—all these are a few newspaper characterizations of the Supreme Court decision upholding the Clayton Act's provision for jury trials in contempt cases growing out of strike injunctions. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, calls the decision "a long step ahead." Hugh Frayne, another labor leader, says "it is progress; it helps everybody." President Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers thinks that every good citizen, whether a union laborer or not, ought to be gratified. And the press, without regard to party, including both conservative and progressive papers, join in approval of the decision. Democratic journals go on to call attention to the fact that Mr. Clayton, who framed the bill, was a Democrat, and that John W. Davis played an important part in the enactment of the law. It is explained in the newspapers that Congress put this particular provision in the Clayton Act to stop what labor leaders have always considered an abuse of the injunction. In a labor dispute, a judge issues an injunction forbidding certain acts, such as violence, picketing or persuasion. A disobedience of the injunction is contempt of court, which can be punished summarily as such by the judge, without the calling of a jury. Now, however, the Clayton Act makes it mandatory for the judge to grant a jury trial whenever the defendant asks it, and the Supreme Court endorses the Clayton Act.

The Supreme Court decision, writes John J. Leary in the Baltimore *Sun*, was something of a surprize "since, while the Clayton Act has long been described by Samuel Gompers and others as 'the Magna Charta of labor,' decision in the lower courts that this clause was unconstitutional and delays in securing a final determination had led to a loss of faith in its value by the rank and file." The lower courts had held, in the cases now settled by the Supreme Court, that the provision of the Clayton Act of October 15, 1914, for jury trials in cases of contempt growing out of industrial disputes were unconstitutional. But the Supreme Court holds, first, that the Clayton Act does not infringe on the constitutional powers of the courts, and secondly, that Congress in enacting it was simply making a statutory extension of a constitutional right. To quote the decision as read by Mr. Justice Sutherland:

> "The simple question presented is, whether Congress may require a trial by jury upon the demand of the accused in an independent proceeding at law for a criminal contempt, which is also a crime. . . . The only substantial difference between such a proceeding as we have here and a criminal prosecution by indictment or information is that, in the latter, the act complained of is the violation of a law, and in the former the violation of a decree.
>
> "In the case of the latter the accused has a constitutional right of trial by jury, while in the former he has not. The statutory extension of this constitutional right to a class of contempts, which are properly described as 'criminal offenses,' does not, in our opinion, invade the powers of the courts as intended by the Constitution or violate that instrument in any other way."

The argument of the Supreme Court Justice is thus paraphrased in more popular language by the Boston *Globe:*

> "The Clayton Act granted a trial by jury to persons accused of contempt of court arising out of labor disputes. Through this act Congress sought to put a curb upon the use of injunctions as an anti-strike weapon.
>
> "There are two kinds of contempt of court. One is when the court is insulted in the presence of the judge. A person, for instance, who in the course of a trial deliberately creates a disturbance is liable to be dealt with for contempt. This is a matter for the judge, who has the power of punishment in his own hands.
>
> "The other kind of contempt is quite different. A judge issues an order 'enjoining,' forbidding, a person from committing a certain act outside of the court-room. Such orders are not uncommon during strikes, and judges have not only issued commands against acts of violence, but have even gone so far as to forbid strikers from discussing the difficulty with others or with one another. In such cases the person who violates the injunction is charged with contempt, and the question has been whether he is subject to summary punishment by the judge who issued the order or should be granted a trial before a jury, as would be the case of a person charged with crime."

Any other interpretation than that of the Supreme Court would "deprive the people of their fundamental right of trial by jury," says the Philadelphia *Record*, which continues:

> "In many strike cases, probably, the contempt proceedings are employed instead of trial for a crime, because the man who is accused can be locked up or otherwise punished immediately, while indictment and trial would occupy considerable time. But celerity of proceedings is a characteristic of Russian or Asiatic courts rather than of the courts of America, where justice and the protection of personal rights are the primary consideration, and where it is felt that it is better for 99 criminals to escape than for one innocent man to be punished."

The Supreme Court, observes the Springfield *Republican*, "has taken an important step in conciliating a public sentiment, always widely prevalent, which took offense at the apparent unfairness of punishments inflicted by a court that was prosecutor, jury and judge combined in one individual."

The injunction, "as a weapon of strike prevention" has, in the opinion of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, been given "a blow from which it will never recover," and "from the point of view of good public policy, it is hoped that it never will recover." Here the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* sees "a gain for labor," also "a gain for the administration of justice." Not labor alone, but all who have had misgivings over the "self-widened power of the courts" by means of the injunction must be reassured by the Supreme Court's decision, says the Milwaukee *Journal*. Several editors see a significant connection between this decision and the plan to limit the Supreme Court's powers, which was put forward in the campaign. The most noteworthy circumstance in connection with the decision, we read in the Chicago *Daily News*, "is the circumstance that the much-criticized Supreme Court has sustained an act which abridges judicial power and enlarges to a corresponding degree the power of the legislative department." Such a decision, says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "should give pause to all those who would destroy the Supreme Court's authority as one of the checks and balances of our system of government under the Constitution."

Samuel Gompers says in his statement praising the decision:

> "It may well be that this decision marks a great turning-point in American court procedure. A great cloak of autocratic power is shorn away. Strikers charged with breaking judge-made law are entitled to jury trials. They can no longer be put in jail at the whim of the judge who made the law.
>
> "But the injunction remains. It may still be issued in labor disputes where no such injunction would lie if there were no labor dispute in progress. The injunction itself, as used in labor disputes, must go before the Constitution is fully and finally vindicated and made supreme in our court system."

There is, however, one phase of the decision that will not be entirely pleasing to labor, we read in the New York *World:*

> "That is the ruling by the Court that railway employees who strike continue to be employees. This is directly at variance with the contention of the striking shopmen in 1922 that, having struck, they were no longer employees and therefore not under the jurisdiction of the United States Railroad Labor Board or subject to its orders or rulings."

A La Follette supporter during the campaign, the Washington *News*, emphasizes the point that the final authority has now endorsed the views of Senator La Follette on labor injunctions rather than those of Attorney-General Daugherty and Solicitor-General Beck. They had a theory, we are told, "that even when Congress said that a two-by-four judge could not put a man in jail for contempt in a labor case, that Congress was violating the Constitution. The Supreme Court now says that Daugherty and Beck and the Department of Justice and all the big and little butlers were wrong and that Bob La Follette was right."

WHAT THE TORY VICTORY IN BRITAIN MEANS

RUSSIA AND ROWDYISM both figured conspicuously in the British election campaign, which resulted in a Conservative landslide on October 29. The alleged Zinovieff letter advocating revolution in Great Britain, altho promptly denounced as a forgery, apparently convinced the British voters that the Tories were right when they said Labor would go "red" if it won the election. In the hour of defeat Premier MacDonald said, according to a London dispatch from Robert J. Prew to the New York *American*: "Labor flourishes when the odds are against it. We will gain in aggregate votes even if seats are lost." While the Tory victory meant defeat for the Laborites, it meant virtual annihilation for the Liberal party, reports John L. Balderston in a London dispatch to the New York *World*. He adds:

"Labor has lost heavily, but it went down fighting hard against the handicap of a Russian plot scare, and polled a far larger popular vote than it did at the general election last year, its high-water mark hitherto.

"But the Liberal party has almost been swept out of existence. Even its leader, former Premier H. H. Asquith, was defeated by a Laborite, Rosslyn Mitchell, despite the fact that the Tories put up no candidate in this constituency, Paisley, and supported Asquith.

"The merest remnant of Liberals will return to Parliament, and they will be utterly helpless and without influence."

The Conservative victory returns Stanley Baldwin to the Premiership and Marquis Curzon to the Foreign Office. What this means is briefly outlined as follows by *The World:*

"In his election manifesto, equivalent to a party platform, Mr. Baldwin made the following pledges:

"Rejection of the Anglo-Russian treaty, negotiated by the Labor Government.

"'Support and strengthening of the League of Nations on practical lines' as a cardinal principle of British foreign policy.

"Imperial Preference, a system of preferential duties within the Empire to boost imperial trade.

"The reason for the Tory defeat last year was insistence on a general tariff. The manifesto does not mention it this year, but in some of his speeches Mr. Baldwin has favored restoration of the McKenna duties to protect industry, and pledged himself not to attempt to put a tariff on any foodstuffs.

"The manifesto pledges the Conservatives to reduce unemployment, relieve the very bad British housing situation, help agriculture and reduce prices, but nothing is said as to how this will be done."

The sensation of the British campaign was the publication, a few days before the election, of an alleged letter from President Zinovieff of the Communist Internationale, urging British Communists to foment civil war. This document, addrest to the Central Committee of the British Communist party, and marked "very secret," read in part as follows:

"Regarding the regulation of relations between S. S. S. R. [Soviet Russia] and England, a settlement of relations between the two countries will assist in the revolutionizing of the Internationale and the British proletariat, not less than a successful rising in any of the working districts of England, as the establishment of close contact between the British and Russian proletariat, the exchange of delegations and workers, etc., will make it possible for us to extend and develop propaganda of the ideas of Leninism in England and her colonies.

"Armed warfare must be preceded by a struggle against inclinations to compromise, which are embedded among the majoriity of British workmen; against ideas of evolution and peaceful extermination of capitalism. Only then will it be possible to count upon the complete success of an armed insurrection. . . .

"From your last report it is evident that agitation and propaganda work in the Army is weak, in the Navy, a very little better. Your explanation that the quality of the members attracted justifies the quantity is right in principle. Nevertheless, it would be desirable to have cells [nuclei?] in all the units of troops, particularly among those quartered in large centers of the country, and among factories working on munitions and at military store depots. We request that most particular attention be paid to these latter. In the event of danger of war, with the aid of the latter and in contact with the transport workers, it is possible to paralyze all military preparations of the bourgeoisie and make a start in turning an imperialist war into a class war. . . .

"The military section of the British Communist party, so far as we are aware, further suffers from a lack of specialists, the future directors of the British Red Army. It is time you thought of forming such a group, which, together with the leaders, might be, in the event of the outbreak of active strife, the brain of the military organization of the party."

Assuming the letter to be authentic, the British Labor Government sent Russia a sharp note of protest, to which the Russian Government replied with the statement that the letter was a "gross forgery," and with a demand for an apology. A London dispatch from Arthur S. Draper to the New York *Herald Tribune*, dated October 25, four days before the election, had this to say:

"Has some one perpetrated a gigantic hoax on the British public, or has the Soviet Government wrecked all chances of negotiating a treaty with the British Government through a clumsy bit of fooling propaganda?

"Under-Secretary Ponsonby of the Foreign Office, who had the task of negotiating the recent Anglo-Russian treaties, declared in an interview that he had no reason to believe that the letter was a forgery, while M. Rakowsky, the Soviet representative here, characterized it as a complete and clumsy fabrication. The British Communist party issued a long statement in which it said that the letter never was received, that there is no military section of their party, and that the note contains obvious absurdities. It hints that 'a London newspaper, which recently has been filling its columns with impudent White fabrications,' knows something about the true author of the letter.

"Despite the denials, the public accepts the document. Political observers are bewildered to understand why Premier MacDonald kept it secret until the eve of the election, as the letter was circulated in the Cabinet three weeks ago."

The Russian communication declaring the letter a forgery and demanding an apology is quoted as follows by the Rosta Agency, an organ of Soviet publicity:

"While adhering to repeated declarations regarding the nonresponsibility of the Soviet Government for acts of the Communist Internationale, and while abstaining at present from touching upon the form and tone of Mr. Gregory's note, the Soviet Government hastens to declare that the alleged letter of the Communist Internationale serving as the basis for the aforementioned note has undoubtedly been established to be an impudent forgery, aiming at the destruction of the proposed Anglo-Soviet treaty and the ruin of the friendly relations between the Soviet Government and Great Britain, which seem to be on the brink of improvement. In view of the use of this forgery in an official document, the Soviet Government insists upon an adequate apology and the punishment of both private and official persons involved in the forgery.

"In order to remove all doubt regarding the falsity of said document, the Soviet Government, fully appreciating the serious consequences that this forgery might have on both countries, urgently and decidedly offers to have recourse in an impartial arbitration court for establishing the fact that the so-called Communist Internationale letter of August 15 is a forgery."

Because of its rowdyism this British election will be remembered as "the dirty election of 1924," according to Hal O'Flaherty in a London dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*. Says this correspondent:

"Meetings which had been arranged by the older parties in nearly every portion of the country were broken up, even in cases where the speakers had loud, stentorian voices. From Plymouth, where Lady Astor faced a savage heckling for an hour before abandoning her attempt to speak, to Scotland, where Sir Robert Horne gave up his attempt to restore quiet, the Hooligans, many of them too young to affiliate with any party, made a joke of free speech.

"Since the war there has been a growing tendency in this country to turn political meetings into rough-and-tumble fights. Mere heckling, which is a time-honored custom, has been perverted into a demonstration of class hatred, accompanied by personal threats and an unbearable din of tin-pan beating, bell-ringing and horn-blowing."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Every house is a house that jack built.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

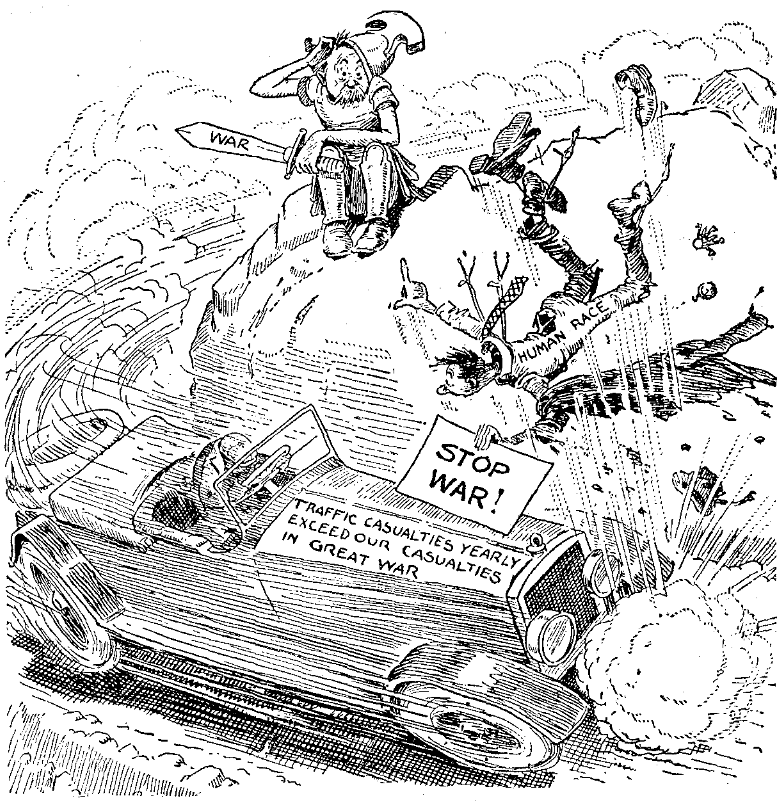
As trouble-makers, few outlaws can beat the -in-laws.—*El Paso Herald.*

A hyphen is on the level, thus differing from the politicians who appeal to it.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

When the time arrives for the meek to inherit the earth, there will probably be no oil left in it.—*Columbia Record.*

The Indians have their medicine men and the Africans their voodoo doctors. We have our psychoanalysts.—*Engine Register.*

Before deciding which party to belong to, discover to whom the party belongs.—*Beaumont Enterprise-Journal.*


WAR
HUMAN RACE
STOP WAR!
TRAFFIC CASUALTIES YEARLY EXCEED OUR CASUALTIES IN GREAT WAR

WE'D BETTER STOP SOMETHING

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

The habitual grouch is another cross-word puzzle we can't solve.—*Columbia Record.*

About the best method of climbing higher is to remain on the level.—*North Adams Herald.*

A little of personal liberty remains. Balloon pants are not compulsory.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

The war in China has forced the Shanghai golf club to close. General Sherman didn't say the half of it.—*Detroit News.*

Three water-rats were killed recently in a dairy shop in East London. We generously refrain from comment.—*Punch.*

The holier-than-thou attitude may be caused by virtue, but usually it is caused by a poor memory.—*Austin American.*

The invention of the harp was due to an accident, we read. On the other hand the inventor of the bagpipes was a Highland cottager who got the idea through stepping on a cat.—*Punch.*

What we need is an auto that will stop and count ten before it tries to pass another on a narrow road.—*Frankfort (Ind.) Times.*

Judging from his hair we suspect that La Follette believes in the conservation of natural resources.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

One thing that keeps America free of revolution is the fact that one exciting sport season blends into another.—*Saginaw Evening Star.*

The Germans have at length discovered that it is easier to gather the shekels of peace than it is to apply the shackles of war.—*Columbia Record.*

One automobile now in America to 6.6 persons.—*Headline.* There are too many of these sixth-tenths persons driving.—*Fond du Lac Commonwealth.*

We suppose perhaps the reason why a man always seems to win the fastest stenographer contest is because he doesn't have to stop to powder his nose.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

The Prince of Wales is an able farmer. Gets to his Canada ranch just after fall crops have been harvested and leaves just before it's time to haul fodder to the cattle.—*Louisville Times.*

Who remembers what the party platforms said?—*Detroit News.*

Never count your chickens till they cross the road.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

The arrival of the *ZR-3* seems to be a case of Hans across the sea.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Another good way to eliminate unnecessary noises would be to eliminate the pronoun "I."—*Baltimore Sun.*

A New York engineer who has invented a self-playing saxophone is coming to England. As a refugee, we imagine.—*Punch.*

An elephant's trunk contains 40,000 muscles. It must have been packed by a woman.—*Detroit News.*

Wild life isn't really disappearing. It is just moving to the cities.—*Detroit Free Press.*

What do the barbers do with the hairpins the new customers are leaving?—*Boston Herald.*

America now has half of the world's gold and about 86 per cent. of its brass.—*Duluth Herald.*

Germany is learning that the real balance of power is the balance in the bank.—*Columbia Record.*

America isn't the only country with unofficial observers. There's the King of Italy.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

What we can't understand about the radio is how the static knows you have company that night.—*Roanoke World News.*

Sir Robert Horne, eulogizing work, says that it is the justification of existence, the zest of life, a solace in sorrow, and the glory of mankind. Perhaps this is why so many employers think there's no need to pay much for it.—*Punch.*

Some folks with ambitions to purify politics could make a fine start by getting out of politics.—*National Newspaper Service.*

Edible snails are now arriving in England from France. Some people only eat them during months with a "z" in them.—*Punch.*

An ideal anesthetic has been discovered by the Germans. It is said to make other people forget the war.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Every married man knows that the jokes about women shopping all day long and buying nothing are not true.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Maybe this wouldn't be so restless an age if the automobile hadn't made it possible to be restless sitting down.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

In the course of time radio may confer the benefit of bringing about a standardized pronunciation of the American-English language.—*Washington Star.*

Henry Ford has withdrawn his offer for Muscle Shoals. He probably discovered that its operation would not be so profitable for the people as he at first estimated.—*Columbia Record.*

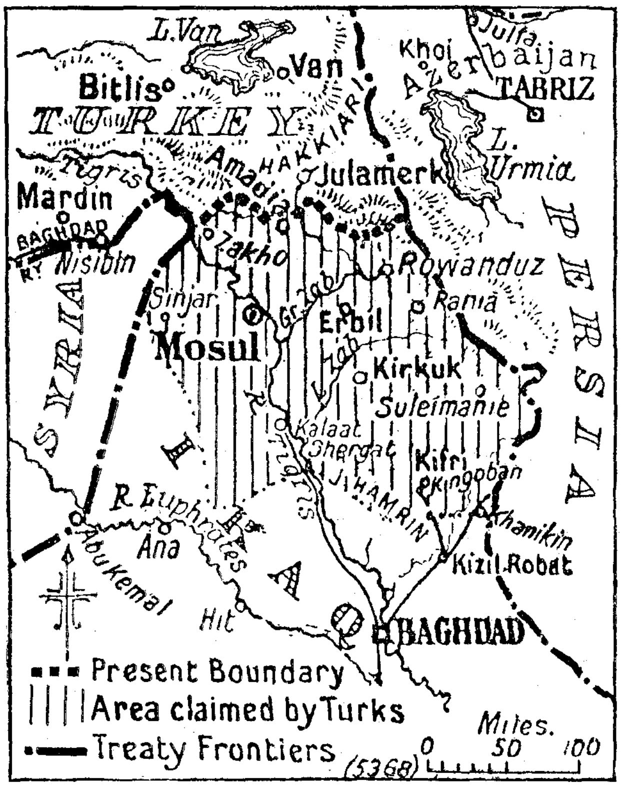
FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE LEAGUE AS LIFE-SAVER IN THE ANGLO-TURKISH CLASH

TURKISH REGULAR TROOPS invading Irak at a moment when the whole question of the boundaries between this mandated territory of Britain and Turkish territory was under consideration of the League of Nations formed so clear a violation of the Treaty of Lausanne that some irate British editors were wondering whether the Government of Angora had the mad idea of "provoking a war with the might of the British Empire on the subject of Mosul." But to the rescue hurried a special session of the Council of the League of Nations at Brussels, and press dispatches from that city advise us that:

"According to good sources Great Britain will be willing to accept the frontier denoted in the Sèvres Treaty as the status quo line of the Lausanne Treaty. This will require the Turks to withdraw from points which were occupied recently by subsidiary tribes, but will also require the British to make an evacuation, and this evacuation would be more important than that of the Turks. The frontier denoted by the Treaty of Sèvres is the northern limit of the vilayet of Mosul, modified to pass south of Amadia.

"While the British under this arrangement would be making the greatest evacuation, they are not endangering their held even temporarily on the oil land, which is the cause of all the dispute."



From the London *Times*

WHERE TURK AND BRITON CLASH

Turkey and Britain decided, after years of negotiation, to abide by the League arbitration of the Irak mandate boundaries, in which the Mosul region, said to be rich in oil, is the cause of all the dispute.

A review of the case as seen in authoritative British and Iraki quarters is communicated to the London *Daily Telegraph* by Reuter's Bagdad correspondent, who relates:

"After the Armistice the years 1918 to 1921 were spent in adjusting the British military positions and political relations with the frontier tribes inhabiting the mountain area north of Mosul, the object being to arrive at a line which could be easily defended and would coincide with the pre-war frontier of the Mosul vilayet, and, not cut across the tribal boundaries.

"By the beginning of 1921 the Irak civil administration extended over the whole Mosul vilayet. During 1921, however, the Irak administrative line was thrust back from the Mosul vilayet boundary in the northeast corner of Irak by an incursion of Turkish irregulars, who brought about a Kurdish rising against the Irak administration. They took possession of the important strategic center of Rowanduz, which had always been a portion of the Mosul vilayet.

"In the course of the same year some tribes of Christian mountaineers, known as Assyrians or Nestorians, were encouraged by the British to return to their homes some seventy miles north of Mosul. These Assyrians had for a long time been exiled in the plains of Irak. They had risen against the Turks in the beginning of 1917, at the instigation of the Russians. They were overpowered by the Turks and Kurds, and driven from their homes, which were completely destroyed. A few reached Irak through Persia. On their return to their country in 1921 they remained under the loose administration of Irak. Tho their homes had before been outside the Mosul vilayet, Irak formed their only channel of communication with the outside world.

"Thus at the end of 1921 Irak administration was established in the north beyond the Mosul vilayet boundary over the newly resettled Assyrian mountains, while in the northeast the line had been thrust back over that boundary by the Turkish incursion to Rowanduz."

During the spring of 1923, this informant goes on to say, British forces expelled Turkish irregulars from the Rowanduz area, and the Irak administration was completely reestablished, so that the Irak administrative line coincided with that of the old Mosul vilayet, except for the Assyrian salient, as previously explained. In July, 1923, the Treaty of Lausanne was signed, and we are reminded that a part of Article III, relating to the matter in hand, ran as follows:

"The frontier between Turkey and Irak shall be laid down in a friendly arrangement, to be concluded between Turkey and Great Britain within nine months. In the event of no agreement being reached between the two Governments within the time mentioned, the dispute shall be referred to the Council of the League of Nations. The Turkish and British Governments reciprocally undertake that pending the decision to be reached on the subject of the frontier no military or other movement shall take place which might modify in any way the present state of the territories of which the final fate will depend on that decision."

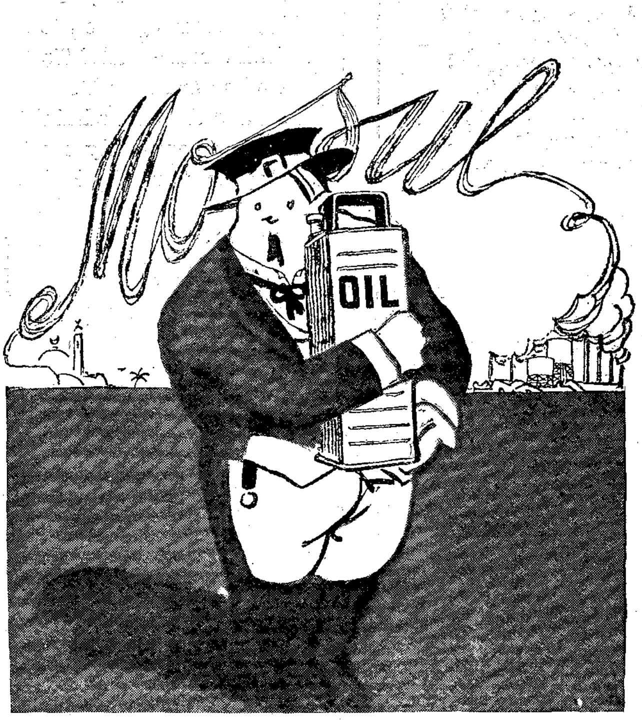
From this article, we are told, it is plain that the Turks promised not to send forces into any territory at that time under Irak administration until the question of the frontier should have been permanently settled. But in the late spring of 1924, it appears, the Turks spread rumors of their intention to attack the homes of the Assyrians. The latter became seriously alarmed, it is said, yet were satisfied that the Turks were bound by treaty obligations to abstain from attacking them until the completion of the negotiations. We read then:

"In August, 1924, the newly appointed Turkish Vali of Julamerk, with a small escort, set out to visit the Kurdish tribe of settlers called Chal. His route lay through a portion of the Assyrian Tkuma country, and his march had been heralded by renewed Turkish propaganda that the Assyrians were to be attacked. This march was in itself a movement violating the Lausanne agreement. At the instigation of the Kurdish tribal chief of Chal, Assyrians attacked the Vali en route and captured him and his escort, but almost immediately released them. The Turks evidently decided to punish all the Assyrian tribes, irrespective of whether they were concerned or not. A portion of the

Turkish forces marched from Jeziret ibn Omar through the country of the Sindi Guli Kurds, and commenced burning the Assyrian villages which had all been recently reëstablished. Their route and lines of communication passed well within the Mosul vilayet boundary, the road running only ten miles north of Zakho (a frontier station within the Irak boundary). They thus disregarded their treaty obligations, and, at the same time, threatened Zakho.

"British airplanes, by attacking their lines of communication, have practically confined the Turks to the mountainous country, and are believed to have inflicted considerable casualties. The Assyrian tribesmen were, however, unable to resist, and 6,000 Assyrian refugees have reached Amadia. They are thus again thrust upon the hands of the Irak Administration in a destitute condition. Meanwhile operations are continuing.

"The British Government protested most vigorously against these flagrant Turkish violations of the obligations undertaken in the Treaty of Lausanne, and brought the question before the League of Nations for consideration.



A FRENCH THRUST

JOHN BULL: "Just let them try to get it away from me!"

—*Le Midi* (Toulouse).

"The Turks are believed to have been partially actuated by their own precarious relations with the Kurdish tribes in the vilayets of Van and Diarbekr, who are ready to rise at any moment if other diversions are lacking."

According to the London *Times*, the region which Turkey covets contains a large Kurdish population akin in speech and race to the Kurds on the Turkish and Persian sides of the Irak border, and it goes on to explain:

"The Kurds, a primitive people of Aryan speech, whom some identify with the Medes, have no racial or linguistic affinities with the Turks, but the latter have resolved to 'Turkicize' them, as they unsuccessfully attempted to Turkicize the Albanians, lest any development of Kurdish Nationalism should stand in the way of their ambition to form a Pan-Turkish Confederation, including at least the Turks of Transcaucasia and Persian Azerbaijan. The Armenians, a racial and political obstacle to the fulfilment of this grandiose dream, were destroyed with Kurdish help. The latter-day Turkish Nationalists regard the schools in the Mosul Province, where Kurdish children are taught to read and write in their mother tongue—now banned in Turkish schools—with the abhorrence which they once lavished on Armenian churches and seminaries. They really believe that the common-sense attitude of the British toward the education of the infant Kurd conceals a conspiracy to detach the Northern Kurds from Turkey."

A correspondent to this London daily expresses the belief that the real bone of contention in the dispute is the mountains that lie to the north of Mosul and the Maklub, and the reason for so thinking, we are told, is that:

"If he can extend his control as far as the foothills, the Turk knows that he can dominate the plain easily enough—not merely the plain of Mosul, but the Arbil and Kirkuk divisions likewise. On the other hand, if the frontier be drawn north of Amadia, the strategic outlook will be very different. The Assyrians will be able to remain in their old homes, the valleys of Tiari, Tkhuma, and Jelu, to the north of Amadia, with the Hakkiari Mountains towering 10,000 to 12,000 feet above them, a huge natural fort astride the Greater Zab. Over to the west, the Irakis have the Jebel Sinjar for a second natural fortress, and any invading force must then come down the Tigris, with these two forts on either flank and the menace of aerial action overhead. If the defenders of Irak have command of the air, the Anatolians will have a very poor chance.

"But it must not be thought that the Turk, or rather the present rulers of Turkey, intend lightly to abandon their claim to Mosul. The mass of the people of Anatolia probably take little or no interest in the matter. But the men in power are in grim earnest. When passing through Constantinople recently, I met the editor of one of the moderate newspapers and discust the matter with him. At first he wished to argue that Mosul 'had been occupied after the Armistice.' I pointed out that, if he was going to discuss the matter on the basis of force, we had easily the strongest arguments. What arguments could he put forward on the basis of right? He said they claimed no Arab territory, but the majority in Mosul vilayet was Kurd and Turk, and Kurd and Turk were a single, inseparable people."

On the Turkish side we have further information in Brussels press dispatches, which advise us that in the statement for Turkey before the Council of the League of Nations in that city, which was read by her representative, Fethi Bey, who is President of the Chamber of Angora, it was charged that the Irak boundary in the Mosul district had been changed three times by Great Britain since the end of the war. He is reported further as follows:

"When Turkey signed the peace after the Great War, she believed the boundary of Irak to be the boundary existing at the time of the Mudros armistice. The British General Marshall, however, advanced the line to include the localities in Mosul, the Kouy Sandjak, Erbily and Suleyman. Later by Article III of the Treaty of Sèvres the line was again pushed forward to the northern limit of the vilayet of Mosul and modified to pass south of Amadia. This boundary was marked on Map 2 annexed to the treaty.

"On September 29 last Great Britain notified Turkey that the frontier was still further north. Articles in the London *Times* regarding the evacuation and reoccupation of Suleyman were quoted to show that it was not in British hands at the time the Lausanne Treaty was signed."

To a Geneva correspondent of the Paris *Europe Nouvelle* Fethi Bey is reported as saying that after having been defeated in the World War, Turkey renounced its rights and sovereignty over vilayets inhabited in large part by Arabs, such as Syria, Palestine, Irak and Yemen, but, he added:

"These sacrifices did not seem sufficient for the Allies, who demanded others and greater, which were formulated in the Treaty of Sèvres. The Allies wished to deprive us of our own territories, which are inhabited by Turks, such as Smyrna and Mosul. Then the Turks went to war again for four years to protect their patrimony, and they banished the invaders from Smyrna. . . .

"Of Mosul's population of approximately 500,000 the great majority are Turco-Kurds, and we base our rights on this majority. We claim this vilayet. The British base their desire to incorporate it with Irak on I know not what political aspirations of the people. They base their claim on ethnographic, geographic and other considerations. But what are really the aspirations of the inhabitants? They may easily be discovered. If a plebiscite were to be organized, and if the population were to be asked to express their choice in the matter, I think that all differences of opinion would be settled in a manner just and equitable."

TROUBLES OF THE SWISS HOTEL MAN

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME in Switzerland as elsewhere, yet we are occasionally reminded that what the world chiefly knows about the country of William Tell is that it has no Navy, but proportionately as many hotels as any great Power can boast, and that they are the training-school for some of the expertest hotel-keepers of the day. The beauty of Swiss scenery has attracted millions of foreigners since the beginning of the nineteenth century, observes the London *Economist*, and their ever increasing number has caused the hotel industry to be created and developed. Its growth after 1850 was rapid, for then the railways began to run in all directions, even in the remote valleys of the Alps, but we are advised that regular hotels for the accommodation of foreigners did not widely appear before 1840. We read then:

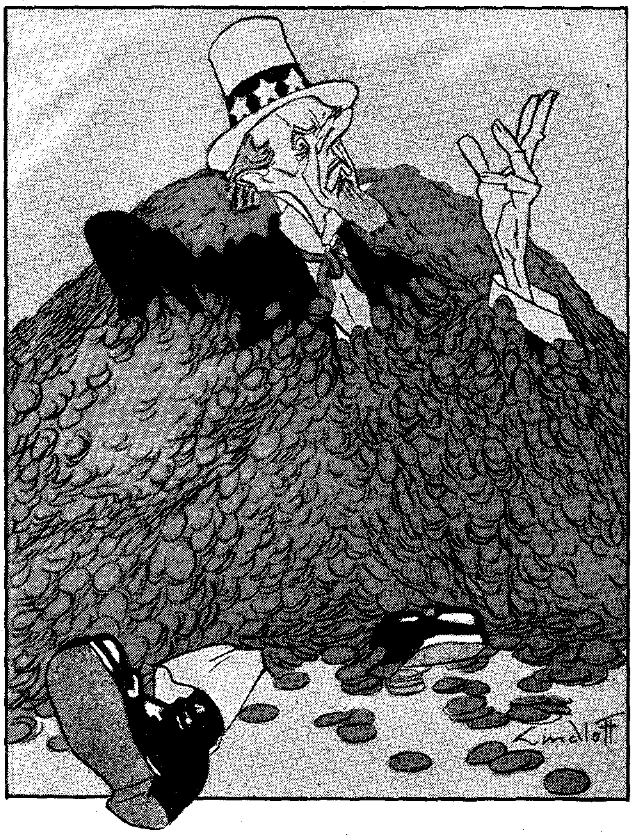
"There was an hotel on the Righi as early as 1814, but the first hotels were opened at Vevey and Montreux in 1820, at Zermatt in 1839, at Lucerne in 1845, at St. Moritz in 1870. After 1870 the hotel industry rapidly developed into one the most important in Switzerland. In 1880 there were 1,002 hotels, with 58,137 beds, and occupying nearly 10,000 employees; in 1894 there were 1,708 hotels, with 88,634 beds, and a staff of nearly 20,000 persons; eighteen years later, in 1912, the number of hotels had increased to 3,585, with a total of 168,625 beds, and a staff of over 43,000 persons. The hotel industry was very hard hit by the war and the subsequent economic crisis; many hotels were compelled to close down, and their number may be now estimated at 3,500, with some 40,000 employees. Considering the number of persons employed, the hotel industry came third before the war, after the machine industry, which occupied 65,000 persons, and the watchmaking industry, which occupied 46,500 hands, and the capital invested in Swiss hotels reached 1,500 million francs ($300,000,000), or one-thirtieth of the national fortune. The hotel industry is, of course, not the only one to profit by the influx of foreign visitors, which indirectly benefits the transport undertakings, mountain railways, shops of all sorts, the food trade, kursaals, etc. Altogether, perhaps, 300,000 persons get part of their living from the tourists."

The good seasons in the years from 1900 to 1914 encouraged the Swiss capitalists and banks to invest important sums in the hotels and so, we are told, the crisis which began when the war broke out was deeply felt in many quarters. Swiss hotels suffered hard times during the war, and they became harder in the years following the Armistice, so that—

"The Federal Government was then requested to grant a subsidy in order to keep the hotels running, and to save the whole industry from impending ruin. The Société Fiduciare Suisse pour l'Hôtellerie was then formed, and the Federal Council put at its disposal a sum of five million francs ($1,000,000) with the object of financially helping the most hard-hit hotels. Up to the end of 1923 the Société Fiduciaire had succeeded in saving 124 hotels, with a total of 11,864 beds, by reducing their debts by 35 per cent., and enabling them to carry on; it also lent money to ninety-eight hotels, which it is now controlling, but it closed down about twenty others, the position of which was really hopeless. It transformed some of them so as to let them to industrialists and turned others into flats. Thanks to the efforts of the Société Fiduciaire, and also to the fact that the two last winter and summer seasons were exceedingly good, the Swiss hotel industry has been saved from complete disaster. In 1922 two-thirds of its 3,500 hotels were on the point of closing down. The Federal Council had, as early as 1914, prohibited until the end of 1925 the building of new hotels. The time has now come to reconsider that measure, and while some people are of the opinion that the prohibition should be extended for another period of five years, some others, who are opposed to any State control, ask that it should be abrogated. The Government proposes the maintaining of the prohibition, but to modify it so as to authorize the building of new hotels when it is found they are needed, and when the Cantonal Governments concerned approve of it. This question will be discust by Parliament in a few weeks, as well as a proposal for granting a new subsidy of three million francs ($600,000) for the Société Fiduciaire. The latest information shows that this year will be a record year for the Swiss hotels. The long-expected influx of tourists has restored hope and confidence."

GOLD AS A WAR VICTIM

MANY COUNTRIES found it impossible in war times to redeem their notes in gold, but this was said to be merely a temporary irregularity due to the conflict. Meanwhile the United States got what some financial authorities call "a temporary surplus" of gold, and they give credit to American financial leaders for preventing it from causing a heavy fall in the purchasing power of the gold and a corresponding violent rise in the general price-level. In all probability, it is said, the present gold surplus will be leveled out in the course of a decade, and thereafter an increasing scarcity in the gold of the world will make itself felt. A distinguished European economic authority, Prof. Gustave Cassel, recalls that in the war years we were not even allowed to be doubtful as to whether the notes of a country would regain gold parity when normal conditions again prevailed. Criticism by economists of this very superficial and reckless teaching received little recognition at first, he declares in *The Baltic-Scandinavian Trade Review* (Copenhagen), and adds that no land would admit that its exchange had been subject to internal depreciation, and still less that this depreciation was to be regarded as definite. Meanwhile—



A GERMAN IDEA OF SAM AND THE SHOWER OF GOLD

"Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give and gold to lend." (Hood).

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"The world became a witness to the usual play-acting. A teaching resting on a sound scientific basis is declared to be theoretical speculation of no importance for the practical business world. But economic science received a powerful ally in the continued inflation which at last went beyond all bounds and deprest the value of certain currencies to a small fraction of what they formerly had been. With such results confronting them the authorities could no longer deny that an internal depreciation had taken place, nor that it was due to an excessive issue of money. When this principle was finally understood and recognized, it was no longer possible to avoid its application all along the line, and the idea began to penetrate that all the currencies had been subject to an internal depreciation in value which was due to, and in the main could be measured by, the excess of means of payment. But it was then also evident that the depreciated currencies were, in general, no longer gold currencies, that the old gold standard had been abandoned, and that in reality a paper currency was being used, the value of which was for each country determined by that country's greater or lesser reserve in regard to supplying itself with means of payment."

Only in the United States, we are told, was a successful effort made to reestablish an effective gold-note redemption soon after the war. The United States thus had a gold standard, it is pointed out, and the other countries had paper currencies which varied to a considerable extent in relation to the dollar. The greatest shortcoming noted by Professor Cassel in this system was the uncertainty in the international rates of exchange. The problem of keeping a rate constant in relation to New York, and thereby a gold parity, he tells us, was highly dependent on the American monetary policy, and so the world at large became much interested in seeing the internal purchasing power of the dollar held as stable as possible. But, he goes on to say—

"The great deflation which took place in America after the price-level there had reached its maximum in the beginning of 1920, meant an enormous rise in the internal purchasing power of the dollar and thereby of the value of the gold. The efforts of the European countires to maintain a firm gold parity were also made increasingly difficult hereby. Some countries attempted to keep pace with the violent deflation in America in an endeavor to remain at the gold parity. Among these countries was Sweden. But Sweden also had to learn that such a deflation means a frightful economic crisis.

"Since this period a certain stability in exchange conditions has begun to appear, at least in countries which have economic conditions which are, on the whole, sound. It has been seen that by a judicious policy on the part of the central bank, it is possible to maintain the paper currency at a value which is almost firm in relation to gold, and it has also been seen that in this way the world can approach conjunctures which at least create tolerable conditions for international trade."

Theoretically speaking, Professor Cassel observes, it is not impossible that the present system can gradually be perfected so that the exchange rates between various countries will become approximately as stable as they were in the days of the international gold standard. Yet he reminds us that there exists an ingrown mistrust of the paper-currency standard, and that public opinion in most countries has explicitly demanded a return to the gold standard, which alone is considered able to create real guaranties for the stability of money values and exchange rates. A continued stabilization of the present paper currency in relation to the dollar will also make a final transition to the gold standard much easier, and he proceeds:

"England is, of course, the decisive factor in the reestablishment of the gold standard. It must be remembered that England was the country which first created the gold standard, and the country from which this monetary system spread over the world. London continued to retain its place as the money center of the world, and the way in which the value of the pound is maintained will always be of substantial importance for the monetary system of the rest of the world. The gold standard could, of course, be most easily reestablished in the world if England would write down the pound's gold parity to a point answering to the present dollar rate. It seems certain, however, that this will not take place. England intends to reestablish the old gold parity, that is, the old dollar parity. This can be done by a sinking of the English price-level to bring it on a plane with the American. But altho a price fall of less than 10 per cent. is all that is necessary for this, England is, nevertheless, reluctant to enter upon such a policy of deflation, especially in consideration of the present critical unemployment conditions. She has waited for years, and is still waiting, to see the surplus of gold force the United States to a raising of the price-level so that it would instead be brought on a height with the English price-level and the pound thus attain dollar parity without England having to undergo deflation."

It is possible, Professor Cassel believes, that this will happen, but he assures us that in one way or another the price-levels of England and America must be brought into the same plane if the gold standard is to be reestablished in England.

A RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE REPUBLIC KEMAL BUILT

MUSTAFA KEMAL'S SUCCESS in founding the Republic of Turkey out of the débris of the Ottoman Empire, we are told, is mainly political, and the economic problems remain baffling chiefly, it appears, because of the long series of exhausting wars in which Turkey has been engaged during the past twelve years. When the Nationalist movement got under way with Kemal as its leader in 1919, the country was in a state of ruin, according to a contributor to the anti-Bolshevik Russian daily *Rul*, which is published in Berlin. Before Turkey had recovered from the Balkan wars she was drawn into the still more devastating World War, and all men able to bear arms were mobilized with a resultant incalculable loss for Turkey's agriculture, which is the mainspring of its being. What is more, this informant notes, Turkey's industrial resources, which were practically in their infancy, had to be given over entirely to war production. We read then:

"If, in addition to this we take into consideration that the countries from which Turkey had imported her manufactures before the war, such as Germany and Austria, were in dire need of such things themselves, or, in the case of England and France, were fighting against Turkey, it becomes apparent how bad Turkey's economic condition was all through the war. This explains the almost insurmountable difficulties that confronted the Kemalists, who undertook to free their country from foreign rule after the Armistice.

"But when called into the World War, it was comparatively easy to form the nucleus of the new Army from the remnants of the old because large stocks of munitions and foodstuffs were available. Yet as time went on these supplies were exhausted and in order to have food the leaders of the Army resorted to requisitions which gradually became shameless pillage. As the war continued, this system of supplying the Army's needs drove the already impoverished country into a condition of desperate misery. As long as hostilities were on and Kemalist Turkey was isolated from the rest of the world, Kemal's régime could exist. But those who were familiar with the real conditions in Anatolia predicted even then that when peace came and the Allies had left Constantinople, new calamities would begin for Turkey."

When the war ended, this informant goes on to say, the Turks found it necessary to establish a regular civil government, to reopen Parliament, establish a tax system and budget system—in a word, they had to give up the former "knightly" methods of administration. At the same time we are reminded that the richest provinces of Turkey were either separated from it or depopulated, and so there could be no doubt about the great difficulties that the Turkish new Government had to meet. For all that—

"It seems that the first steps of the Angora rulers were successful. The National Assembly was convened, a new constitution worked out, and a series of far-reaching reforms ordered. The Government was hampered by no opposition. A great majority of the National Assembly submitted unreservedly to the will of 'Ghazi-Pasha' (Pasha the Victor). Such also was the attitude of the Itlikhadists, members of the party of Union and Progress, or the Young Turks, the strongest and best organized group in the Assembly. This must be ascribed partly to their fear of Kemal Pasha's drastic methods, and partly to the fact that they favored the leading principles of the Kemalist movement. But the death of the foremost Itlikhadist leaders, Talaat Pasha, Enver Pasha, Dzhemal Pasha, Said Khalim, and others, and, above all, the unashamed and limitless vanity of Kemal, soon made them change their mind.

"A struggle began between Angora, the Kemalist stronghold, and Constantinople, the headquarters of the Opposition, and of Itlikhadists in particular. The latter succeeded in returning to the National Assembly a considerable number of their candidates, and the conflict became more pronounced. The Opposition press, headed by the Itlikhadist *Tanin*, a daily newspaper, indulged in sharp criticism of the Government, and Hussein-Djakhid, its chief editor declared unequivocally that the country was menaced by a dictatorship. Dissatisfaction quickly spread over all Turkish circles including even government officials and Army officers. The latter fact prompted the Angora Govern-

> ment to act rigorously. It enacted a law by virtue of which Army officers and members of Parliament were deprived of Parliamentary guaranties."

This contributor to the Berlin *Rul* goes on to relate that Mustafa Kemal took other repressive measures against his political antagonists, and especially against various editors of Constantinople newspapers whom he had hailed to the courts. On the other hand, the Itlikhadists have been making great capital out of the general discontent, which, this informant assures us, is due to economic not to political causes, and he adds:

> "The economic life of the country is in complete anarchy. The price of necessities increases every day, and the number of those needing help is augmented in proportion. As to Constantinople, this sometime prosperous city is now overcrowded with unemployed, with beggars, and with starving government employees.
>
> "So the economic crisis is the main problem of Turkey. In seeking its causes, which are self-evident to any unbiased observer, Turkish 'patriots' have found it convenient to blame everything on the Christians. The Christians, they hint, have taken everything in hand, and thus deprived the Moslem of the means of existence. Hence the persecution of all non-Turkish elements of the population. Christian officials, clerks of commercial establishments or steamship companies, railroad men, workmen, etc., have been dismissed by the hundreds. Even permits for hunting have been granted only to Mohammedans. These measures, however terrible to the unorthodox sufferers, have failed to justify the expectations of their authors. The Christians are emigrating from the country, while the Mohammedans are living in the same old conditions of misery. Also, this treatment of the Christians means incalculable losses to Turkey, which will tell against her for many years to come."

Meanwhile, the Turkish Government, we are told, began to "settle old scores" with foreign business concerns, chiefly because it was unable to devise new sources of revenue to pay the salaries of its officials, and this informant goes on to say:

> "Under pretext of levying taxes and arrears the authorities extorted enormous sums of money from foreign concerns in Turkey. As the capitulations are no longer in force there is no protection for the foreign business man. The greatest sufferers are the banks and foreign corporations, of which nearly two hundred closed up shop in the course of one week. In consequence the price of commodities, especially foodstuffs, immediately began to soar.
>
> "Simultaneously, Turkey's budget difficulties added to the upset. The deficit in this year's State budget amounts to 53,000,000 Turkish liras, exclusive of 12,000,000 Turkish liras due as interest on Turkey's debt to foreign countries. (Normally, the Turkish lira is equal to $4.40. Actually it is said to be worth about 50 cents). The Government has no revenues in prospect to stop this hole in the budget. New taxes are not even to be thought of, for the present tax burdens of the people are so heavy that any addition might provoke serious disturbances. From one end to the other Anatolia presents the aspect of a desert. The so-called Eastern vilayets—Turkish Armenia—are now no more than a geographical term, while the region of Smyrna, which was formerly so rich in fruits and tobaccos, is now in a very bad way. Turkey's only hope lies in a foreign loan. But the countries that could finance Turkey would impose drastic guaranties, and this is something she will not endure."

According to this contributor to the Berlin *Rul*, no Government can last long under the conditions that confront the present régime in Turkey, and he adds:

> "Capitulations are abolished. Turkey's complete sovereignty is reëstablished. The 'microbes,' as the non-Turkish denizens of the country are called, are rendered harmless or expelled. Turkey now belongs entirely to Turkey; and yet things get worse every day. All sincere Turkish patriots are opposed to Kemal's régime, because they see in it the cause of Turkey's misfortunes. But, after all, whether Kemal Pasha is really responsible or not for these calamities does not rank in equal importance with the great question as to whether Turkey, left to her own forces and initiative, can get on her feet."

From *L'Illustration* (Paris)

"PASHA, THE VICTOR"

Mustafa Kemal Pasha, founder of the Republic of Turkey, who is said to be confronted with general discontent, on account of economic conditions.

In the Near East there are actually two Turkeys, and they are mutually opposed, writes P. Gentizon from Constantinople to the *Gazette de Lausanne*, and he adds: "One is the Turkey of the faith; the other of pure reason. While the first leans [from Constantinople] toward the East, hoping thence to draw moral regeneration—the second [at Angora], which is the more powerful at present, the better organized, and also holds the reins of power, turns its mind deliberately, and one may say courageously, toward the West."

Incidentally Athens press dispatches advise us that the question of exchange of population with Turkey has become acute and the Greek Government has appealed to the League of Nations. We read further:

> "This step was taken in consequence of advices from Constantinople to the effect that the Turkish gendarmerie is continuing to arrest and forcibly deport Greeks, both exchangeable and established, despite assurances given to the contrary.
>
> "The Greek representative on the Mixed Commission also lodged a protest with the representative of the League at Constantinople.
>
> "Meanwhile the business of the Mixed Commission is suspended and the withdrawal of the Greek representative is regarded as not improbable. M. Politis, the Greek Minister at Paris, has asked to be allowed to attend the extraordinary meeting of the Council of the League at Brussels in order to explain the Greek point of view."

The article of the Covenant which Greece has invoked, we learn from the press, is Article XI, and it is related that:

> "Greece alleges that the expulsion of the Hellenic population from Constantinople is contrary to the provisions of the special convention for the exchange of Greek and Turkish populations which was adopted at the Lausanne Conference as an annex to the general treaty of peace.
>
> "Article XI of the Covenant declares that any war, or threat of war, is a matter of concern to the whole League, which may take any action that it deems wise and effective to safeguard the peace of the nations. It also declares that it is the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which may threaten to disturb the international peace or good understanding between nations."

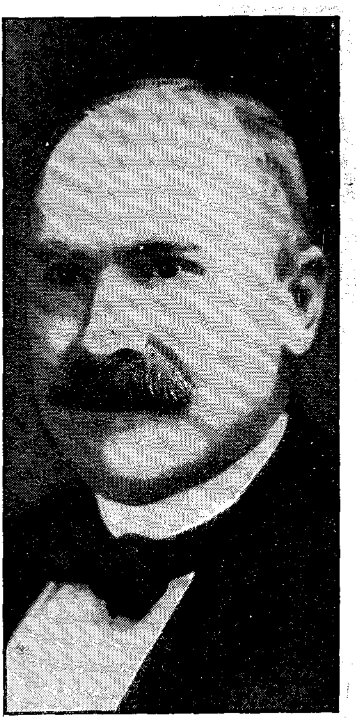
More than 3,000 Greeks were gathered in the Seven Towers prison camp at Constantinople, according to press dispatches from that city, which tell us further that:

> "Owing to vigorous protests by the principal Greek delegates steps have been taken for the release of those wrongly arrested by the police and for facilities to be given to those who are exchangeable to arrange their affairs.
>
> "Those whose cases are doubtful will also be released pending decision, and it is expected that the question of Greeks 'established' in Constantinople will be considered."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

IS EINSTEIN'S ARITHMETIC OFF?

DOES A TRIVIAL ARITHMETICAL ERROR, the omission of a simple numerical factor, vitiate Professor Einstein's calculations of the sun's gravitational effect on the light ray from a star? And do recent eclipse observations, said to substantiate his theory of gravitation, therefore, only confirm that of Sir Isaac Newton? These somewhat surprizing assertions were made in a public address to the California Academy of Sciences proclaiming the "complete triumph of the Newtonian theory of universal gravitation" by Capt. T. J. J. See, professor of mathematics in the U. S. Navy, and government astronomer at Mare Island. Professor See, in his address, explained the processes of calculation by which he says this discovery was made after Einstein, Eddington, Richardson, Weyl, Freundlich, and a great number of other European mathematicians "had utterly failed to straighten out one of the most perplexing scientific problems of the age." Our quotations are from a report wired from San Francisco to the New York *Times*. We read:



"WORTHLESS, MISLEADING"

Is Einstein's theory of relativity, says Captain T. J. J. See, because it is all based on a mathematical error "which a high school student can now understand."

"It seems to me very strange that the Newtonian theory of gravitation had explained all the observed motions of comets, satellites, planets, and double stars, for three centuries—amounting in all to some 300,000 determinations—and yet could account for only half of the observed deflection of starlight passing near the sun at the time of total eclipses.

"On account of this historical inconsistency, there seemed to be an anomaly, and the impression arose in many minds that an error of calculation might have been made by the mathematicians. Yet as Einstein's followers had proclaimed that not over a dozen mathematicians in the world understood the theory of relativity, and I apparently was not classed as one of these twelve elect modern apostles of the new truth of the universe, I venture to think it required some energy to find the error of the relativists. By persistence, however, I finally succeeded in Einstein's own special field; so that he and the other relativists are now required to learn correct physical mathematics from an old-fashioned disciple of Newton."

Professor See, triumphant, said of his discovery:

"It was calculated by Von Soldner of Munich, 1801, that in traveling from an infinite distance up to the sun, a ray of light just grazing the solar surface would be bent toward the sun's center by .84 of a second of arc. Writing forty years before the discovery of photography, Soldner did not expect that this deflection could be measured by eclipse observers, and thus he did not double his calculated value, making it 1.68 for a ray passing the sun to be observed by an astronomer on the earth.

"In 1911 Einstein first calculated the deflection of light by a slightly different process from that used in 1801, getting exactly Soldner's formula and numerical value, .84 second of arc. In 1916 Einstein doubled his value, making it 1.68 or 1.7 seconds for rays observed upon the earth, yet he could explain only half of this amount by the Newtonian theory of gravitation. For he made an error of calculation by which, when the ray had passed the sun to the earth, he still got only .84 second of arc, as Soldner had done in 1801 for a ray just coming up to the sun from infinity, but not passing by to be observed upon the earth. The other half of the observed deflection, .84 second of arc, Einstein explained by the doctrine of the 'Curvature of Space,' which is now shown to be erroneous.

"Einstein began his calculation by an erroneous differential equation for the bending of the path of the light. By careless geometry he omitted a multiplier, two, for the angle, and hence when he integrated the expression to finish his calculation of the bending of the ray, he gets only half of the value required by correct physical mathematics.

"This error of Einstein was so securely hidden that it escaped all the mathematicians of Europe for the past thirteen years, and as a great mass of literature on relativity now exists, a very competent authority has assured me that the error might have escaped notice for another century but for the peculiar circumstances which made the discovery possible at Mare Island, California, on September 12, 1924.

"I set about constructing geometrically the bending of the wave-front imagined in the theory of relativity, and when I had made a suitable and accurate figure, I was able to show by simple geometry the error in Einstein's original equation of 1911, which has since continued to be repeated by Richardson, Eddington and the other authorities on relativity, not one of them suspecting that all their work was vitiated by an error which a high-school student can now understand.

"As an outcome of this discovery, we now have a correct method of calculating the bending of the light, by the sun's gravitational attraction. We find that by the correct mathematical theory of Newton the ray should be deflected 1.744 seconds of arc, while the Lick photographs taken by Dr. W. W. Campbell of the Crocker Eclipse Expedition to Australia, September 20, 1922, gave the observed value as 1.75 seconds of arc. Thus the value calculated by the correct Newtonian theory of gravitation is accurate to six thousandths of a second of arc, or one part in 300 of the whole quantity involved.

"Newton's theory now perfectly explains all the phenomena of the heavens. Einstein questioned the Newtonian explanation of the motion of Mercury's perihelion, the bending of the starlight at eclipse, and the supposed shift of the spectral lines toward the red, by two one-millionths of the wave-length; but by correcting his errors I have now shown the theory of relativity to be worthless and misleading. The present triumph of Newton is absolutely complete and hereafter will be forever memorable in the annals of science."

This criticism by Professor See was branded by Professor Arthur S. Eddington, a prominent advocate of the Einstein theory, as "all bosh and nothing to it," we learn from a subsequent issue of *The Times*. We read:

"Declaring that frequent attacks had been made by mathematicians, astronomers and other scientists on the Einstein theory in the past, Dr. Eddington asserted that every one of the criticisms had been met and, in his belief, the claim of Captain See would likewise be blasted.

"'I have not read the detailed statement of the gentleman, but even so, I am sure there is nothing to what he has to say with regard to errors, as the theory has been checked from every angle time upon time and has been found to be correct,' he said.

"'Of course, if any one should prove that there was a serious error in the calculations or the theory, it would necessarily have to be discarded, but I can not conceive of that now or at any time. As for the attack on the non-Euclidian geometry theory correlated to the theory of relativity, these have been proven to be advances made upon the old theories that are taught in the books of Euclidian geometry. The non-Euclidian theories are definite conclusions and well established by fact.'

"Professor Eddington is head of the Astronomy Department at the University of California."

CHLORINATING A COLD

HOW THE WHOLE CITY OF ROCHESTER is periodically dosed with iodin through its water system, to prevent goiter, has been told recently in these columns. The similar possibility of disseminating chlorin gas throughout the air of theaters, churches and assembly-halls, to cure colds, influenza, diphtheria, etc., when there is an epidemic, is noted by Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Health Commissioner of Chicago, in *The Weekly Bulletin* of his department. A great deal of publicity has been given recently to this use of chlorin gas mixed with air in the treatment of respiratory diseases. It was reported to have been used successfully on President and Mrs. Coolidge, the Secretary of War, Senators, Congressmen, and thousands of other citizens; while Boards of Health, Directors of Hospitals, and the medical fraternity in general are displaying interest in the possibility of adopting it at clinics, hospitals and the private offices of physicians. We read:

ADMINISTERING CHLORIN GAS FOR COLDS

"To Drs. Edward B. Vedder and Harold P. Sawyer of the Medical Corps of the United States Army is credited the method evolved for easy, safe use of chlorin as a medicament in colds and other respiratory diseases where the disease-producing germs are located on the lining membranes of the air passages. They state that chlorin has been used on several occasions to prevent certain infections, and that in 1915 inhalation of chlorin was used successfully to clear up diphtheria carriers. They also point out that during the recent influenza epidemic, chlorin was used and it is believed that students who took these treatments suffered less from 'flu' than others. It is also stated that employees in plants producing or using chlorin have believed themselves to be relatively free from respiratory diseases.

"The first convincing application of this remedial agency was made in the summer of 1922 in Camp Perry, where, at that time, there was an encampment of the Brigade of the National Guards. An epidemic of severe colds struck the camp with many cases of acute bronchitis. The medical officers of the brigade fixt up a gas chamber and in it sprayed some chlorin gas-air mixture. Fifty persons at a time were treated in the room. All that was necessary was that they should breathe. Inside of twenty-four hours it was reported that their colds were cleared up.

"Drs. Vedder and Sawyer in their further experiments devised a treating chamber, and in the publication of their results, they give the effects of the treatment on 931 cases. Of this number, they report that 71.4 were cured and 23.4 greatly improved.

"Most of these cases received a single treatment of one hour, a few received a second or even a third treatment on succeeding days. The diagnosis of cases treated included coryza, acute laryngitis, and pharyngitis, acute bronchitis, chronic rhinitis, chronic bronchitis, chronic laryngitis, whooping-cough and influenza.

"Several methods have been devised for the administration of chlorin gas. Several types of apparatus are on the market for this purpose. The first is that devised for the purpose of treating an entire room and putting into this room a measured amount of chlorin, such that when distributed through the room, the concentration of the chlorin will be within the limits required for the treatment. The second type of apparatus is designed for direct administration to the patient by means of inhaler tubes.

"It would appear that much of the success in administering the chlorin gas treatment depends upon the manner in which it is given. In treatment in chambers, it is necessary to secure first of all an even distribution throughout the room, and secondly, the maintenance of a concentration within the therapeutic limit. In chamber treatments, provision must be made for the exit of foul air. The air must be agitated to maintain thorough mixture and circulation so that all parts of the chamber may have the same concentration. Again gas must be constantly added to the chamber so as to replace that which is breathed in by the occupants and absorbed by the clothing, skin and hair of the occupants and by the drapes, furniture and walls of the room.

"In chamber treatments the desirable capacity of the room is between 1,000 and 5,000 cubic feet. The maximum size room should be suitable for the treatment of thirty to forty patients at a time. The chamber treatment as outlined above is, of course, most desirable and practicable where a large number of patients are to be treated at one time, such as institutions, clinics, hospitals, etc."

The results obtained and published by Vedder and Sawyer and other workers mentioned above, Dr. Bundesen tells us, are being determined in a number of public institutions, among those being the clinics at the government institutions at Washington, a number of Health Department clinics in the larger cities of the country, and private agencies such as hospitals and individual practitioners. The Chicago Health Department is experimenting simply to determine the value of the treatment "just as it does with other preventive measures," and it is not quite ready to give a final definite answer as to the value of the administration of chlorine. A number of the doctors in the city of Chicago are to-day equipped for the administration of this treatment. Dr. Bundesen goes on:

"The city of Chicago has the distinction of having one of the first completely and accurately equipped chlorin breathing chambers in the country.

"At the Iroquois Memorial Hospital, the Department has established an experimental chlorin room, where from thirty to fifty patients an hour can be treated for the private physicians who are invited to participate in these experiments. Not only is the chlorin admitted to the room measured accurately, but to eliminate any possibility of discomfort to the patients, or inaccuracy in administration, the air in this chamber is being continuously analyzed and its chlorin concentration indicated by an electrical device to the doctor and chemist in charge of its operation.

"It may turn out to be desirable that very shortly, whenever there is an epidemic of colds, of influenza, of diphtheria, or any other respiratory disease, chlorin gas machines will be installed and operated in schoolrooms, theaters, churches and other places where people congregate in numbers, thereby giving at least a measure of immunity to those assembled and helping to prevent the spread of communicable diseases."

A MILK-EXPLOSION

MILK IS NOT ORDINARILY RATED as an explosive. When dried, however, it burns readily, and any combustible may cause an explosion when finely powdered and mixed with air. Such dust-explosions have been very destructive in flour-mills, coal-mines, and elsewhere, and one played havoc with a milk-drying plant in Valders, Wisconsin, on the night of October 1, 1923, severely injuring one man and damaging the property to the extent of $25,000. Investigations by the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin and the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry brought out the following facts, which are given by William A. Noel of that Bureau, as printed in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York), and now issued in pamphlet form. We read:

Photograph by U. S. Department of Agriculture. Courtesy *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York)

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE MILK BLEW UP

Result of a $25,000 explosion in a Wisconsin milk-drying plant.

"About 11:30 o'clock at night the operator in charge of the plant noticed a bright light in the drying-chamber reflected through the glass-covered peep-hole. He opened the door, looked in and saw what appeared to be a handful or two of burning milk powder on the side of the hopper. He called the night watchman to come to his aid and ran to the boiler-room for a fire-extinguisher. On his return from the boiler-room, he shut off the air fan and turned on the motor connected to the screens and shook down the dust arrested by them. At the same time he drew off the powder collected in the hoppered bottom of the drier, which amounted to about half to three-quarters of a barrel. His thought in doing this was to remove the milk-powder before operating the fire-extinguisher in the drier, since operation of it would spoil the powder. About five minutes after the operator first saw the fire in the drier, the watchman was standing on the second floor looking through the door. He said, 'The fire appeared to be dying out, when all of a sudden "Bang!" it went,' and he was blown back through the room about twenty-five feet. The roof went up and came down on him, the sides of the building were blown out, and the operator, who had started up the stairs, was blown back down and out through an exit door. Fire immediately followed. The detonation was not very loud nor was the effect of the explosion felt for any distance.

"At the time of the disaster only two men, an operator and a watchman, were on duty in the drying plant. Both of these were in the path followed by the high-pressure air-currents sent out from the center of the disturbance, but they were uninjured by percussion. The watchman was burned by the first flash and his clothing was set on fire. He made his way, a considerable distance, to a tank of water and crawled into it to extinguish the burning clothing on his body, after which he got out of the building through a window and jumped down to the roof of a lower building, from which place he made his escape by sliding down a wire fastened to the side of the building. He was severely burned and received extended medical treatment in a hospital. The operator was uninjured.

"The shutting down of the mechanical equipment and the shaking down of the dust that had been collected by the screens, so that it floated in suspension over the fire, noticed on the hoppered bottom of the drier, was unquestionably the cause of the explosion. Definite knowledge of the origin of the fire, however, is lacking. Several possible causes, more or less plausible, have been considered:

"A short circuit in the electric wiring is dismissed, since there were no electric wires or motors attached to the drier at this point.

"Hot bearings appear to have no connection with this case, since there were no moving parts, hence no journals in the drier, except for the screens in the upper part of the chamber.

"Static electricity seemed a possible cause. The company had taken precautionary measures against the occurrence of an explosion from this source, however, in soldering the joints of the sheets of zinc lining the drier and grounding it. Furthermore, in that case the explosion would have been instantaneous.

"Smoking hardly seems likely to have caused the fire. It was very hot in the drier, and not a very pleasant place to work.

"Spontaneous combustion has a just place in our suspicions. In the upper part of the drying-chamber a number of screens covered with flannel were used as dust-collectors. These screens, being covered by dust a long time, and with hot air passing through them, furnishing both heat and draft, might eventually become ignited and let burning parts fall to the bottom of the bin.

"Possibly the fire started from an overheated condition of the zinc, effected by the comparatively high temperature of the air entering the drier chamber.

"A very likely source of ignition is the slow burning of a piece of waste left among the heating coils. Twenty days before the explosion the casing had been removed from the steam coils, and the coils cleaned. It is possible that a piece of cotton waste might have been left among them, and that this later became ignited.

"The first step to be taken in dust and fire explosion protection work by officials of companies engaged in this industry is to educate the employees to the dangers connected with their work because of the flammability of powdered milk. Good housekeeping methods should be followed. Accumulations of dust in the process of manufacture should be avoided, and dusty atmospheres guarded against ignition. The personal equation is a big factor in safety.

"However conscientious and careful the workmen may be, their efforts to promote safety must be encouraged by the installation of proper mechanical equipment and safety appliances."

SYNTHETIC COCAIN IN GERMANY—Cocain has been manufactured artificially by chemical means in the laboratory of Prof. Richard Willstaetter at Berlin, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Three different methods have proved successful in the production of cocain alkaloids, and one of the compounds, named "psicain," is said to be a satisfactory substitute for cocain in every way. The synthetic compound has the same structure as natural cocain, but opposite optical activity. We read:

"The present source of cocain is the coca tree of South America, whose leaves must be imported at considerable expense The present discovery, resulting from a sixty-year search for a synthetic cocain, may make a more reliable drug available to the medical profession at a lower price. Cocain is worth about $100 a pound, but the primary materials used in the preparation of the new compound are not expensive. The synthetic substitutes for cocain, such as novocaine or procaine, do not form drug habits like the natural cocain. But if cocain like that obtained from the leaf can be made in any laboratory it is likely to nullify the laws and treaties against its importation."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

A PORTABLE BROADCASTING OUTFIT

A MOVABLE BROADCASTING STATION housed on a one-ton motor truck has been constructed by the Zenith Radio Corporation of Chicago, as we learn from a recent press bulletin. The purpose, we are told, was to determine atmospheric and broadcasting conditions within a range of forty miles from Chicago, in order to locate a point at which a permanent broadcasting station will be erected. On its first tour, covering cities within a radius of 75 miles, about 25 towns were visited. This first trip ended about the fifteenth of October, and it is contemplated covering wider ranges upon requests from the Chambers of Commerce. The operators say, in a letter:

"Reports have been received of the reception of its program from points in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York State, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Minnesota, Canada, Nebraska and Kansas. This is extraordinary performance for this type of station and we feel that when the proper weather conditions for radio purposes arrive, broadcasting from this portable station will be picked up from coast to coast.

"At all points at which the truck stopt, it was enthusiastically received and continually surrounded by anywhere from five hundred to several thousand people.

"The truck has its possibilities to afford a departure in current communication in large cities. For example, an accident in any part of the city may bring to it such a station and the news may be broadcasted to all parts of the city."

The press bulletin affords the subjoined description of what is claimed to be the first complete self-contained, self-sustaining battery-operated broadcasting station, able to function entirely without any external sources of supply and carrying its own collapsible antenna mast and antenna. We read:

"The station can be set up in the middle of a field without any other power supply than its own, and without any supports other than its own antenna mast, and operate indefinitely, especially since it is equipped with a complete gas-engine generator-charging outfit which is able to charge the batteries while the outfit is in broadcasting operation. This feature is of special interest, as otherwise the period of operation would be short.

"The set is of 100 watt power and uses four 50-watt tubes, two as oscillators and two as modulators. All the apparatus is completely panel-mounted, with slant panels. The apparatus is mounted behind these panels in a cabinet equipped with glass sides, allowing easy observation of the entire construction and interior of the set. Electric lights are provided inside the set, for the same purpose.

"The entire truck is electric lighted with spotlights on the panels as well as a number of spotlights designed to illuminate the antenna mast, which is of sectional type such as was used by the army during the war and is fifty-three feet in height.

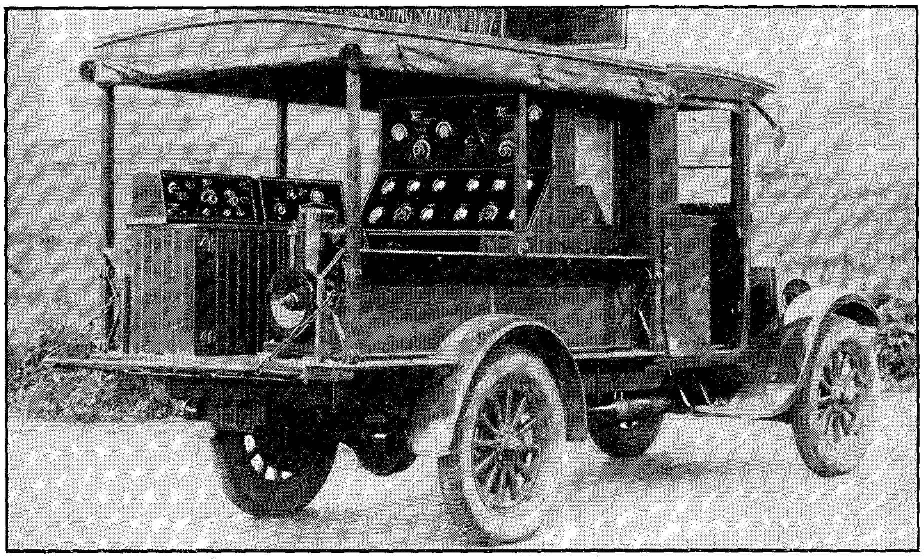
"The antenna is extremely novel, consisting of four heavily braided copper cables with extremely fine wire, making them extraordinarily flexible. These wires are provided at each end with snap hooks, which are attached to rings which fasten to two spreaders. Clips are provided on each spreader for connection purposes.

"The entire framework and body of the truck, including the iron strips on the floor, are connected together and grounded, the grounding strips all being brought to one point at the side of the truck where a heavy connection lug is attached.

"The battery operates a 24-volt to 1500-volt direct current generator, which of course is equipped with the necessary filter system to eliminate all generator hum. Standard broadcasting microphones, line amplifier, etc., are used. Three microphones may be used, one for announcing, one for orchestra and one for studio purposes, where these are necessary. A switching control arrangement is provided whereby each one of these or any of them at once, may be used at the will of the announcer. Special armoured cable is provided whereby the microphones can be placed as far as 300 feet from the truck, allowing the broadcasting of performances in halls, etc., with the truck parked outside.

"The wave length is 268 meters. The call letters are WJAZ and the average radiation 4 amperes, with an upward modulation of about 1 ampere.

"Special switching arrangements are provided whereby the generating outfit charges the lighting and ignition batteries of the truck and also operates a motor generator which serves to charge the high-voltage batteries on the line amplifier. In this way, the one gas-engine charges the complete set of batteries, high and low voltage simultaneously, while the set is in actual operation, without in any way disturbing it."



A TRAVELING BROADCASTING STATION

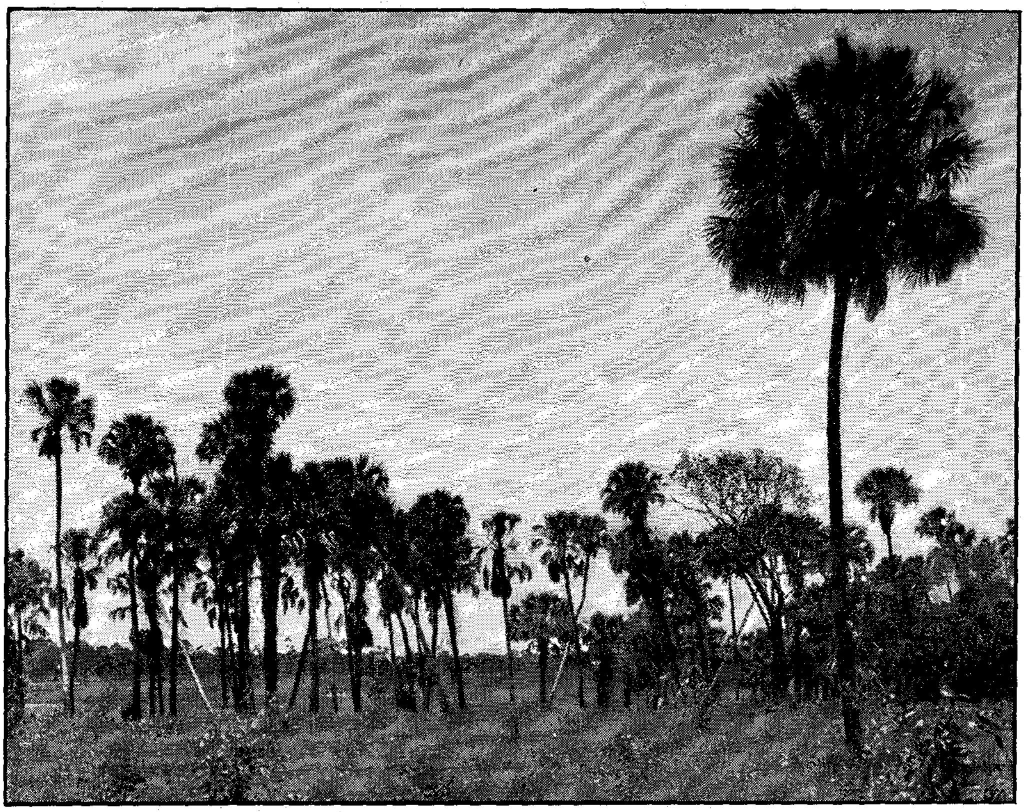
The motor truck carrying a broadcasting station which has been traveling about near Chicago. It is said to be the first complete self-contained, self-sustaining battery-operated broadcasting station functioning without any external source of supply and carrying its own antenna.

TRICK CHAIRS TO TEST FEAR—The collapse of a faulty chair in which he was seated during a class period at the University of Chicago, and his consequent tumble to the floor, have been turned to good account by Dr. W. E. Blatz of the psychology department. Remembering his own sensations as he clutched at his desk for support, Dr. Blatz has devised and put into effect a scheme for arousing the emotion of fear and controlling it for experimental purposes. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"The scheme takes the form of a specially constructed chair which will collapse and let the occupant drop suddenly when an electric switch is turned. As the chair is heavily upholstered, no injury results, but fear is aroused in the mind of the subject, as falling, or loss of bodily support, is one of the two fundamental ways in which fear is created. Unaware of what is about to take place, the subject acts as he would naturally if the drop were not prearranged. His heart beats faster, breathing becomes more rapid and he grasps for support. Electrodes, fastened to the subject's arm, are connected with an electrocardiograph in another room, which records in detail the effect on his heart-beat and the change in his electrical state before, during, and after the fall of the chair. An electrical pneumograph records the effect on his respiration. The same experiment is tried a second, third, and fourth times. Knowledge of what is to happen results in the subject making no effort to save himself and he may think he no longer has any fear during the test, but the recording instruments prove that the heart still beats faster and the breathing is more rapid. Dr. Blatz believes that the experiment may some day develop a method of studying, diagnosing, and treating emotional abnormalities which are conducive to certain forms of insanity."

OLD AGE NO DEATH WARRANT

SHALL WE REFUSE TO BOTHER with the aged who suffer from complaints due to their time of life, on the ground that these are merely heralds of dissolution and that treatment would be useless? Dr. M. W. Thewlis, writing in the *New York Medical Journal*, deprecates this cynical point of view. A physician who works upon the theory that "nothing should be done for the aged" should not be allowed to care for them, he thinks. Diseases of the aged and their treatment really belong in a separate department of medicine, and should be taught as such, as with the diseases of childhood. The old can not be made young again, but that is surely no reason for refusing to prolong their lives in comfort. There are, however, many difficulties in the way, due to the facts that old people develop a special psychology and that drugs and other curative treatment do not react on them as upon the young, but often in precisely the opposite fashion. Our quotations below are from *The Medical Review of Reviews*, which gives credit to an abstract made for *The Medical Standard*. Writes Dr. Thewlis:



By courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Fla.

NO LONGER USELESS

A group of Florida palmettos; wall-board is now being made from palmetto fiber.

"By far the greatest mistake in treating patients is to endeavor to produce results which would be normal to maturity. It is useless to give potassium iodid for arteriosclerosis, because the latter is a normal process of advancing years, and does not require treatment. If we attempt to obtain results consistent with normal senile changes, we have the keynote of geriatrics [old-age treatment]. We must always strive for the form of senility, and this can not be done without a knowledge of the pathology of the senile state. In old age all organs undergo degenerative changes, but as long as these diseased organs functionate in harmony, there is no untoward result. The physician who applies ordinary therapeutics to senile patients is often unsuccessful.

"The treatment of diseases of old age is a study by itself. Small doses of remedies will often produce better results than larger ones. Morphin used hypodermically sometimes causes sudden death in old age because of respiratory paralysis, and it is, therefore, safer to combine it with atropin for hypodermic use in order to prevent this harmful action on the respiratory center.

"One of the most common conditions met in old age is insomnia. Physicians often give morphin to make the patient sleep. The aged frequently nap in their chairs during the day, and when night comes they can not sleep; to give morphin in such cases is inexcusable. Moreover, the aged do not require as much sleep as younger people, and sometimes they will deny having slept, when they actually have. In some instances they will not tell their symptoms if they believe they can thus avoid an examination. In others they will invent every known symptom, sham illness, in order to excite sympathy.

"A physician who works upon the theory that 'nothing can be done for the aged' should not treat senile patients. Hope, carefully instilled, will sometimes pull a patient through a serious illness when nothing else will.

"Many old people can be made effective again by the method of functional recuperation of Dr. Gabriel Bidou, of Paris. This is done by means of springs which replace paralyzed muscles, and enable the patient to walk again.

"The secondary effects of drugs due to faulty and slow elimination must be considered. In the aged, opiates may remain in the body for several days and cause drowsiness two or three days after their administration. Again, opiates will often cause mania instead of quieting the patient. In fact, many remedies have a diametrically opposite effect from that commonly observed in maturity. In treating senile heart disease, we must resort to methods different from those we are accustomed to use.

"So much depends upon the understanding of the senile organism, upon the little details that go to make life more comfortable for old persons; so much depends upon the attention and sympathy given them and upon keeping them occupied as much as possible. Two things are most necessary in this study; first, a careful routine examination of all patients, and, second, a knowledge of the normal changes of old age.

"The term old age applied to a patient is too often a death-warrant."

LUMBER FROM THE PALMETTO—The cabbage palmetto tree, because of its fibrous growth, has long been considered a waste product. Now it is being manufactured into a commercial product and is being offered as a building material, which promises to meet with great demand, we are told in a dispatch from Jacksonville, Florida, to *The Lumber Manufacturer and Dealer* (St. Louis). Says this paper:

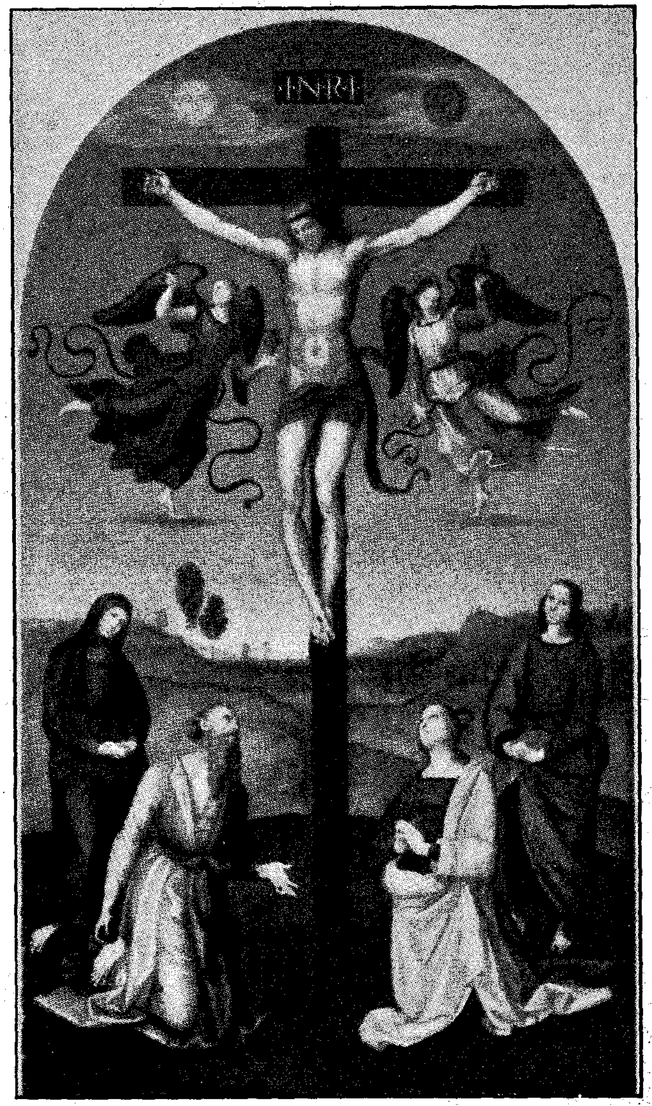
"The development of the manufacturing process brings another industry to this section, a mill which will give employment to fifty or more people being under construction near New Smyrna, Florida. The mill will be used in cutting veneer fiber boards from the cabbage-palmetto logs. The company is erecting the mill and dry kilns adjoining the Florida East Coast Railway, on the Volco road a few miles south of New Smyrna The mill will be in operation in a few weeks. There is almost an inexhaustible supply of the raw material for this product in the section surrounding New Smyrna. The dense hammocks contain several hundred cabbage-palmetto trees to the acre, and they are also found on other lands. The toughness of the cabbage palmetto is illustrated by its growth and age. Eighty feet high and hundreds of years old is not unusual in this section. Specially set saws are required to cut the cabbage palmetto, the fibrous trunk being unlike that of any other tree."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A GREAT ART LEGACY TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC

THAT THE AMERICAN PUBLIC would one day come into possession of another of the world's great private art collections was the reported declaration of its present owner, Mr. Joseph E. Widener. The estimated value of this collection is between forty and fifty millions, and at present it contains the two famous "Youssoupoff" Rembrandts over which litigation is now pending. While our public awaits its future good fortune it may not be amiss to contemplate a similar piece of good luck lately befallen the British public in the gift to the National Gallery of a large part of the Italian collection founded by the late Dr. Ludwig Mond. The first curious aspect of the case was the deferential proffer of the works in question. As stated by *Truth* (London), "the collection of fifty-six pictures, mostly of the Italian schools, was offered to the trustees on condition that at least three-fourths in number should be accepted." To make the acceptance of anything conditioned on its being accompanied by more seems at first blush either excessive generosity or excessive timidity on the part of the donor. That it may have been the latter motive in respect to the value of the proffer is dispelled by the fact that the condition has been fulfilled to the letter and thirty-nine of the pictures have been arranged in Gallery XXVI of the institution in Trafalgar Square. This accession is declared by *Truth* to be "the greatest gain to the National Gallery since its foundation in 1824." A tribute is paid to the donor as a collector:



PAINTED BY A YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN

But his name was Raphael, and this choice example of his "Perugino" period has lately come to the National Gallery, London.

"A visit to the collection brings home the fact that we owe as much to Dr. Mond's discrimination as to his generosity, and nobody who observes the splendid effect of the north wall in Gallery XXVI will regret the condition of the bequest that the collection shall be kept together as a whole, particularly since the event brings the welcome information that the much-needed extension of the National Gallery has been decided upon and will soon be taken in hand.

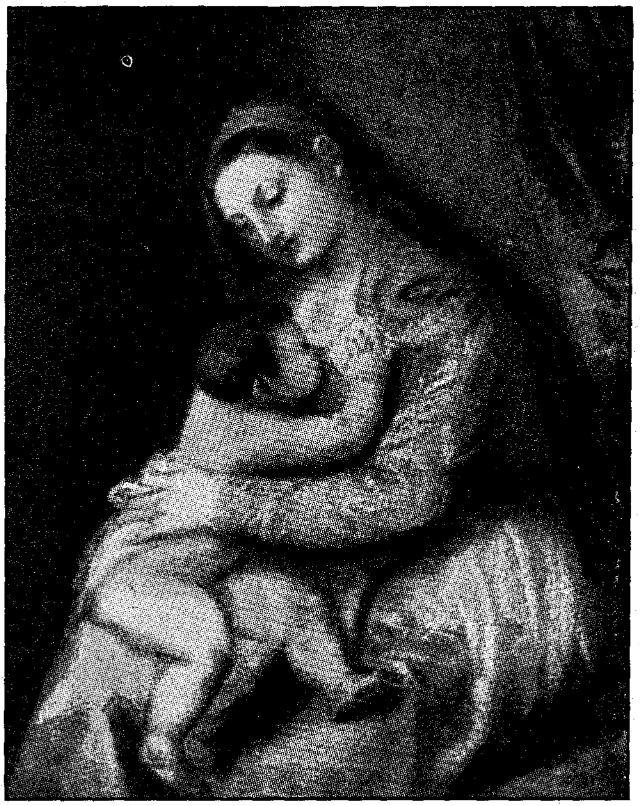
"Relative gain to the National Gallery depends upon a good many circumstances, but there can be little doubt that the 'Crucifixion,' by Raphael, and the 'Madonna and Child,' by Titian, will be regarded as the chief treasures of the bequest. Representing the extreme youth and the late age of their respective painters, they might be described as examples of brilliant invention and skill, and wise tenderness. What impresses in the Raphael is the emphatic sureness of the design in both form and color, while the Titian, less effective at first, grows upon appreciation by the way in which every particle of paint seems charged with feeling. From the point of view of representation this picture is immensely important, since it is the only example we have of Titian's latest phase. Hardly less important are the two panels, probably from a 'cassone,' or bridal chest, by Botticelli, representing 'The Miracles of St. Zenobius.' The work of his latest period, they are accepted by all responsible authorities, and in their vivacity of illustration, rhythmical design, and clear, cool coloring they can not fail to be popular. Another picture which will appeal instantly to those who like the combination of definiteness and subtlety in their art is the profile of 'Portrait of a Man,' by Boltraffio. There would be no point in describing in detail pictures which can now be seen by everybody, but a few words may be said about the way in which the bequest strengthens the national collection where it was weak. Fra Bartolommeo, who influenced Raphael, and Sodoma were hitherto represented only by comparatively unimportant works, and we now have the dignified 'Holy Family' by the one, and the intensely dramatic 'St. Jerome' by the other. The 'Pietà,' by Giovanni Bellini, the 'Madonna and Child Enthroned,' by Gentile Bellini, and 'St. Peter and Paul,' by Carlo Crivelli, are other works which add greatly to our opportunities for studying these important painters. To come down to less obvious gains, the collection includes two fragments of a fresco, representing heads of angels, by Correggio, a handsome 'Female Portrait Bust,' by Longhi, two Græco-Roman portrait heads, and a very entertaining illustration of 'The Effects of Jealousy,' by Lucas Cranach the Elder."

In the press reports of the trial of the "Rembrandt" case Mr. Widener is represented as saying that because of the purpose to which he has dedicated his great collection of art works, he intends to fight to the last to retain the Rembrandts, "believing that he was fighting not only for the memory of his father, but for the welfare of the American people." Prince Youssoupoff contends that he parted with the paintings in consideration of a loan with the privilege of redemption within a limited period; Mr. Widener retorts that the contract was invalidated by the Prince, who had "violated its terms." The New York *Herald Tribune* remarks:

"Art connoisseurs in this city are of the opinion that Mr. Widener might intend his gift to the public to be housed eventually in the huge art museum which is being erected in the Parkway at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, at a cost of $10,000,000."

SMASHING THE "CHILDREN'S CLASSICS"

MOST PARENTS FEEL a sort of helplessness in the presence of "Mutt and Jeff"; but as long as the Sunday paper comes into the house the children rule in respect to the part toward which they pay their devotions. If they could take it all in they would have the shock of their young lives to hear mother say, "I would rather see my child reading 'Mutt and Jeff' than 'Idylls of the King.'" But this is the point of view of one mother writing upon the subject of children's books. In the November *Bookman*, Ruth Hale deals autobiographically as well as critically with the subject of "as a child reads—" and the startling antithesis of the above declarations warns us that some old-fashioned idols are to be broken. The present times are rather perilous because of "the vast amount of twaddle now served up as 'children's books.'" These are Miss Hale's words and we gather that she thinks them a little lower than the children's books of our own youth. "The Age of the Child had not descended across your back and shoulders. You had *Rollo* and *Elsie*, but unless you were unusually sickly, that pair did not stay long on your mind." This is a stepping-stone to the Waverley novels and "the impossible hero," which Miss Hale announces "is precisely the one against whom I want to carry my war." This brings in *Sir Galahad:*



MADONNA AND CHILD

Which Titian painted when a very old man. In the Ludwig Mond Collection given to the British nation.

"It is the impossible hero that is presented to the child in all the books that are most strongly recommended for his reading. It is the impossible hero to which his little heart most gratefully goes out. Many a man who would have made the finest kind of practical hero in his maturity is hobbling around at half-mast because the image of *Sir Galahad* is embedded in his vitals, making him a bad fit for any place in realistic living to which he feels impelled. *Sir Galahad* came to him when he was little, when his soul was thrusting against its little sheath, when he wanted to be great and noble and powerful and beloved and shining like an army with banners. Nobody was around to tell him that *Galahad* was simply the invention of tired old men who had taken to writing books. Nobody would tell him that *Galahad* couldn't be imitated for purposes of living, because *Galahad* had never lived, had, in fact, never been invented for anything in the world but a respite from living.

"So *Galahad*, the fantom, the impostor, is able to impress the little man-child not merely as a real person, but as one of the greatest of real persons, one toward whom one could do no better than to put forth a plastic soul to be signed and sealed.

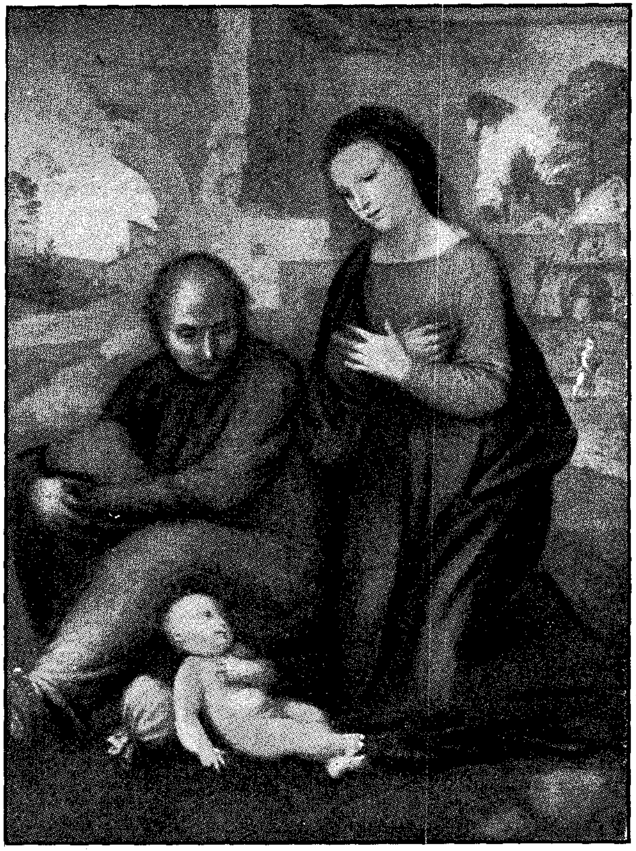
"Now this would be all very well if, five years later, or twenty years later, when *Galahad* behavior took on its rightful tragi-comic aspect, it could be rooted out and thrown away. But you can't get back to it. It is buried away in the very bottom of the man. He now knows it as an 'ideal of conduct,' and he has no notion of where it came from. It is so intergrown with all the other things he has laid by as he lived, and parting him from it would be so painful, that *Galahad* he now is and will be till he dies. That is to say, he will be *Galahad* in what he expects of himself. He will know very well that he hasn't turned out the perfect example. His behavior will be, as all behavior must be, the compromise he can get his instinctive desires to accept between themselves and his community. This will have precious little resemblance to *Galahad*. And while it fails to resemble *Galahad*, he will be a guilt-laden, uneasy soul, afraid of his God and ashamed of himself.

"He will never be either quite useful or quite happy. He will never know that what ails him is that he not only expects too much of himself, but expects the wrong thing. He expects what, in the nature of things, no living man can ever get."

Richard the Lion-Hearted, Miss Hale thinks, "might make a fine hero for children, if somebody would write a book about him that was in any wise truthful." For—

"Richard, after all, did put his life to a great deal of practical use, and his times were the better because of him. A life that has worked once may work again. But nobody has written that book, even for adults, let alone for children. Richard is thoroughly slicked up. It is only the children who can not see that he is much too good to be true.

"Women have probably only begun to realize how fortunate they are that there have been no impossible heroines. There have, of course, been countless thousands of the noblest of women pouring through fiction. But no girl-child in her senses could



FRA BARTOLOMMEO IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Where this picture of the Mond Collection fills "a most important gap."

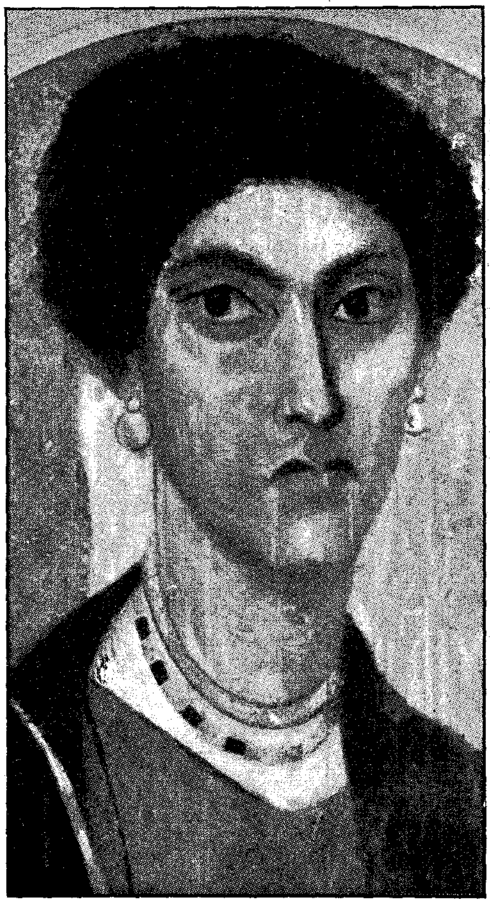
have loved or envied one of them. The one great fascination of the impossible hero has been that at least he wielded power; tho where he was supposed to get it, what with the pure white life he led, was never explained. The measure of the impossible heroine was how much she could take punishment. Not for her the white plumes and the shining armor—with the one gallant exception who was burned at the stake.

"The girl-child can be and is fictionized. She is proscribed and interdicted and scared out of her wits. But she can not do that fatal thing, the seizure of an ideal of behavior out of fiction, making it not merely hers but her very self since she loves it, because fiction gives her nobody to seize. It gives her nobody to envy. It gives her no pattern of glamorous success. All the glamorous women were villains.

"The child who can find nobody in fiction to love and to imitate will go about making an ideal of conduct just as industriously as the one who has come to rest in the broad embrace of *D'Artagnan*, but he will have a far more tentative attitude toward his raw material. He will go on much longer admitting new evidence. If he starts with Babe Ruth—or the fireman down the street—he will certainly have to switch heroes from time to time to keep abreast of himself: in other words, he will have to select newer and completer heroes whom he will and must become, as life makes newer and completer demands upon him. This process at least gives him the chance to discover that all men are a little heroic and no man is all hero; and no life is really valuable until that discovery has been made.

"It is perhaps only fair to say that the stoutest fight for the impossible hero is put up by the child himself. He wants his Knight as shining as possible, fearless and reproachless. Naturally enough, if he wants him at all, he wants him perfect. It is a graceless job to bedraggle a hero to a child whose need of his whiteness is so plaintive and so sincere. But what is a grown person for, if not to do a little dirty work once in a while? It ought to be plain to a grown-up that a child seizes a hero as a weapon against life—against a fear that life will be ignoble and humiliating, and that the soul will die. He wants a perfect hero, because less than a perfect hero is a weapon which may fail. He can accept the imperfect hero, however, on one condition—on the condition that life is less threatening than it seems. Less than the flawless weapon will do for less than the conquering foe. All he needs is an even break. I should like to watch a race between one man brought up on *Sir Galahad* and another brought up on *Androcles*.

"It is probably not by accident that most of the reading regarded highly for children is so shockingly unfit for them—that it is so drained of roundness and reality when those are the two things it most should have, and are more valuable in childhood than they can ever be again. Nothing which is so universally true is accidental. But I do not know what the explanation is. I have been bewildered by it as long as I can remember. It seems to me to be perfectly obvious that all intelligent adult books should be read by children; if anybody must read the trash, let it be the grown persons who can no longer be hurt by it. If there is reasonableness, tenderness, tolerance and deep wisdom to be had from books, isn't it better to get them out at the beginning of life rather than at the end? It can not be seriously maintained that the child mind is incapable of understanding a so-called adult philosophy. It is true that there is a special vocabulary which adults like to flourish for their mutual diversion, but I know of no vital concept incomprehensible to a child if you take the trouble to recast it in his own language for him. I think the impulse that lies behind the unfortunate choices of children's reading may be that grown persons think of children as being soft, and that they want to soften life for them as long as they may."



A BELLE OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

A Græco-Roman portrait included in the Mond gift to the National Gallery.

MID-VICTORIAN PRIVATE SCHOOLS

THAT THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN in England has taken several steps forward since mid-Victorian days can scarcely be doubted after a perusal of "A Survey of the History of Education," by Helen Wodehouse, recently published. Some of the facts presented in this book, as selected by Mr. Leonard Woolf for *The Nation and The Athenæum* (London), deal mainly with a report undertaken less than sixty years ago by the Schools Inquiry Commission, appointed to investigate the condition of education in the average middle-class school which was not a public school. There is good entertainment in the result:

"The Commissioners inspected a large number of private girls' schools. The report reveals a really amazing state of mind, both in the schoolmistresses and in the Commissioners. Many of the ladies resented the presentation of a questionnaire. One replied that the 'questions were too inquisitorial for any woman of spirit to answer'; another replied: 'We have always been private in our home, and desire so to remain, in spite of the march of intellect in the nineteenth century'; a third replied to Mr. Fitch, one of the Commissioners, that she hoped he 'would not think her superstitious, but she never *counted* her pupils; she had a feeling that it was unlucky to do so.' The ideas of some of the mistresses on the subject of education were hazy. One lady, when asked to give a schedule of school instruction, replied that she had two students in biography, two in astronomy, and one in mythology; but, on inquiry, this was found to mean that 'the students in question are at present engaged in learning the chapters in Mangall which refer to the specified subjects.' One 'young lady of upwards of twenty years of age,' who appears to have still been receiving her education, 'was perfectly startled,' says a Commissioner, 'when I pointed out to her that three halfpence are 1½d.' One of the Commissioners reported that in his opinion ladies' schools produced 'an inability on the part of unoccupied females to undergo intellectual fatigue.' Another remarks: 'I have no hesitation in reporting that there are some subjects, those in fact which rest on scientific principles, which females at present can not teach. There is a traditional flaw, the result of generations of unsound method, which penetrates their whole treatment of such subjects.' Mr. Bryce was even more distressed by the condition of mind of unoccupied females in the year 1868; in geography he found 'nothing to call for special remark in the manner of teaching, except as respects that exalted branch of it which . . . is entitled "The Use of the Globes." When requested to examine a class of girls in this, I found it expedient to begin by asking, "What is the equator?" Their answer to this . . . usually showed so hazy a comprehension . . . as to make it unnecessary to proceed further.'

"It would not be fair to Miss Wodehouse to leave any reader with the impression that her book is only a repository of curious and amusing facts. She has attempted, with a certain amount of success, to do what was well worth the doing. I do not know of any good general history of education, but surely nothing would be more interesting and instructive than to trace what, in the various ages, the adult members of the human species have considered that it was desirable to teach their young. This is what Miss Wodehouse has tried to do. Her book is excellent up to a point, for it gives one an admirable bird's-eye view of the theory and practise of education from 1500 B. C. to the present day."

"LENINGRAD IN BOSTON"

MUSICAL BOSTON HAS BREWED a little tempest in her teapot over a geographical name. In the Boston Symphony Orchestra program-books appeared the word "Leningrad," and at once it was suspected that some subtle Bolshevist propaganda was being inspired by the new Russian leader, Koussevitzky. Forgetting that the word must be inscribed on any letter destined to reach the City of Peter the Great, the designation on the concert program looked like dangerous politics. Mr. Courtenay Guild, President of the Handel and Haydn Society and of the Apollo Club, sounded this protest to the *Commercial Bulletin:* "If we are pleased to pay reverence to Lenin to please the new leader of our Symphony Orchestra, it may be desirable to look for a new conductor in spite of the undoubted musical ability of our Russian visitor." Deplorable as the change in name of the erstwhile Russian capital seems to the majority of the Boston papers, they are not in favor of sacrificing a musical genius to the whim of the party in power in present-day Russia, especially as Mr. Koussevitzky himself is said to lose no love to his radical compatriots. *The Transcript* traverses the case in a calm temper:

Courtesy of *The Musical Courier* (New York)

NOT A BOLSHEVIST

Though the word "Leningrad" creeping into a Boston Symphony program made Serge Koussevitzky a target of Boston's anti-Sovietism.

"Musical conductors, critics and program-makers are not, as a rule, fond of introducing politics, or even the shadow of politics, into their productions or their programs. Such a policy would jangle their sweet bells sadly out of tune. We can not imagine that the editors of a certain Symphony Hall program had any Bolshevistic intentions when they recently allowed the word 'Leningrad' to stand for the name of the city which was founded by Peter the Great and received from him—such was the founder's pious modesty—not his own name but that of the saint of the church after whom he was christened. When the successors of the great and pious Peter were overthrown, and a republican revolution bore sway in Russia, the name of the city was at once secularized, de-Germanized and made a greater honor still to its founder by being changed to Petrograd. This meant the city of Peter; and the capital took its place with Washington, Alexandria, and Constantinople as a commemoration of the great man who had made it a capital.

"But when the Soviet republic came in, the glory, as well as the prosperity, of the city of Peter departed. The capital was removed to Moscow in order to transport the center of government farther from European influence and sentiment, and bring it nearer to the breeding-place of the comparatively small knot of communists who had come to control the destinies of the country. Petrograd was left to freeze and rot. It was not, however, until the death of Lenin, the evil genius of revolutionary Russia, that the Soviet mind had compassed the monstrous conception of bestowing such a name as Leningrad, meaning the city of Lenin, upon the pride of modern Russia, the home of her greatness. But this idea was no sooner thought of than consummated. By Soviet edict, Petrograd became Leningrad. It was an insult not only to the name and fame of Peter, but to the great Russian nation; it was an insult to Europe and to the world.

"The name is, however, now established in a manner as official as any that is possible in existing Russia. It is the name to which the long-suffering inhabitants of what was once St. Petersburg are compelled to submit. If formally we call the city by either of its old designations, we are calling it by a name that has ceased to exist officially. On the other hand, he who in any sort of document of the time uses the word 'Leningrad' merely falls in with the requirement of actuality and can not be accused of taking part in any Sovietish conspiracy. The disturbance over the use of the word in a musical program is a tempest in a teapot. In view of the keen and well-warranted aversion which the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, himself a Russian and a worthy and honored one, has to the use of the name, it would seem as if a point might have been strained and the word avoided. But the maker of this program probably never thought of that. We shall have to take an entirely routine sort of will for the deed.

"In the meantime, it is open to all of us to look forward with a sigh to the time when Russia shall return to her senses and to a respect for the historical proprieties; at which time the name of Lenin will assuredly be dropt from the city by the Neva, which is Russia's window toward Europe and America, and the name of Peter doubtless restored to it in some appropriate fashion. 'Leningrad' represents a national nightmare; it will pass—as the nightmare passed in France which might have rechristened Paris Robespierreville."

Quipsters could not be expected to lose such a chance as this situation affords; and so the Boston *Herald* tries to bring home the plight of the program-maker in this wise:

"If in the years to come the name of Washington, District of Columbia, should be changed by a wild-eyed government to Bryanville, the capital would then be known as Bryanville in all circles, foreign and domestic."

"F. P. A.," in the New York *World*, in a vein reminiscent of recent New York theatrical troubles, wonders if Mr. Guild "would like the Military Intelligence Division to censor the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra"; and finally settles back with this rumination:

"Possibly they want to make an American patriot of Conductor Koussevitzky. To placate Boston it may be necessary for him to say to his orchestra as he raps with his baton: 'Don't play till you see the whites of their eyes.'"

The Providence *Journal* shows the Boston teapot brewing:

"For a moment it was all very perplexing. Some one suggested that the issue be dodged by referring to the city on the Neva as 'the Russian capital,' but some one else discovered that it isn't, since ancient Moscow has come into its own again. A counter-proposal was to leave it out of the programs altogether; but dear, dear! what would the erudite Mr. Philip Hale do when it came time to spell out in glib phrases the career of some new Russian creation which M. Koussevitzky chose to produce before his public? No, the issue can not be dodged, and the old seat of the Czars must be mentioned in some way or other."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

RIGHTEOUSNESS NOT A MATTER OF LEGISLATION

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THE VOICE OF THE OLD CIRCUIT RIDER STILL SPEAKS TO THE NATION

Drawing his text from the life of Bishop Francis Asbury, at the unveiling of whose statue he is speaking, President Coolidge says, "There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man."

HAD THAT MARSHAL of ecclesiastical cavalry, Francis Asbury, been merely a Methodist, the story of his life might never have furnished a text for a sermon to the nation. But this "Protestant St. Francis" was a pioneer of Christianity who carried also the makings of an empire in his saddle-bags. He is described in a resolution of Congress as "a pioneer itinerant, whose continuous journeys through our cities, towns, and villages and early settlements, from 1771 to 1816, greatly promoted the interests of patriotism, education, morality and religion, and were a distinct aid to the American Republic." It is out of regard to this fact that an equestrian statue is dedicated to Bishop Asbury, on ground given by the Government, and that the President finds in the Bishop's life a text to guide the individual in his relation to government, which has an echo in many editorial pages. President Coolidge noted in his address at the unveiling of the Asbury memorial in Washington that the great Bishop took for his text for his first sermon, "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Our government rests on religion, declares the President, and he asserts that "it was because of what Bishop Asbury and his associates preached, and what other religious organizations through their ministry preached, that our country has developed so much freedom and contributed so much to the civilization of the world." From this the President passes to the direct application of the lesson of Bishop Asbury's life to present-day affairs:

> "It is well to remember this when we are seeking for social reforms. If we can keep in mind their sources, we shall better understand their limitations. The government of a country never gets ahead of the religion of the country. There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man. Of course, we can help to restrain the vicious and maintain a fair degree of security and protection by legislation and police control, but the real reforms which society in these days is seeking will come as a result of our religious convictions, or they will not come at all. Peace, justice, humanity, charity—these can not be legislated into being. They are the result of a Divine Grace.
>
> "I have never seen the necessity for reliance upon religion rather than upon law better exprest than in a great truth uttered by Tiffany Blake of Chicago when he said: 'Christ spent no time in the antechamber of Cæsar.'
>
> "An act of Congress may indicate that a reform is being or has been accomplished, but it does not of itself bring about a reform."

This is far from being a political speech, says the Springfield *Union*, "and yet it is the soundest of political wisdom." Unfortunately, we are told, church leagues and agencies have adopted the theory that people can be made righteous by law:

> "They have withdrawn their ministration from the individual as a unit of dynamic righteousness in the civic and social body, repudiated the evangelistic principle on which Bishop Asbury contributed so much to the formation of a successful government of the people, and have organized themselves on the theory that the individual can be kept from failing by laws only. Ministers of many denominations, instead of preaching religion to people as did Bishop Asbury, are crowding into the antechamber of Cæsar demanding laws to limit, regulate and prohibit the individual on whose self-control, responsibility, initiative and character the success of a government by the people must depend.
>
> "Curiously enough, the denominational leaders before whom President Coolidge eulogized this Bishop, who did so much to establish Methodism in this country, are spending much of their energy in the anterooms of Cæsar, tho in this respect they are perhaps not more conspicuous than those of other denominations. Did they but know it, they are weakening the very sources from which the churches must draw their strength for religious service in behalf of society and of the nation, and at the same time by the misuse of good intentions are developing some rather serious problems for government."

The religion of which the President was talking, observes the Newark *Evening News*, is not one of narrow formulas, of creeds, of sects, of races. "It is a religion of righteousness, of justice and of well doing." And "loss of faith in a religion that teaches liberty, justice, the Golden Rule, will ultimately mean, as the President said, loss of faith in a government constructed on American lines." An attempt to force religion or reform on a people by law "will be governmentally disrupting." Political government, observes the Washington *Post* sententiously, "must be based upon moral righteousness, and not moral righteousness upon political government." "In these days of persistently unwise, and unwisely persistent, efforts to make men good by law," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the President's thoughts "should impress every intelligent American." For

> "It is the business, the function, the God-given mission of organized religion to create the common goodness out of which good laws will spring. Then good laws will have public opinion behind them. Statutes juggled onto the statute books to superimpose what one class or element in the community calls good on the will, the conduct, the personal habits of other classes are immensely harmful to the cause of any reform."

The striving to make laws ordering that certain things which ought not to be done shall not be done, and that certain other things which ought to be done shall be done, says the Albany *Evening Journal*, is superficial effort, as long as such striving is not the manifestation of the will of the majority. And this can come only by recognition of the fact that "true religion is something to be lived, not merely something to be declared through preachings, forms and ceremonials." The words of the President on this subject, we are told, "are food for the earnest thought of this nation and for the thought of all the peoples of the world." In similar vein, the Indianapolis *News* urges that reform, whatever its nature, must be wrought by the people, sometimes under the authority of a statute and sometimes not. But—

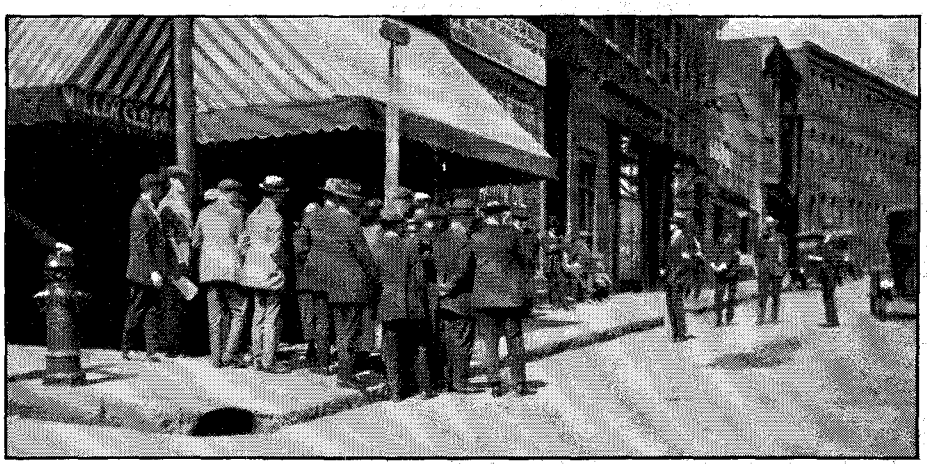
> "If it is to flourish, it must proceed, not solely from the halls of Congress, but from the hearts and consciences of the people. The great mission of the churches is to those hearts and consciences. The direct road is not always the shortest road, as we should have learned. The President's little lecture is sound."

It is sound, avers the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, as a direct statement of fact which in particular it is the duty of the religious societies to remember. Moreover:

> "It warns the halls of legislation that they can not succeed in an attempt to reform and improve society if the individual fails in his part of the undertaking. It warns the religious societies that, if they are to play their part in raising the standards of morals, they must take over the task of improving and correcting society at large and cease to lean upon the broken legislative reed.
>
> "The doctrine that government is something which proceeds from on high and not subject to the emotions, passions and limitations of human nature, which is what Mr. Coolidge rejects as founded in common sense, is a doctrine borne of desperation and incapacity. More than that, it is a doctrine which mischievously conceals behind the mask of pretense the sardonic grin of the political tyrant. Those who wear the mask or gather under its leadership are not 'wise or safe counselors.'"

REVIVING THE OLD EVANGELISM

CRACKING THEOLOGICAL NUTS does not interest the man in overalls, or the average man in any other class, for that matter, we are told, but the story of Christ does appeal to the average heart and mind, whether they are in dungaree or broadcloth. So it was that a cordial reception was given to the Non-Sectarian Student Christian Mission during a week's revival of street preaching in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. The students left dogmatic intricacies in their studies, and preached Christ without any theological tape to tangle the feet of their hearers. And they are said to have received a direct response. The story of this experiment is described as a thrilling romance of daring evangelism by the Rev. Walter W. Van Kirk, who writes about it in several denominational journals. It seems that the idea was first tried in England, in the town of Derby, an industrial center, where the response was so quick and eager that Canon Woods brought the story of the Derby mission to America. A group of undergraduates from New England and the Atlantic States became interested, and resolved to try the experiment in Fitchburg, an industrial city of 45,000 people. After three months of preparation, with the cooperation of the Fitchburg pastors, business people and civic associations, fifty theological students and college graduates descended on Fitchburg. They gathered first in a "retreat," where they were addrest by Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale Divinity School. As Dr. Van Kirk continues the story:



Courtesy of the *Western Christian Advocate*

CRYING CHRIST'S WARES ON THE STREET

Fifty theological students leave their theology at home and carry the plain Gospel to the man on the street in Fitchburg, Mass. The story of their effort is called a "thrilling romance of daring evangelism."

> "The following day, Monday, these student preachers gave the residents of Fitchburg a demonstration of energetic evangelism. In teams of five each, these street preachers visited the shop and factory districts. They were cordially received. The man in overalls has precious little interest in dried-up theology. But he responds at once to a direct appeal to his conscience. That was the miracle of all the street preaching during the entire week of the Non-Sectarian Student Christian Mission. A point of contact was established between the speakers and the hearers. Everything the students said centered about Christ and the individual responsibility of every man to the challenge of religion. There were no debates about the 'homoiousia.' Nothing was said of either fundamentalism or modernism. These students had come to Fitchburg, many of them at great personal sacrifice, for bigger business than to debate about worthless intellectual abstractions. Their preaching was so simple, so genuine, so spontaneous, that folks simply could not resist the appeal of their message. Debating about religion may be an effective method of securing front-page stories in daily newspapers, but it doesn't do the man in the street a bit of good. These God-fearing student preachers of our colleges have just demonstrated that in their Fitchburg Mission. Their street preaching revealed the fact that many folks are estranged from the church simply because the man in the pulpit refuses to discuss the real issues of life."

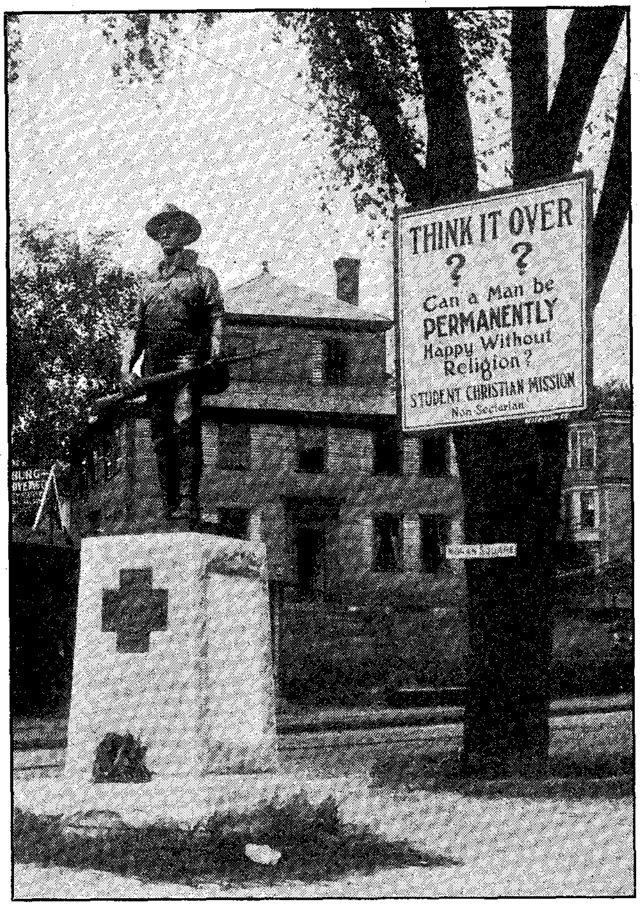
It was not all easy sailing, of course. There was some suspicion that the students were employed by "big business" to preach the *status quo*, and others thought that the Church was completely subsidized by business, with but little concern for the folks at the bottom. But the young preachers convinced the people of their sincerity, because "they had sufficient religion and common sense to act and talk like human beings." They set the people thinking:

> "It was the same in the down-town district. Here again it was demonstrated that earnestness and sincerity are of more value to the prophet of God than literary exactness or theological

regularity. The business section of Fitchburg was divided into districts, speakers were assigned to different areas, and at 6.45 each evening God's message was broadcast to hundreds of people upon street corners, in city parks, and in depot yards. The students used anything they could get their feet on for a rostrum. They had no pulpit. But they had a message. They spoke with the directness of Amos, with the passion of Hosea. They were interrupted with numerous questions. Every question was answered courageously and to the point. No amount of questioning was able to divert the purpose of the students to preach Christ and Christ alone. That kind of persistent preaching won the Roman world for the apostle Paul. It won Fitchburg for these student street preachers. Fitchburg was stirred from center to circumference with 'Every Day Religion Every Day.'"

The purpose of Dr. Van Kirk in writing his article for the religious journals is, he says, to interpret the Fitchburg student campaign from the point of view of street preaching. The honest minister and layman, the writer tells us, will confess that something is wrong with the average preaching service to-day:

> "Folks are not coming to church. Happily, there are glowing exceptions to such a general statement. Recent surveys, however, reveal the fact that church attendance is steadily on the decline. It is time to look facts squarely in the face. As ministers and laymen we are confronted with the challenge of taking the Gospel story to the people. Jesus did that. The students in Fitchburg did that. We must do it or confess our pitiful helplessness to do the thing that God has commissioned us to do. Are we going to witness a revival of street-preaching evangelism? That is the question that comes pounding upon the ears of the church from the first American Student Christian Mission."



A QUESTION FOR EVERYBODY

Many of the people of Fitchburg are "thinking it over," after listening to the non-sectarian message of student evangelists.

A LESSON FROM THE MOHAMMEDANS—The greatest conflict going on in the world to-day, we are told, is that between Christianity and Mohammedanism. No blood is being spilled, but Christianity is said to be losing ground where once it had a golden opportunity. In certain great areas, says *The Watchman Examiner* (Baptist), Mohammedanism is winning and is spreading "with terrible speed because its followers are doing what Christians have forgotten how to do." Whereas Christians take their religion casually, every Mohammedan convert is said to become an evangelist. We are told that almost any evening one can see Mohammedans seeking converts from Christianity and Hinduism:

> "They are not Mohammedan priests who are doing this, but ordinary Mohammedan believers. In a newspaper that came to us from Lahore, not long ago, there was given a list of native missionaries of Mohammedanism. In that list were the names of school-teachers, government clerks, a dealer in camel carts, a newspaper editor, a bookbinder, a workman in a printing establishment. They were a group of people just like the members of any Christian congregation. Some of them did one thing and some of them another to earn their daily bread, and when their day's work was over they went out and used their leisure time in seeking to win converts to their religion. Do you wonder that Mohammedanism is spreading like wildfire all over Africa, while it holds its own in Asia, and we seem unable to thrust it out of Europe?"

PARADISE NOT FOR IDLERS

NO SORT OF HEAVEN whose description has come under his eyes would be even tolerable to Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University. Eternal rest, he thinks, would not be rest to a man who takes pleasure in toil. Fire and brimstone in a seething pit are equally out of the picture for Dr. Eliot. A just God, in his opinion, could not inflict eternal torment on one of His creatures. Dr. Eliot was making an address in Cambridge about the religion of to-morrow, when some one asked him what, under the new interpretation, might be expected in the way of rewards and punishments in a future life. The religion of the future, replied Dr. Eliot, as he is quoted in press reports, will "overthrow all the ancient conceptions of rewards and punishments. Particularly will it reject the idea of a place of torment where a just God will inflict punishment for misdeeds. The God of the future will be only a God of mercy, of compassion, of goodness." The venerable educator goes on:

> "The usual conception of heaven to the dying man is a place of refuge from pain, of rest from monotonous drudgery. To me such a heaven is unthinkable. My greatest happiness is in pleasurable activity. Joy in work is my ideal of existence, here or hereafter. An existence of idleness, of relief from work, would be wholly unbearable.
>
> "Institutional Christianity has condemned a portion of humanity to torments. The new religion will make no such pretensions and will teach no such horrible and perverse doctrines. But sentiments of love and beauty and reverence will remain and increase.
>
> "The new religionist will not worship his ancestors, but will feel his indebtedness to preceding generations. The new religion will have saints, but canonization will be based on grounds somewhat new. It will teach only the use of such authority as will develop cooperative good-will.
>
> "The new religion will recognize that there is nothing ultimate within its knowledge. It will seek an open field, constantly shifting, and will not pretend any final recommendation of any sort. The finite can not expect by any effort of its own to know the infinite."

One can not question the authority of a man of such virtue and faith, observes the St. Paul *Dispatch*. As the builder of the five-foot shelf it may be presumed, we are told, that Dr. Eliot has read all the shelf contains, and that he knows "quite well all the prophetic visions of Paradise which there have been, from Dante forwards and back." However,

> "Radical as this protest is, it is not altogether new. It was William James who wrote in 'The Will to Believe' years ago certain scathing phrases about the pink-tea Elysiums which literature has offered as refuge for the good. One notices in these elderly gentlemen a sort of despairing fear of heaven But since Dr. Eliot can scarcely hope to escape it, he would better be marshaling his ideas on liberality to a view to improving matters."

But there is a conception of heaven in the last book of the

New Testament, suggests the Newark *Evening News*, which even Dr. Eliot might deem at least impressive:

> "Around the Book of Revelation controversy has raged for years, but most scholars accept it as the inspired work of the Apostle John, written while on the island of Patmos. Its apocalyptic heaven is a truly marvelous conception, far from dull. It seems as tho Dr. Eliot might find something to do about the place.
>
> "The closing chapters of St. John's vision have brought comfort to millions of harassed souls; its language takes the loftiest flights ever attempted by an earthly pen. Judged solely as a literary composition, it should be 'tolerable,' even to Dr. Eliot."

YOUR OWN CHILDREN AND SING SING

OLD-FASHIONED AS IT IS, mother's knee is, after all, the best place to begin religious training, says a man who knows well the inmates of the penitentiary. And it is just as well, he tells us, not to cut the apron-strings too soon. There are too many other loose ends lying about. The Rev. William E. Cashin, Roman Catholic chaplain at Sing Sing for many years, until he was changed to another pastorate, brings home these points in reciting an experience he once had with some philanthropically inclined people who wanted to aid in the restoration of ex-convicts to normal civil life. The story is told in the New York *Times* and is quoted in *The Southern Churchman* (Episcopal). Father Cashin was invited by the wife of a prominent banker to meet some other people, including a young banker, a young attorney of considerable prominence, a business man with large interests, and another guest, whom he took to be a man of leisure. The hostess said it was the intention of these people to lend unfortunates a helping hand until they were capable of helping themselves. Father Cashin pointed out that they could never hope to get the viewpoints of the men they would try to assist, that the gulf between them was far too wide. The benefactors, he said, would find themselves reaching down to the beneficiaries, and there would be all sorts of friction and misunderstandings. The former convicts would either ridicule or be in awe of the banker, the lawyer and the business man. But, continues Father Cashin,

> "I had what probably seemed to be an even more brutal message for the woman. I had seen her hastily dismiss her children who had come into the room to talk with her. She had impatiently sent them off to the moving-pictures with a governess, saying that she had to discuss important matters with me.
>
> "I told her that she should give her personal attention to those children and not disturb herself about other people's erring offspring. I made it plain that 70 or 80 per cent. of the criminals had come from unsympathetic homes, and that there was no greater preventive for wrongdoing than a great desire on the part of parents to understand their children, to pay attention to them and become their confidants. Social work, like charity, should begin at home, I told her.
>
> "Her husband vigorously applauded my sentiments, told me later that she had been so shocked and unnerved by what I said in the presence of her pleasant callers that she had taken to bed for three weeks, but he said he didn't mind and the way he shook my hand convinced me that he felt I had rendered his family a service.
>
> "Whenever I speak to people about my work at Sing Sing I stress the need for more amicable relationship in the home. It is not surprizing that children, after they get old enough to select their own friends, do little more than eat and sleep at home. If they get in some minor scrapes, they know that they can not get sympathy at home. They go where they will get a comforting pat on the back and where they will not be nagged by the hour.
>
> "It is, perhaps, a far cry from answering the endless questions of a child to the clanging of the big gates of Sing Sing. And yet I have seen how closely the two are related. Only seldom do we get boys from homes where there was understanding. I do not refer to wealthy homes. Even the poorest parent can give what the richer one often neglects to provide—the wholehearted effort to make the boy feel that his parents are his best friends. The boy should not be coddled, of course, as that deprives him of his individuality. But there is a happy and safe medium which should be the goal of every parent."

FITTING RELIGION INTO COLLEGE LIFE

ATHLETICS and religion have much in common, according to Dean Herbert E. Hawkes of Columbia College, who, in his annual report to President Nicholas Murray Butler, suggests that the religious life of the student be analyzed and studied just as any other phase of student life is studied. Dean Hawkes points out that during adolescence athletic and religious features of the spirit of youth are manifest; but, he adds, colleges have as yet found no natural and adequate means to fit these tendencies into their scheme of education. He goes on, as his report appears in several New York papers:

> "Whether it is possible permanently to keep the athletic interests of a large and vigorous college harnessed to the educational wagon some are inclined to doubt.
>
> "One fact, however, is certain. Unless the athletics of an institution are conducted on a high level of sportsmanship, by men of character who realize that athletics are a vital, tho secondary, element in an educational institution, they may well do more harm than good.
>
> "An athletic policy which brings about in both the faculty and the athletic people a feeling that they are pulling in opposite directions is all too common in our colleges. It is, of course, inevitable that there will be a few members of any faculty who have a blind spot for athletics, just as some otherwise educated people have a blind spot for religion, or for art. But unless the athletic management also has a blind spot for studies, good character and sportsmanship, no controversy can arise.
>
> "There is a difference of opinion as to whether even the most desirable and successful athletic policy brings to a college the kind of students that the college most desires. Of course, successful athletics attract athletes, but a college of athletes who are not primarily students is a damage instead of a blessing.
>
> "In fact, I am inclined to think that among the elements that go to make the solid reputation of a college, athletic supremacy comes far down on the list in the minds of those, both young and old, whose judgment counts. This means that the cultivation of athletics in the college should be in the interest of the part that it plays in the education of both players and spectators. Unless athletics can take its place in the picture, in its proper perspective, and in cooperative relations with the rest of the college, trouble is certain to arise."

The *sine qua non* of the athletic problem, thinks Dean Hawkes, is a staff of coaches and managers who know a college when they see one, and who look upon themselves and are regarded by all as a part of the teaching force of the institution, contributing through their medium the stimulus toward a healthy development of mind and character which athletics is best adapted to contribute. He goes on:

> "Altho athletics and religion do not seem at first sight to have a great deal in common there are certain analogies in their academic positions. I doubt whether many colleges find that their students become so involved in religious activities as to endanger their academic standing. The similarities do not show themselves in just this way. But they are nevertheless quite real. Here are two features of the spirit of youth during and following the adolescent years which every one recognizes, the athletic and the religious, but which our colleges have as yet found no natural and adequate means of fitting into their scheme of education.
>
> "The difficulty arises in finding an approach to the subject which is in accord with the college man's point of view. For many years most colleges have offered a few courses in the literature of the Bible and have left the rest to student religious organizations. This is good so far as it goes, but it does not recognize the whole problem. The activities of those organizations continue the social and religious interests which the student brings with him to college.
>
> "They tend to preserve such religious nurture as the home training has afforded and to give adequate opportunity for the exercise of the various kinds of service that are associated with these organizations.
>
> "The object that I have in mind in this connection is not an opportunity for the expression of the religious life of the individual, but a means of analyzing and studying the religious life of man in as objective a manner as one would study any other human trait."

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THAT mystic writer and practical politician, George Russell, who figures in literature as "Æ.," comes seldom into this column, for which reason it seems wise to take all the gifts of two recent numbers of *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin) and hand them on to hold over the next long period of his poetic silence:

PROMISE

By Æ.

Be not so desolate
Because thy dreams have flown,
And the hall of the heart is empty
And silent as stone,
As age left by children
Sad and alone.

Those delicate children,
Thy dreams, still endure.
All pure and lovely things
Wend to the Pure.
Sigh not. Unto the fold
Their way was sure.

Thy gentlest dreams, thy frailest,
Even those that were
Born and lost in a heart beat,
Shall meet thee there.
They are become immortal
In shining air.

The unattainable beauty,
The thought of which was pain,
That flickered in eyes and on lips
And vanished again;
That fugitive beauty
Thou shalt attain.

Those lights innumerable
That led thee on and on,
The Masque of Time ended,
Shall glow into one
That shall be with thee for ever,
Thy travel done.

FROM THE HILLS

By Æ.

1.

ARTISTRY

To bring this loveliness to be,
Even for an hour, the Builder must
Have mined in the laboratory
Of many a star for its sweet dust.

Oh, to make possible that heart
And that gay breath so lightly sighed:
What agony was in the art!
How many gods were crucified!

2.

A SACRED PLACE

Be still: be still: nor dare
Unpack what you have brought,
Nor loosen on this air
Red gnomes of your thought.

Uncover: bend the head
And let the feet be bare.
This air that thou breathest
Is holy air.

Sin not against the Breath,
Using ethereal fire
To make seem as faery
A wanton desire.

Know that this granite height
Can be a judgment throne.
Dread thou the unmovable will,
The wrath of stone.

3.

ABUNDANCE

Like grey mastodon
Upon the mountain side
Rocks lay as if to guard
Its austere pride.

All stone unto the eye:
Yet is the heart at rest
As children happed in cradle
Or on the breast.

All that earth is,
Mountain or solitude,
Was born out of pity
And is milk for her brood.

SINCE gipsies took to automobiles they seem to have surrendered half their romance; but this writer finds some left in them. We quote from *Palms* (Guadalajara, Mexico) and give up guessing as to authorship:

ALIENS

Down Seventh Avenue
Jolting, jarring into view,
Jangling,
With tin-ware banging,
Comes an old automobile.
A dark man sits sardonic at the wheel,
A woman rather run to size
With wild and youthful eyes
Holds a small baby on her lap.
Behind (asprawl upon piled bedding) two boys lie
Hands clasped beneath their necks,
Eyes fixed upon the sky.

Not one head turned,
But fiercely, negligently unconcerned,
The gipsies crash from sight,
And make our city seem a meaner thing—
Not worth their noticing.

THERE is an idea seasonal and one universal in this which appears amid the contents of the October *Measure*:

WINDFALLS

By Abbie Huston Evans

I filled my pail, and looked around;
Apples littered all the ground,
Pale, bright, up-ended, twig and stem
Snatched from the tree along with them,
Brought down from swinging overhead
To lie with slugs and snails instead.
I filled my pail, I straightened up,
I drank the morning like a cup:
Diminished sunlight flooding in
Showed how leaves were getting thin,
And the wind that whipped my hair
Blew trees beautiful and bare.
I saw a nest out on a bough
I had never seen till now;
Saw the paleness of the sky
Brushed with white, saw leaves blow by
Gold and russet in a shoal
To heap the gully like a bowl;
I saw the poplar saplings lurch,
Saw gold tags spinning on the birch,
Saw the tamarack tossing free,—
And knew them of one piece with me!
Out whirled my heart and down the gale
Like one more leaf set free to sail.
I was a note like A or G
In a rising harmony.
"In this universe I fit!"
I never was so sure of it;
All my tangled lines slid free
And lay parallel in me:
"—O golden world, you change and fly,
And so do I—and so do I!
At one beneath, too deep to mark,
Our roots go twining in the dark;
And, all in one, we slip—we move—
Together down this shining groove
Toward that hid Outlet, that sure Whole,
That shall include us, clod and soul!"

THERE is a famous "sonnet on blue," but Mr. Colum finds his inspiration in green. Also he furnishes some ticklish exercises in pronunciation. In *The Dublin Magazine:*

THE RESPLENDENT QUETZAL BIRD

By Padraic Colum

Others have divers paints and enamels,
Lavish and bright on breast and wing feathers.
You, Gastemalean, have sunken all colors
Into glory of greenness!

There may be palms as greenly resplendent,
Palms by the Fountain of Youth in Anahuac,
Such greens there may be on sea-sunken Bronzes—
The Gates of Callao!

There may be words in rituals spoken
To Quetzalcoatl, the god who went westward,
Words like the gash made by knives of obsidian,
That tell of such greenness!

The Century (November) brings us some Western impressions:

TWO AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

By James Rorty

Entry to the Desert

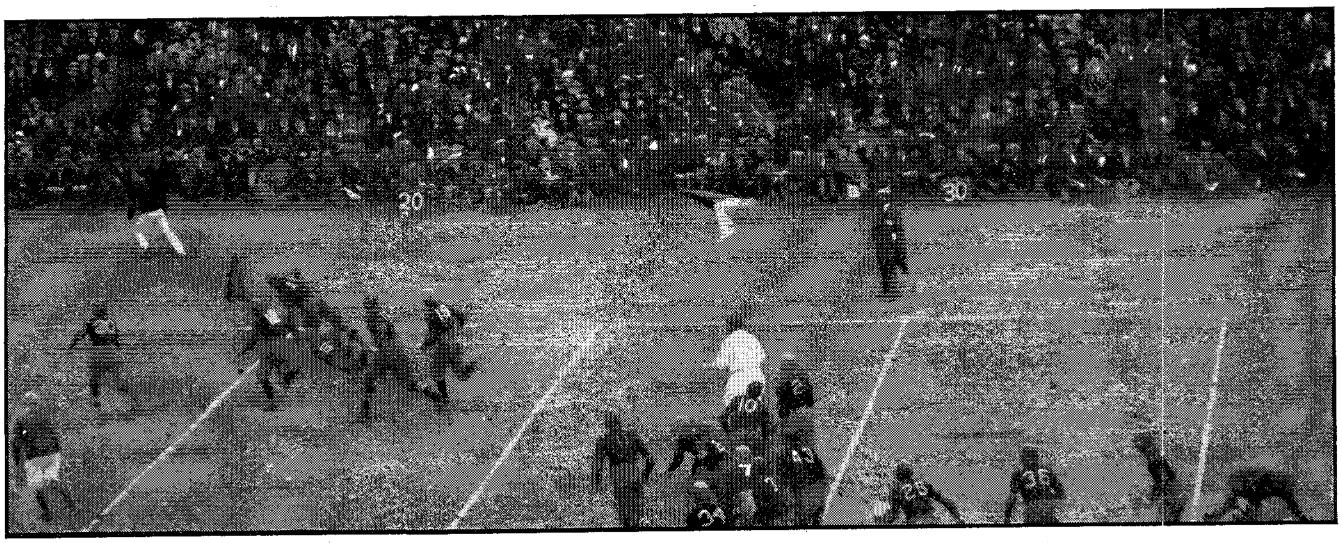
If I should hasten or cry out,
I would not see the aspens whipping on the rim
Of the red butte to the north;
I would not hear
The rainy march of the wind that breathes
A deeper shadow on the corn.

So let me no less delicately plant
My footsteps on this desert earth
Than the prim quail that leads her grave procession through the sage,
Or the gray rabbit, pausing lop-eared and alert,
Scenting the rain.

Remembering the Mountains

Remembering the mountains, I was still.
Will you be quiet, my friends—will you gather close, you who strive so hard to do, and do?
See, I bring you gifts of silence, and cool snows.
I tell you of tall pines, erect and motionless, pointing at the sky.
I deal treacherously with your desires. I bleach your hearts.
I confront your troubled faces with the old faces of the rocks.
I give your strained ears only silence, and the zoom of the night-hawk.
I take the greed of the merchant, the pride of the soldier, the terror of the driven worker, and drop them one by one into the lake.
Will you be quiet, my friends—will you gather close, you who strive so hard to do, and do?
See, I bring you gifts of silence and cool snows.

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES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WHEN CORNELL GAVE EAR-SHATTERING THANKSGIVING

This was last year, when the mighty Pfann, quarterback, was carrying the ball to another touchdown in the 14-7 Thanksgiving Day victory over Pennsylvania. Observe the cheer-leader riding his triumphant megaphone.

NOVEMBER YELLS THAT WIN GAMES

"Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!
Better move along,
When you hear the Tiger sing his jungle song!"

CROUCHED LOW LIKE MAGICIANS brewing some magic potion, three slim black-clad figures face a hushed throng in the late autumn sunshine. Their outspread hands tremble convulsively. Then, as they straighten up in unison, arms flung passionately aloft, a menacing roar breaks from the crowd, "Rrrrray!" Again the potion-brewing gesture, this time a little faster and again the long roar, "Rrrray!" Again, "Rrrray!" Then as the famous Princeton "locomotive" gathers strength and speed, "Yih! Yih! Yih! Sssssss! Bu! Bu! Boom! Aaaaah!" Then three sharper, more distinct barks, "Stun! Stun! Stun!" This is not the classic way it is written, but this is the way it sounds as it chuffs out from the football stands.

Hark, from far across field comes a hoarse challenge as three white-clad figures sway low back and forth before another menacing mob: "Breex! Crash! Crash!" Full stop. "Breex! Crash! Crash!" Full stop. "Parabloo! Yale! Yale! Yale!" It is the answering bark of the bull-dog.

Even more classic is the origin of this yell. It may be found in a chorus of the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, all written out carefully in Greek: "Breke, Kekex, Koax, Koax," etc. But if poor Aristophanes could ever hear the child of his onomotopoetical imagination in action to-day, he would, no doubt, fly shrieking back to the comparative seclusion and quiet of Hades.

When a distinguished visitor like Marshal Foch or Clemenceau views the incantations of American cheer leaders as they literally pull such noises out of massed thousands, he listens in pop-eyed amazement and horror. After the subsequent snake-dance under the goal posts in a cloud of whirling hats, he is bundled home, haunted, no doubt, by visions of angry redskins from the tales of his youth. Possibly he uses a familiar war phrase, "Americains—zig-zag!" and lets it go at that. Is he right?

There is a definite principle in the psychology of success which American cheer-leaders apply with amazing skill and effectiveness. So says the famous "Hughie" Fullerton of baseball fame in a carefully-thought-out article in the Chicago magazine *Liberty*. Acrobatic cheer-leaders at football games may seem foolish, but they may also be effecting discoveries in a rather new science. Sometimes their carefully-worked-out yells burst spontaneously, sometimes under direction, but often in either case they achieve distinct results, and always it is the cheer-leaders who are at the back of it. He gives this example:

Courtesy of *Liberty* (Chicago)

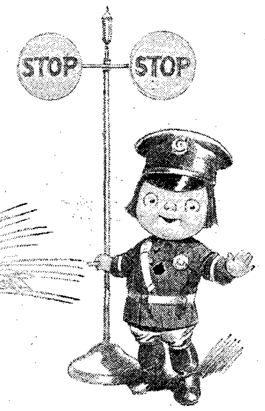
SAY IT WITH SOMERSAULTS

Johnny Creps of Ohio State ripped an extra hundred pounds pressure of yell out of his cheering-section as he looped in perfect time to the last long howl.

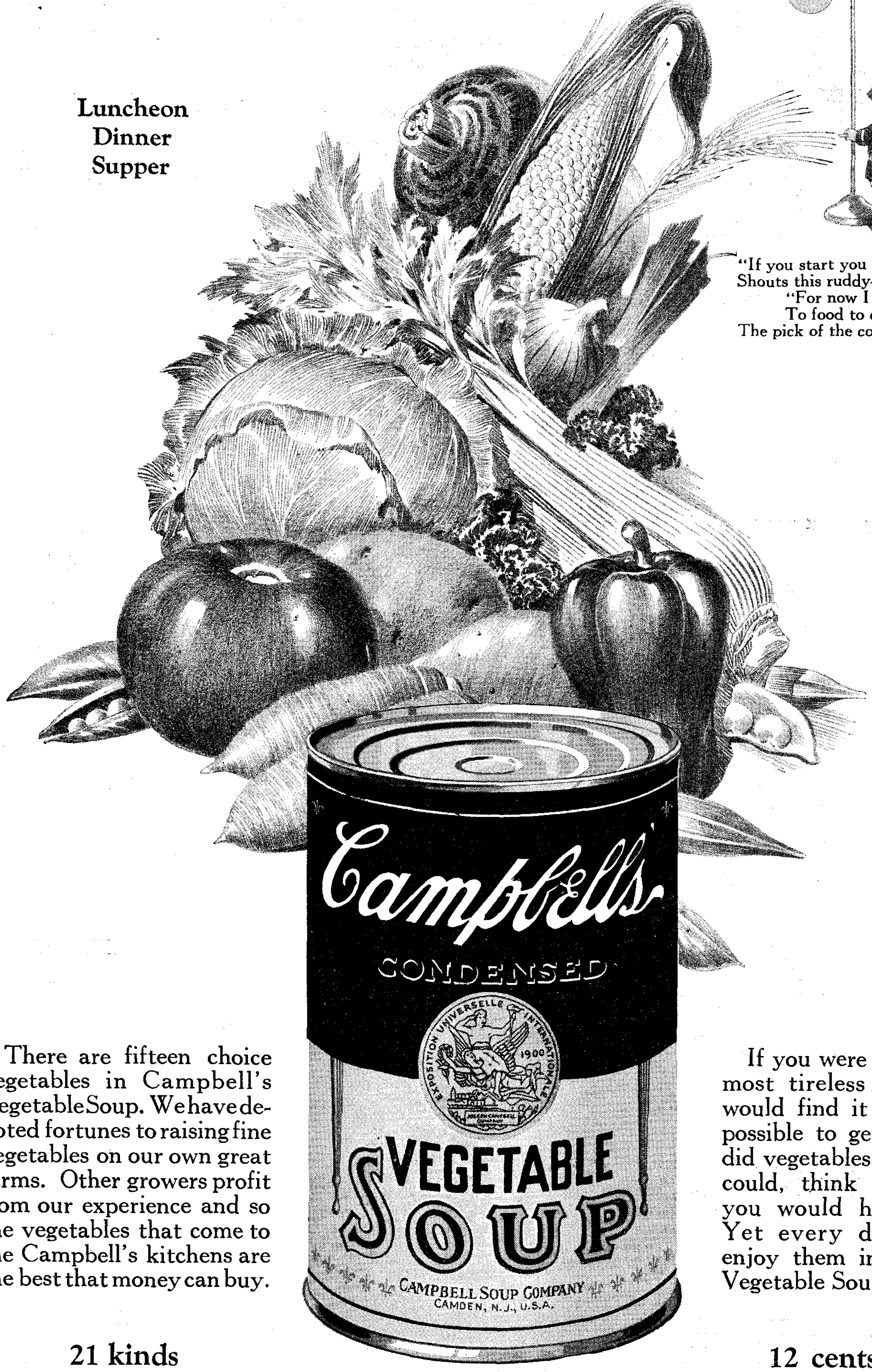
> Princeton's football team of 1922 was weak in spots, uncertain, brilliant at intervals, but lacking in weight and driving power. Swept off its feet, reeling, hammered to fragments by the terrific assaults of the Chicago shock troops, led by John Thomas, the Tiger defense crumbled, yielded, fighting stubbornly but seemingly without avail.
>
> Suddenly a ball got loose. A Black and Orange figure flashed between two Maroons, scooped it up, and raced desperately across the line.
>
> In an instant the hosts of Nassau, thousands of old grads gathered for the first great Western reunion, veterans who in their day had grown hoarse cheering Ames, and Poe, De Witt, and White, arose as one. On the field five

Even if you could buy them yourself how much would these fine vegetables cost you?

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper



"If you start you never will stop,"
Shouts this ruddy-faced Campbell's cop,
"For now I invite you
To food to delight you—
The pick of the country's crop!"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21 kinds

12 cents a can

P. & A. photographs

"MAKE IT SNAPPY NOW, FELLERS"

In action High School girls sometimes put no mean kick into cheer-leading because of their better average sense of rhythm. This aviating sextet have just reached the crescendo of a complicated yell for "Morris High's" football team in a climax at the goal posts.

> white-clad jumping-jacks with megaphones leapt, waved arms, and shouted, unheard, while spontaneously there burst from the throng the old, old jungle scream of the Tiger.
>
> A minute later, still dazed by the sudden turn, the confident Maroon team was staggering and reeling, groggy under an attack it could not stem; and, beaten and driven back before the fury of the assault of the team which a few moments before had seemed helpless and hopeless, was smashed and battered to defeat.
>
> Perhaps never before has the psychology of cheering been so clearly illustrated. Had Princeton lost that Chicago game it would have been a crusht and broken team which probably would never have won another game in the season, but, inspired, it swept to victory over Yale and Harvard and became one of the marvels of football—a comparatively weak team which won an unblemished championship. With the confidence gained in the Chicago victory nothing could stop the Tigers.
>
> Yet the boys who were on the team will tell you that after Gray scooped the fumbled ball it was the spontaneous outburst of loyal cheering from the assembled old grads that inspired them to crash through Chicago's defense, and it was the despairing, pleading wail of "Hold 'em, Tiger—Hold 'em" that spurred them to stop Chicago's final despairing drive a foot short of the goal line.

To those of us whose college days are far behind, says he, or to those who never knew their thrill, the spectacle of an animated jumping-jack or row of jumping-jacks may seem ridiculous. We fail to understand, Mr. Fullerton assures us, that the cheer-leader may be doing even more to win the game than the players on the field. He illustrates the idea by the story of a German tug-of-war team that complained bitterly of the unsportsmanlike assistance which was accorded their Irish opponents. The Germans, it seems, were slowly but surely dragging the other team across the line when a band struck up "The Wearing of the Green." The Germans were dragged clear off the field!

Older men who sneer at cheer-leaders come under the same sort of influence at political conventions, only they don't realize it. The main difference is that the cheering at political conventions is not so scientifically, nor so well, organized. Half a dozen good college cheer-leaders, observes the writer, could have secured much more definite results at the Democratic convention in Madison Square Garden. As a matter of fact, there was a cheer-leader with a megaphone and a set of signals to assistants, who kept untrained cheering sections going for an hour and a half, but the work, according to college standards, says Mr. Fullerton, "was crude." One Reed Parker or one "Red" Mathews "might have stampeded the entire convention."

The keynote of this new science of cheer-leading, according to the article, is to concentrate the tremendous enthusiasm of a crowd of loyal supporters toward inspiring one's own team to greater efforts. The natural human instinct is to jibe, jeer and heckle. In primitive man the "Yaaaah" sound must have preceded the "Yaaaay" sound by a good many generations. It is this instinct to boo the other team that college cheer-leading turns into the channel of positive encouragement of your own. Says Mr. Fullerton, in tracing the roots of rooting:

> I think the high appeal and the vast enthusiasm of football crowds contrasted with the lack of it displayed by the majority of crowds watching professional sport, especially professional football, is due to the fact that the psychology of most professional games is to hurt the other fellow, while in football and some other games it is to inspire one's own team.
>
> The inspirational form of rooting, and the inciting to rooting, has a tremendous effect upon teams, and is entirely ethical and in good taste as long as no effort to affect the opposing team by direct attack is involved. There is, among leaders of the college sports, considerable criticism of certain yells and certain songs which are designed to hurt the morale of opponents rather than to increase that of the home team.
>
> Outsiders may not understand it, but there is clear objective, fixt and scientific purpose in the work of the cheer-leaders. Instead of wondering how they get any one to make "fools of themselves," we must understand that the position of cheer-leader nowadays is fraught with great responsibility and rated as a high honor, so much so that in many colleges competitions and examinations are held to select the cheer-leaders, and the heads of the psychology department teach the young men how

Keystone View Company

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS PULL OUR STUFF

But they go us so much better that it isn't quite the same thing. These *reductio ad absurdum* cheer-leaders of the University Hospital, of London, are leading the football fans in a brave attempt to be "rough" with the cheer "Rah, Rah, We're nuts, we'll win, We got the guts."

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CADILLAC

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

and when to do things in order to obtain the maximum of result from the crowds.

While cheer-leading as a distinct accomplishment is comparatively new, it is declared by college professors to be about the finest training for future leadership in any line that a young man may have.

Why are so many cheer-leaders red-headed? This is an odd phenomenon, says the writer, which is true in practically every school. Leaving that to psychology professors and Nordic monomaniacs to explain, the writer continues:

> One of the most famous of the cheer-leaders who, at Illinois, is credited with being the pioneer of the present style, was "Red" Mathews, who is now a dignified and stately professor in a Southern university. "Red" was a born comedian. He introduced ground and lofty tumbling into his cheer-leading, and on one occasion he erected a platform from which to work. He was immensely popular with the crowds, but the coaches did not like his work, and he "got their goats" by his antics long before they realized that he was helping the team. Among his successors at Illinois were "Duke" Sparks, now a prosperous Champaign, Illinois, business man, who was stately and dignified; Scott McNulta, Mike Dailey, and Dick Hill.

Courtesy of *Liberty* (Chicago)

"EVERYBODY IN THIS!"

When Jimmy Johnston was yell producer for Georgia Tech, the stands came up on their hind legs as one man and blasted the "Golden Tornado" on to victory after victory.

> Ohio State University and Illinois perhaps have paid more attention to the scientific development of cheer-leaders and mass cheering than any of the other large institutions, altho for sheer spontaneity and enthusiasm I have heard nothing like the cheers of Georgia Tech when the "Golden Tornado" was sweeping toward a goal line.
>
> Ohio State was among the first to understand the value of mass cheering. "Mother" Ewing was one of the earlier leaders there—plump, cheerful, emotional and inspiring—but Dave Warwick was Ohio's first real cheer-leader, a wonderful go-getter, fine-looking, and with great vitality and enthusiasm.
>
> The most famous of Ohio's jumping-jacks was "Pink" Tenney, who served about 1913. He was a human dynamo, small, sandy-haired, bubbling with personality; and "Jack" Wiltse, Ohio's famous coach, declares the "Pink" helped start "State" in greater athletics. He had the harmony of a dancer with the fighting spirit of an Irishman plus Italian emotionalism and Scotch stability. He was an athlete, gymnast, singer, dancer and a regular fellow, and the student body rallied behind him as they never did behind any one else. "Goggles" Deibel introduced flip-flopping and somersaulting, and "Doc" Means, a bundle of energy and enthusiasm, followed him. After that the famous "Johnny" Creps, who was strong, full of animal spirit, forceful, self-confident, served two years during Ohio's greatest period of enthusiasm. Stanley Martin, musical and a great mixer, kept Ohio's enthusiasm high during two years of indifferent fortune, which is the test.
>
> Ohio developed one real leader recently—a Lancaster boy who is prematurely bald. Instead of hiding his bald head, he capitalized it; painted a big red L for his home town right on top of his shining dome, and became one of the most popular of the cheer-leaders.
>
> Dr. Wiltse, the Ohio coach, says:
>
> "We have had a great run of girl cheer-leaders in high schools in this State. As I have observed, these one-half dozen girls controlled high-school audiences better than boys. I do not believe this would be the case in college. In the case of most of these girls, they are fine-looking, bobbed-haired, rhythmic, well-formed individuals who are just outstanding physical girls. They seem to have a better sense of rhythm than most boys, and get splendid results by occasional intensity of action."

Michigan and Wisconsin, too, have had famous cheer-leaders, says Mr. Fullerton. He mentions the wonderful cheering and choral singing of the Wolverines as led by Harry Sparks of Jackson, or Carroll Haff, of Pelham Manor, and speaks with obvious sentiment of the way the Wisconsin stands rocked as Reed Parker led them in "Ole Olson! Yon Yonson! You Bet! Wisconsin!"

With the East and its cheer-leaders, Mr. Fullerton is apparently not so familiar, since he speaks of them as vested with "more dignity." Paul, Riley and Harter of Dartmouth, are mentioned, but he leaves Cornell, Princeton and Yale cheer-leaders unsung. Yale, says he naively, takes the stand that cheering should be spontaneous rather than directed. It is to be supposed that he never saw Auchincloss pick up a hundred yards of massed humanity and concentrate them into one mighty crescendo of barks, nor ever watched Bartholomew or Fowler dance "Boola, Boola," with its soaring tenors, out of four or five thousand tired throats. He tells, however, of Phil King, a famous old football opponent of Yale, with whom he once sat as the "Long Yale" detonated across the field. "This," said King quietly, "is when the yellow always came up into my neck when I was a player."

At the opposite pole from college cheering is the psychology of cheering in professional baseball, says Mr. Fullerton, and he ought to know. Here the guiding principle seems to be attack upon the other side. Players will declare scornfully that they never pay any attention to cheering. As a matter of fact, says the veteran baseball writer, they freely sense the lack of cheering. "I have heard players complain bitterly," says he, "that the home crowds 'come out only to roast us,' and some teams have been crippled by the jeering and hostility of their home crowds." Efforts have been made to organize cheering-sections at professional baseball games, but their cheer-leaders have never seemed to get the great principle of sportsmanlike cheering into their heads. Instead of rooting for their home team, says Mr. Fullerton, all their efforts were concentrated in attacks on the visiting clubs.

Primitive "Yaaaah" psychology apparently is a difficult thing to drive out of people. If anything can do it, the modern clean-cut loyal sportsmanlike cheer-leaders of the big football games can. The author quotes from Prof. Coleman R. Griffith, professor of psychology at the University of Illinois, who says in part:

> Great athletes owe a part of their greatness to great situations. Great situations in turn are due, I believe, in part to crowds. The constant repetition by a crowd of "hold that line" can not help but force the members of a team to think as a crowd is thinking, and the chances are that corresponding actions will follow. Crowds tend to repeat without reflection or argument the motions of any one who happens to become a leader. It is because of this fact that the cheer-leader may exercise so perfect a control over a crowd.
>
> A crowd is most apt to follow a leader who has prestige and distinction. I think on the whole they are more apt to follow prestige than they are to follow crazy motions and odd uniforms. Prestige is always gained by one's standing in the university community, by the skill he displays in leading a yell, and, in the last analysis, by how well the cheer-leader represents the best thinking of the community. There must then be a sort of confidence extended from the crowd to the leader.

When we take the matter as seriously as this, we begin to see that the right kind of leadership among college cheer-leaders may seriously affect our whole national idea of sportsmanship. Already the effect is being felt in many other branches of athletics besides football, and presently, thinks Mr. Fullerton, it may extend to every sport. Here is an instance he gives of the way it works out:

> I was talking with McInnis and Hawkes, the young members of the Australian Davis Cup team, after their defeat at the hands of the Americans at Forest Hills last year. Both these youngsters from the antipodes were warm and fervent in their praise of American sportsmanship.
>
> They were speaking of a spontaneous "Out," "out," "out," which burst from the big crowd when a close decision was given in favor of the Americans against the Australians and the crowd,

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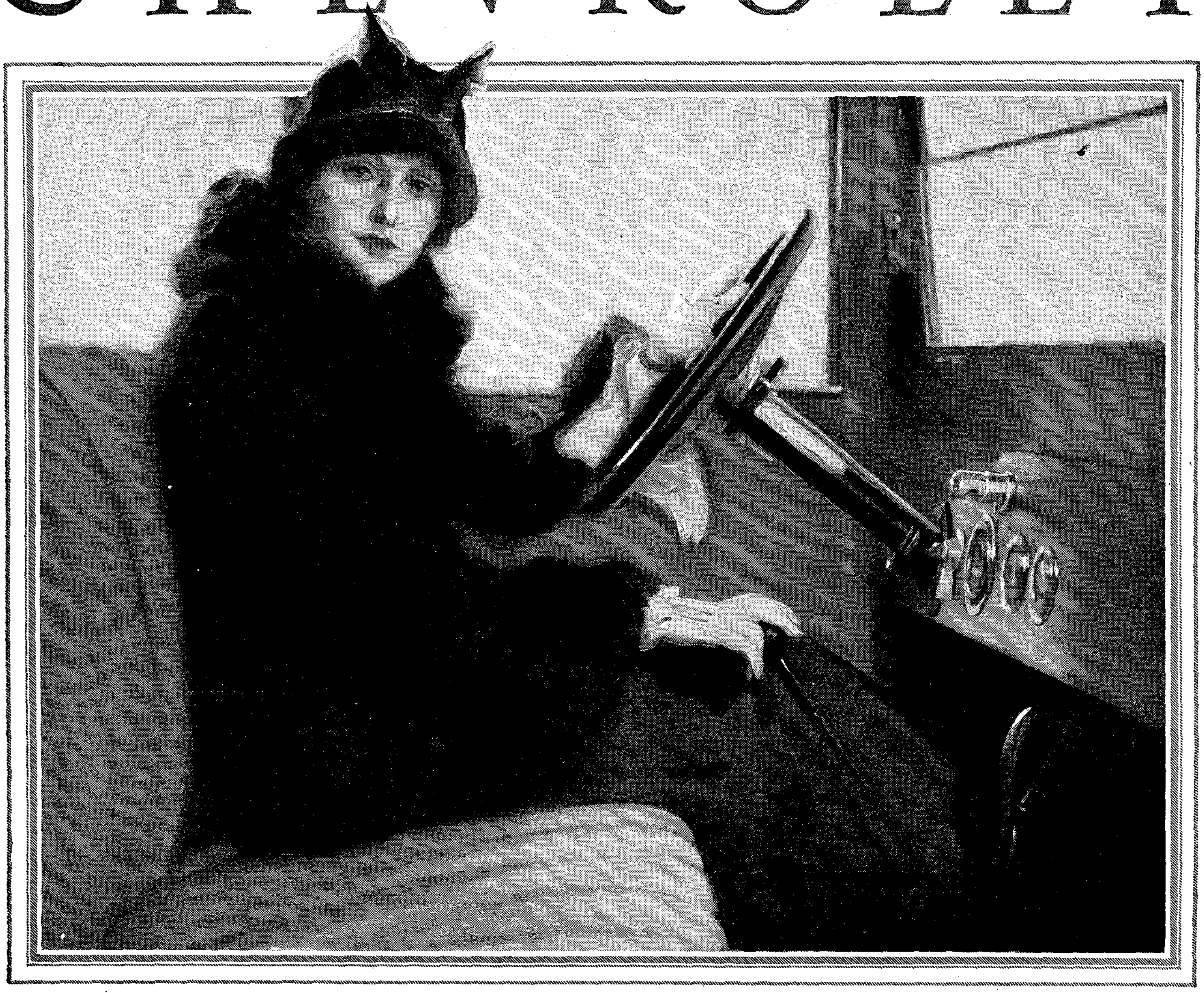

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which had been rooting hard for the United States, voiced its protest against what it thought was an unfair decision.

"It was wonderful," McInnis remarked, glowing. "It was the finest bit of sportsmanship I ever heard. It was worth the trip over, and it inspired us."

The next time, then, we hear the "Oskey-wow-wow" of Illinois, or the "Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk, K.U." of Kansas, and see the dancing cheer-leaders once more weaving their spell, perhaps we shall not be so inclined to smile scornfully. As secondary schools without number across the country begin to copy their methods and ideals, we realize that these young men of the big universities and colleges may be experimenting with a great national force. Here is one more story of what it does:

At the Ohio-Illinois game at Columbus, in 1921, there was a remarkable exhibition of the power of cheers to inspire a team. Illinois had lost every game played that season; Ohio had gone through without a defeat, and the victory was almost conceded to the Buckeyes. Only a handful of Illini were present to cheer the green team which had fought hard and vainly all season. This loyal little band clustered in the stands and rooted hard. Late in the game, with the teams close to the sidelines, play was stopt and, as the teams straightened up, the Illini heard that loyal little band chanting fervently:

"Beat Ohio! Beat Ohio! Beat Ohio!"

As if suddenly inspired, the Illinois team played like demons and crasht to a victory which wrecked Ohio's championship hopes. Jack Crangle, the famous full-back, remarked later that nothing in his career ever stirred him so deeply or caused him to fight as hard as did that monotonous chant of the loyal rooters, sticking to their team through every defeat.

COLLEGE STUDENTS ON WORLD GEOGRAPHY

IS BRUSSELS THE CAPITAL OF DENMARK? Is Auckland in Greenland? Is it only two thousand miles from London to San Francisco? That a college student should answer such questions as these in the affirmative seems unlikely; yet they are only a few mild specimens of the ideas about world-geography entertained by 112 students of Leland Stanford, as shown in a recent examination. Only forty of this number could name the capital of Switzerland, and only eighteen knew where Singapore is. On a strict arithmetical basis, only three had a grade of 70 per cent. Yet the questions were few and easy. This test, we are told by Eliot Grinnell Mars, who describes it in *School and Society* (Lancaster, Pa.), was given to a class in international trade, composed of young men and young women mostly in the second or third year of college. It was held in the first week of the course, without previous notice. Only twenty minutes were allotted: this gave the student practically no time to ponder. The requirement that papers must be signed, together with the teacher's personal knowledge of his students, indicates, the writer believes, that in the main, the answers were given honestly. We read:

The capitals of four named countries were asked for. Over three-fourths of the papers gave correct answers for China and Japan. Doubtless, however, 14 British foreign-trade students would not name Hongkong as China's capital, even tho that city happened to be mentioned in another connection in a subsequent question. Four answers gave Yokohama as Japan's political center. In the case of Denmark, Christiania received four mentions, The Hague one, and Brussels one. Most of those students who failed to name Berne as Switzerland's capital named Zurich (probably because that city appeared in another question) or Geneva; the only scattering guess was Genoa, and perhaps that was meant to read Geneva. For Uruguay, four students noted Asuncion (presumably because mentioned in next question), while seventy-six were non-committal.

Name the capital of	*Correct*	*Incorrect*	*Omitted*	*Total*
China	88	19	5	112
Japan	88	6	18	112
Denmark	73	7	32	112
Switzerland	40	36	36	112
Uruguay	27	9	76	112

The greatest percentage of incorrect replies related to the naming of the respective countries for nine foreign cities. Several students failed to give any answers. Yet the best class answer to any question on the whole examination was "Locate the city of Havre." Probably due to the language factor, Zurich was placed by 15 students in Germany and by 11 students in Austria. Para was correctly located in South America, altho due to the similarity of name six students cited Paraguay. For Johannesburg eight students named Sweden, doubtless due to the derivation of the last syllable. The general knowledge of Warsaw was surprizingly good, since 31 persons gave the correct answer and 74 others mentioned Russia. There is little astonishment when it is recorded that 17 students placed Auckland in Australia; but apparently the three students who placed that city in Greenland did considerable thinking, since the writer knows that at least one of them associated the word with the auk, a native of the Arctic regions, whose word derivation is Scandinavian. A lack of up-to-date knowledge caused 30 students to place Budapest in Austria (what a wail there would be from an adjacent country!), while, most curious of all, 11 students named India, probably because of the Buddha religion. Practically all the students were cognizant of the general location of Singapore, altho 44 placed that big seaport in India, 26 in China, and the rest of them named most frequently Siam or Indo-China. For Bucharest, there were numerous guesses of Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey; only 16 students answered correctly. The most widely scattered returns were given in the case of Batavia, with the location generally given as somewhere in Central or Eastern Europe. There was an apparent confusion of Batavia and Bavaria. The poorest answers were for Colombo: only 8 correct replies were given, while 19 students formed a ready association with the South American republic of Colombia.

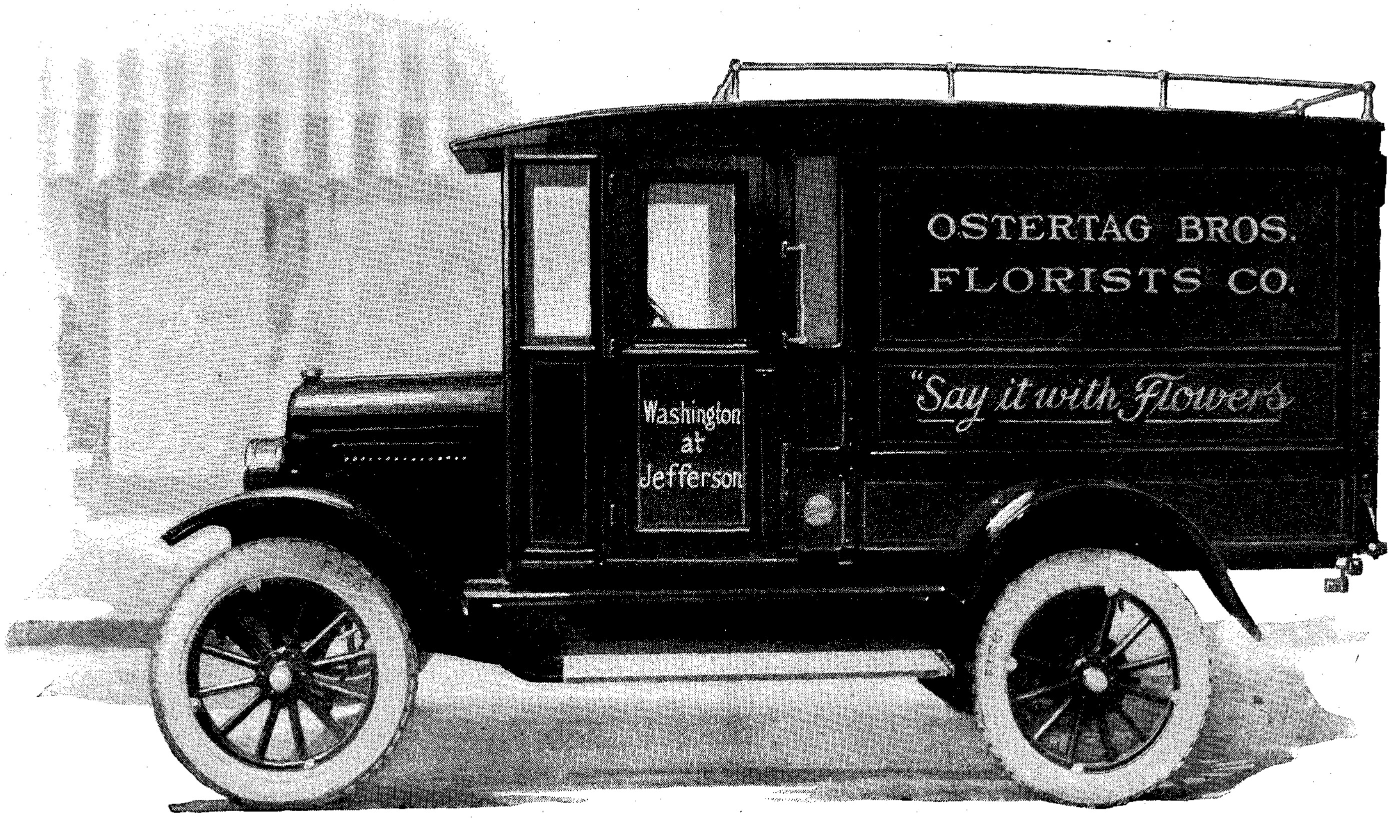
Name the country	*Correct*	*Incorrect*	*Omitted*	*Total*
Havre	90	14	8	112
Lima	80	17	15	112
Barcelona	77	19	16	112
Zurich	64	36	12	112
Para	44	30	30	112
Johannesburg	34	48	38	112
Warsaw	31	79	2	112
Auckland	29	40	43	112
Budapest	28	66	18	112
Asuncion	25	23	64	112
Singapore	18	83	11	112
Bucharest	16	55	41	112
Batavia	14	39	59	112
Colombo	8	69	35	112

Taking San Francisco as the radiating point, the class was asked to give the nautical mileage by the shortest all-water route to six widely scattered world ports. It was found that, even for those individuals who have a fairly clear sense of proportion, this question was the most difficult of all. Especially, the effect of the Panama Canal on the east and west shipping routes to Cape Town and Port Said was not easy to conjure. It must be admitted that, for most persons, figures of this kind are hard to learn and almost impossible to visualize. Despite one thousand miles' allowance either way not many answers came within this range. By far the fewest answers were received for the distance between San Francisco and Port Said. On the whole, the best answers were received for the localities closest to San Francisco. It is noteworthy that the students were prone to underestimate rather than to overestimate the mileage.

And finally, the students were asked to make a rough outline drawing of North and South America. To assist them the only data given were the locations by exact latitude and longitude of New York City, Vancouver and New Orleans. This query was the last, and while time was short the attempt was made by most of the class. The map shapes were many and wonderful. About 40 in all bore a general similarity to the two continents; but in these 40 there were approximately only 10 which placed the continent of South America to the southeast of North America.

Excluding the map-drawing, on the 36 separate questions one student answered correctly 27, a grade of 75 per cent. The poorest showing was by an Oriental, who answered five questions correctly, while several students had but six or seven right answers. Judging by the total score, the most satisfactory answers were given by those students who had previously taken the course in economic resources, which dealt to some degree with conditions outside of the United States.

Approximately half of the questions were answered correctly by one-seventh of the class, while ten questions or more were answered correctly by seven-eighths of the class. Nine-tenths of the class omitted less than 15 questions. On a strict arithmetical basis, only three individuals attained a grade of 70 per cent. These results are not exceptional, doubtless, in the case of most colleges.



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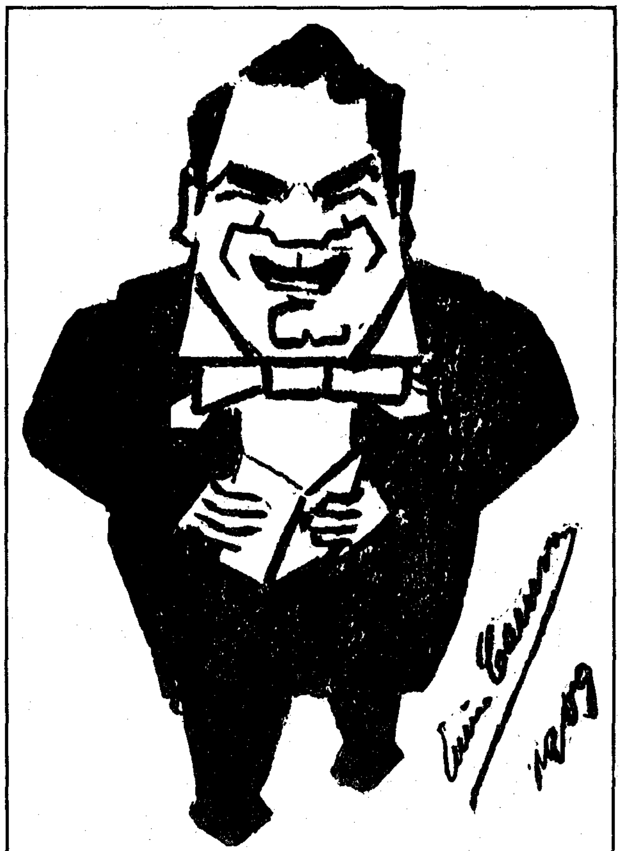
MUSICIANS ON THE RAMPAGE

THE ASTONISHING POPULARITY OF JAZZ is due to the fact that it exploits a funny side of art which has hitherto most absurdly been neglected. So says Henry T. Finck in a pleasantly garrulous new book, in which he gossips about the "stunts," humorous and otherwise, of the musical world he has known for forty-three years, as musical editor of the New York *Evening Post.* People who fetch up great dry sobs when the well-known "Erl-King" is dramatically rendered, or rended, as the case may be, would do well to remember Schubert's own point of view. One of his best parlor tricks, observes Mr. Finck, was theatrically to produce a comb wrapt in tissue paper. With all the airs and graces of the most temperamental court violinist he would bow right and left, while "tuning up" this instrument. Then he would proceed to play his own Erl-King with all its tragic details, while appropriate expressions tangled his eyebrows and caused his eyes to roll in frenzy.

"Don't be too darned serious about yourself," seems to be the general tenor of the writer's observations. Caruso, one of the greatest of the great, was a rather good exponent of this philosophy in modern times. One of his favorite stories, we are told, not only maligned his art, but made a woman of him. As Mr. Finck relates, in "Musical Laughs" (Funk & Wagnalls):

> What's the use of making so much fuss over Caruso, an Arkansas newspaper very frankly asked, and added: "Walter Johnson, the great pitcher, wants $20,000 a year, the little sum of $600 for each game; but some people are howling terribly about it, while Caruso, the Italian singer, gets about $3,000 a night for standing on the stage and screeching so no one but her own race knows what she says."

Here are some more Caruso stories which emphasize the writer's point:



Courtesy of "La Follia di New York"

WHEN "CARUSE" LAUGHED AT HIMSELF

A caricature of the world-famous tenor, Enrico Caruso, done by the witty cartoonist, Enrico Caruso.

> Caruso once made a bet that he could sing the serenade in "I Pagliacci," assigned to Reiss and delivered out of sight, and the audience would not recognize the substitution. He won the bet. Subsequently he repeated the experiment in Berlin. He put forth all his strength and delivered the solo as he alone could sing it. But in so far as his hearers were concerned his efforts went for naught. Not one apparently spotted the trick. Yet if it had been known that Caruso was singing the applause would doubtless have brought the roof down.
>
> Melba, like other singers associated with Caruso, sometimes was a victim of his inclination to indulge in pranks.
>
> "I remember on one occasion at Covent Garden," she writes, "Signor Tosti was sitting in the front row of the stalls, wearing a false mustache, and every time I looked his way he waggled it at me in a most grotesque manner. Signor Caruso saw this, and tried to imitate him. You can understand how I felt when, as *Mimi*, I was supposed to be dying to Puccini's heartrending strains."

How Christine Nilsson once came off a high horse is one of Max Maretzek's stories, according to Mr. Finck. It goes:

> One time, during a trip from Cincinnati to Buffalo, Max, feeling hungry, bought a big sausage and a loaf of rye-bread. Presently Nilsson, who was sitting in front of him, turned round with a grimace of disgust, and inquired: "Who is eating garlic or sausage, or something?" Max pleaded guilty, and put what was left of the sausage in his pocket, while she made fun of him for buying "such awful stuff."
>
> The train was due in Buffalo in time for supper, but there was an accident which delayed it several hours. Max, having had his supper, felt comfortable and fell asleep. At about two in the morning he felt a touch on his arm. He rubbed his eyes and asked, "Who is it? What's the matter?" "Hush! It's I, Max," came the answer in Nilsson's clear voice. "Say, Max, I'm awfully hungry. Can't you let me have that sausage you put in your pocket when I scolded you so? Do let me have it, Max!"

They were pretty good kidders back there "in Consule Planco," according to Mr. Finck. Exhibit A, Paris, France:

> The famous basso, Lablache, was as remarkable for his bulk as for his vocal ability—so much so that he could hardly get into a cab. On one occasion, when the dwarf Tom Thumb was being exhibited in Paris, two men came to town from the provinces to see him. He happened not to be on the bill that day, but a wag told them to knock at the door of a certain house and they would see him. They went and knocked, and the door was opened by Lablache.
>
> "We have come to see Tom Thumb," they said.
>
> After a brief pause the basso replied: "I am Tom Thumb."
>
> "But we thought you were quite small."
>
> "Before the public, yes! But at home I prefer to be comfortable."

The expression, "cat's meow," deservedly so popular at the present writing, first came into prominence, we are told, under the following inspiring circumstances:

> Raymond Hitchcock tells the story: "During a performance of 'The Yankee Consul' in a Colorado town, a cat strolled out to the middle of the stage in the second act. It squatted right down and looked at me. The audience tittered, and I turned around and saw the cat. 'Scat, you!' I yelled, and clapped my hands. But kitty never moved. Some of my best lines were to follow, and I realized the scene would be utterly spoiled. But at that point the cat came to my rescue. She opened her mouth and said 'Meow!'
>
> "'We try voices at eleven o'clock in the morning,' I said. 'Get out! You are interfering with the performance.'
>
> "Then I picked her up and carried her to the wings."

The first man who walked a mile for a camel has also been discovered through the researches of Mr. Finck. It was not the famous piccolo player, as has generally been supposed, but a piano player. Harken:

> The last volume of Hans von Bülow's letters includes two which are concerned with the great pianist's love affairs. In the first he writes: "After a courtship of three years I have at last reached my goal: listen —*I am loved again.* By whom? By the *camel* of the Zoological Garden, nay, by two camels, but one of them—I have given it the name 'Antar'—knows my call, greets me, and accompanies me, behind its bars, jumping about like a little dog. This afternoon I shall take a solemn leave of these beasts. It is not impossible—for this farewell truly touches my heart—that I shall shed some genuine tears on this occasion."

A regretful public has learned, however, that all pianists do not rave, stamp passionately on poor singers' insteps, and run their fingers through their hair. Liszt, according to Mr. Finck, was

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

apparently one musician who ran true to the public's idea of what a genius should be like. He tells several stories:

How Liszt was once tricked into playing has been amusingly related in *Scribner's Magazine* by Mary King Waddington.

Count Hatzfeldt (at that time German Ambassador to England) knew all of Liszt's peculiarities, and it was by his advice that one afternoon, when the great pianist had accepted an invitation to a reception, the piano was put in the furthest, darkest corner of the room, and covered with books, statuettes, and all sorts of heavy things. "Then," said the Count, "he won't think you have asked him in the hope of hearing him play, and perhaps we can persuade him."

After luncheon, the Count adroitly led up to a question of playing, and presently wondered if there was a piano anywhere, so he could try over a certain melody he had spoken of. The piano was found, and Liszt asked if it could be opened. The things were quickly removed. Hatzfeldt sat down and played a few bars in rather a halting fashion.

After a moment Liszt said, "No, no, it is not quite that." Hatzfeldt got up. Liszt seated himself at the piano, played two or three bits of songs, or waltzes, then, always talking to Hatzfeldt, let his fingers wander over the keys, and by degrees broke into a nocturne followed by a wild Hungarian march.

When it was all over, the lucky listeners tried to thank him, "but he wouldn't listen to us, and immediately talked about something else."

Liszt, who treated royal personages as his equals (even when they were far beneath him) once offended the Empress of Russia by not hastening to her capital at her call. Some time later she happened to be present at an aristocratic *soirée* as guest. Liszt played, but her mien was so cold and forbidding that no one dared to applaud his first pieces. That put the great pianist on his mettle, and he made up his mind to conquer. Choosing for his next piece his own arrangement of Schubert's great devotional song, "Ave Maria," he played it with such soulful expression that at its conclusion everybody, the Empress included, was in tears.

A remarkable instance of Liszt's power to cast a spell over an audience took place in Paris when he was a boy. He was playing with the orchestra of the Italian Opera, the best in Europe at that time. The piece had a solo passage for him, and when the time arrived for the orchestra to come in again, the musicians were so enthralled by his playing that they forgot to begin at the right place.

Concerning Liszt's concerts in Berlin, in 1842, the *Vossische Zeitung* has printed interesting reminiscences by Freiherr von Liliencron.

The university students were very eager to hear the great virtuoso, but most of them were too poor to buy tickets; so Liszt announced he would give a special concert for them, at which seats would cost only twenty-five cents, while the receipts would be given to students in need of help. The professors, however, not only interpreted the invitation as including themselves, but they brought their families and friends, so that very few of the tickets were left for the students.

Liszt noticed this, and a dark cloud passed over his face. However, he played as he always did. After the concert the students wanted to unhitch the horses from his wagon; but Liszt jumped out, grasped two of the students by the arms, and led them all in procession to his hotel. Here he turned and made a speech in which he said he would give another concert at which no one but students would be admitted.

At this concert he promised to play for them a fantasia on their "Gandeamus Igitur." When the hour came, he did improvise a fantasia on that favorite song, which was promptly published and became very popular.

A few days later, when Liszt left Berlin by "extra post," the students, 800 in number, accompanied him to a castle in the neighborhood, where a wealthy gentleman treated them all to a lunch with champagne. Liszt made another speech, closing with the words: "If at any time any one of you meets me anywhere, he is my invited guest."

Leaping lightly from Liszt to another, if far humbler, musical genius, "Blind Tom," it is related that:

The death of Blind Tom attracted less attention in the daily and musical press than might have been supposed, in view of the extraordinary feats this negro pianist used to perform.

One of these consisted in turning his back to the piano and, with his hands behind him, playing "The Fisher's Hornpipe" with one hand, "Yankee Doodle" with the other, and at the same time singing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys Are Marching," in such a way that the three tunes were harmoniously intertwined.

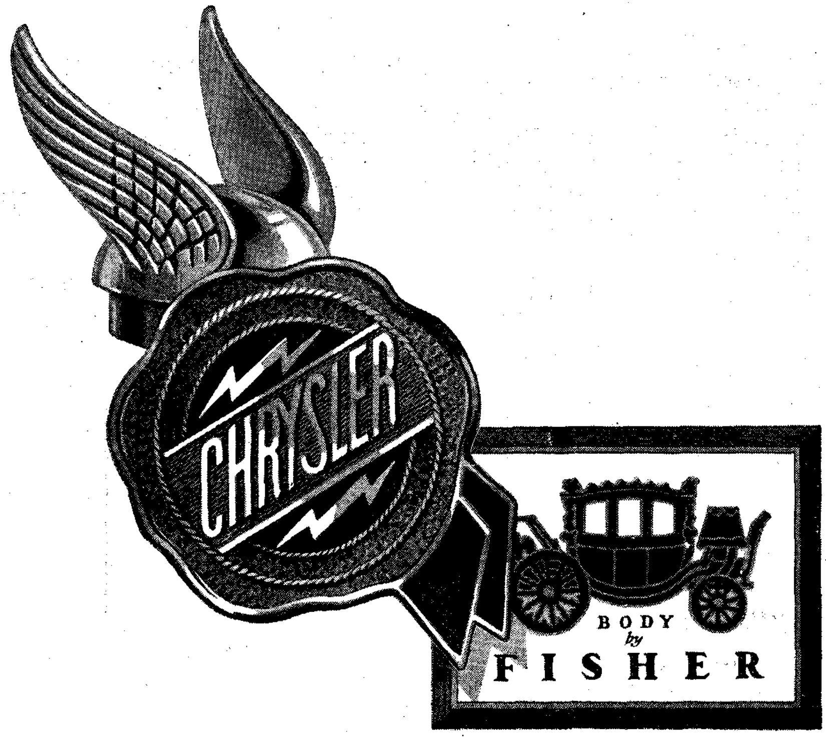
But the most remarkable thing about him was that he could promptly repeat any piece played for him. During the American Civil War he traveled in Europe, where many of the eminent musicians played for him and marveled at his readiness in repeating what he had heard. It was not through an effort of the brain that he did this, for he was an idiot. His brain was like the disk of a talking-machine; and like a disk, it retained what was in it indefinitely.

Henry Watterson has told us that in 1860 Tom was in Washington, where he heard some of the great statesmen of the period speak. Ever afterwards he was able to repeat their speeches with the exact language, intonation, and peculiarities of speech of the originals. "He was simply a human phonograph, and as such was undoubtedly the most wonderful human instrument the world has known." An odd feature of his concerts was that he always led the applause. "He would stand at the corner of the piano and face the audience with his white, sightless eyes, and while clapping his hands vigorously would hiss in his own strange manner to express his gratification."

Whether or not America has produced the greatest pianists, at any rate, thinks Mr. Finck:

Europeans can not deny that the best pianos are to-day made in America. No artist from abroad ever brings along his foreign instrument, because he knows he can get a better one over here.

To be sure, it was in Italy and Germany that the first real pianofortes were made—so-called because, thanks to the hammer



ONLY BODIES BY FISHER CONFORM TO CHRYSLER STANDARDS

Bodies by Fisher, built to the higher quality standard, are not surpassed even by the most expensive custom coach work.

Walter P. Chrysler has adopted bodies by Fisher for the Chrysler Six because the high quality of Chrysler performance deserves coach work specially designed to match that high quality.

No one can drive or ride in a Chrysler without being immediately conscious that such marvelous performance could only be attained by the highest possible standards in the design and engineering of motor and chassis, in materials, and in the closest and most rigid manufacturing limits.

It is eminently fitting that a car which so emphatically registers its superior quality in unusual performance should also enjoy unusual body environment.

That result is accomplished in the elegance and beauty of the new Chrysler Bodies by Fisher — specially designed products of master-manufacturers who have no peer in the world and who have given to the Chrysler the external distinction to which it is entitled.

To the thrill of Chrysler performance and deep-seated satisfaction which Chrysler quality in motor and chassis inspires, is added the comfortable certainty that nothing finer in the way of body-work can be bought.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, Cry'-sler mechanism, one could play on them softly or loudly at will. The first of these instruments were, however, so crude that Bach preferred to stick to his old clavichord.

Improvement was slow but steady, and thanks to such firms as Erard in France, Broadwood in England, and Bechstein, Bluthner, and Bösendorfer in Germany, the instrument reached a stage where American inventive genius could come into play, with the results just stated. To a foreign sneer that we have no native composers as great as Bach or Beethoven, we can always retort courteously that we make the best pianos in the world anyway, as well as harps, tho it may not be true that an eminent musician had no desire to go to heaven unless he felt sure he could play on a harp made in Chicago.

American bands rank pretty well, but sometimes they are pretty rank. The author quotes this story which the New York *World* carried at the time of the recent Democratic Convention:

> Col. Michael E. Hennessey, of Boston, insists that criticism of the convention band is not wholly fair.
>
> "Picking the worst band in the world," says the Colonel, "is a hard task. Old Bill Davenport thought his regimental band was the worst in the world. So did his Colonel and the rest of the regiment until one day they heard a band approaching in the distance. As one man they agreed it was worse than theirs and rushed to the street to look it over. The nearer it came the worse it got. Finally it turned the corner.
>
> "My Gawd!" the Colonel exclaimed, "it's our band after all."

WHEN ROOSEVELT HUNTED WITH A BROKEN ARM

FAMOUS AMERICANS have been able to chase foxes just as well as any British statesman. Yet we learn from the letters of Archie Butt that the Prince of Wales is not the only future ruler to have come a smashing cropper while in pursuit of the festive Reynard. It will be a surprize to some people to learn that our own Theodore Roosevelt I was no mean fox hunter in the days of his youth, and on one occasion at least "did not mind so much being dumped out of the saddle." He was not only thrown, but banged up so well, with a smashed face and a broken arm, that he was behind the first half-dozen who were "in at the death."

In October, 1885, while riding cross-country near Oyster Bay in a fox hunt, he had a fall which he described at the time in a letter to Henry Cabot Lodge. In "The Letters of Archie Butt," Doubleday, Page & Co. (Garden City, New York), the Roosevelt letter is quoted as follows:

> The weather was glorious, and everything went off without a hitch; the entire neighborhood turned out in drags, tandems, etc. The field was only about thirty-five in number, mostly in red; but at least twenty-five were as hard-riding men, mounted on as good hunters as are to be found on either side of the Atlantic; every crack rider of the Meadowbrook and Essex Clubs was here, each mounted on his very best horse and each bound to force the pace from start to finish. The country was too stiff for any timid rider to turn out.
>
> We opened over a necessarily small field with fences by actual measurement from 4 feet 6 to 5 feet; and the fun grew fast and furious very rapidly. The run was for ten miles with one check, over the country you saw. Douglas took my sister's mare out to school her; at the third fence she turned a couple of handsprings and literally "knocked him silly," and took half the skin off his face; he rode along the roads the rest of the way. A great many men had falls and almost half-way through I came to grief. Frank is stiff and the company was altogether too good for him; I had pounded the old fellow along pretty well with the first rank, but he was nearly done out. Then we came to a five-foot fence, stiffer than iron, that staggered the best; my old horse, completely blown, struck the top rail, didn't make an effort to recover, and rolled over on me on a lot of stones. I cut my face to pieces and broke my left arm (which accounts for my superordinarily erratic handwriting).
>
> After that I fell behind, as with one hand I could not always make Frank take his fences the first time; after three or four miles farther on a turn in the line enabled me again to catch up, and I was in at the death, not a hundred yards behind the first half-dozen. I looked pretty gay, with one arm dangling, and my face and clothes like the walls of a slaughter-house. I guess my hunting is over for this season, as my arm will be in splints for a month or six weeks. . . . My face will not be scarred except across the nose—which will not, however, be handsome. The accident did not keep me in five minutes. I rode straight through the rest of the hunt—my arm hurt very little and indeed I did not know it was actually broken until going about six fields, when the bones slipt up past each other—went out to dinner that night, and the next day took three hours' walk through the woods. . . . I wouldn't mind the broken arm a bit if I was engaged in some work so that I was occupied; I wish I had got started on the Mexican War, but I am afraid my bolt is shot, in literature as well as politics.

Roosevelt was just twenty-seven years of age when he met with this adventure.

BITTER FIGHTING IN THE NORTH OF CHINA

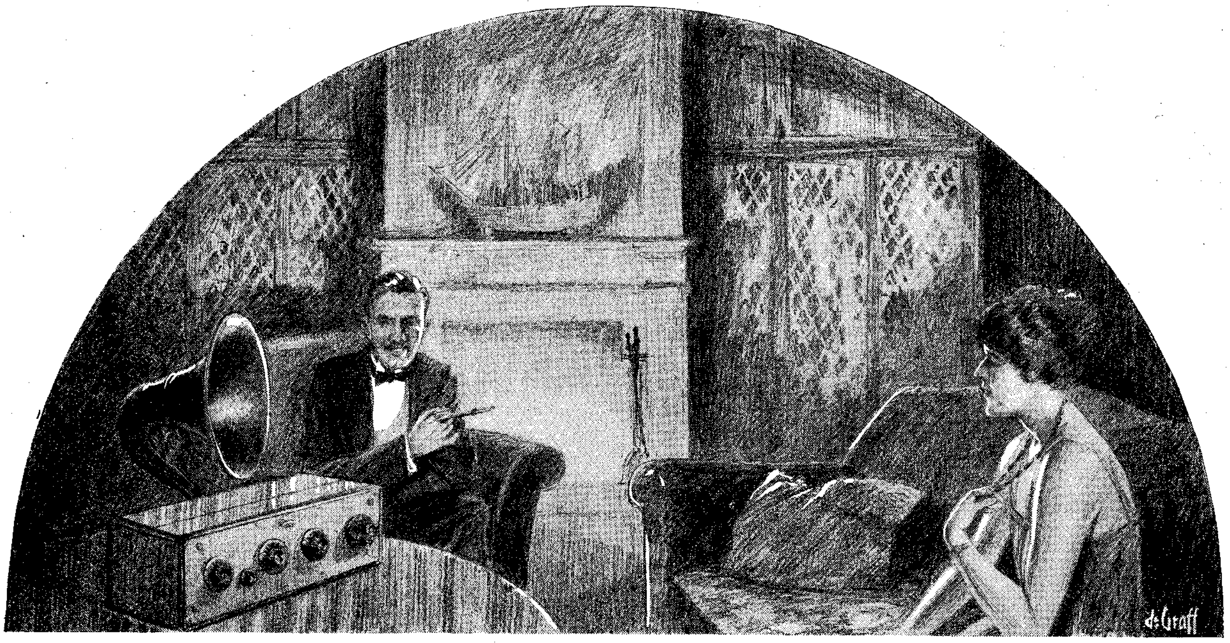
THE WHOLE WORLD CHUCKLED, not long since, when a report from China said that fighting between the rival Chinese factions around Peking had been temporarily postponed on account of rain. The Chinese war, in general, seems to have been considered a sort of South American affair, with more talk than casualties. From the north of China, however, comes the report of an American eye-witness, and his description of the fighting there recalls the blood and horror of the warfare that, ten years ago, raged in France. The casualties have been terrible, this observer, William R. Giles, reports in a special cable to the Chicago *Daily News*. He cables from Mukden, and gives as the authority for some of his statements an Australian, H. B. Millington, who is said to have been the last foreigner to leave the beleaguered city of Shanhaikwan before it was stormed and occupied by the Mukden troops. The report runs, quoting the Australian observer:

> "A terrific artillery match along the whole Shanhaikwan front from the mountains to the sea, a distance of nine miles, had raged for twenty-seven hours without intermission when my train steamed out of the station for Chingwantao. Aerial bombs narrowly missed the train as we got under way.
>
> "Thousands of reinforcements had been rushed up to the firing-line under a withering fire of high explosive shrapnel, which the Mukdenites sent over the Great Wall along the railway line where Wu Pei-Fu's fresh troops must detrain to assist their comrades at the front. The casualties were very heavy. How those in the front lines will ever be evacuated, God alone knows. It was plain to every one that the heavy bombardment would compel the Chihlis to withdraw to their second line.
>
> "I was informed that a stand would be made at Chingwantao, with the object of saving as much as possible of the huge quantities of supplies and rolling stock which are congested at that point.
>
> "At four A. M. on the day of my departure, the roar of the guns was deafening and shells were dropping into the city, demolishing houses and wiping out whole families. The railway platform was running red with the blood of the wounded, who lay in rows on the platform, which was bombarded intermittently from the air.
>
> "Many of the wounded had bayonet wounds. In ten minutes I saw 200 wounded brought in. The day before, I saw scores of railway trucks and cars packed to the doors with horribly mutilated soldiers. But not a single wounded Mukden soldier was seen.
>
> "The suffering of the wounded was awful. Many of those I saw yesterday and to-day had dried hard blood on their bodies, showing that they had been wounded many hours before and had not even received first-aid dressing. They were lying in the station in dirty trucks and on the platform. Many had their limbs shattered. Almost all were frightfully mutilated.
>
> "What is happening in No Man's Land it is impossible to imagine. Medical attendance at Shanhaikwan is deplorably lacking. The groans of the wounded apparently fell on deaf ears. The station is jammed with troops, horses, and cattle, and these had to pass through the Great Wall before the wounded could be evacuated.
>
> "Where the wounded were going, no one could tell me, but in the cause of humanity it is necessary that foreign doctors be rushed to Shanhaikwan to relieve the suffering of the poor devils, whom I saw writhing in their death agony. They were dying of slow torture, because none of the stretcher-bearers knew how to succor them. They were being bundled into filthy cars, and the putrid dirt therein was entering their wounds.
>
> "The carnage on the other side of the Great Wall must have

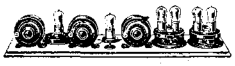
(Continued on page 51)

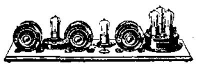
ATWATER KENT

RADIO



You'll Never Forget the Night


Model 12—$105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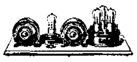
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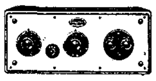
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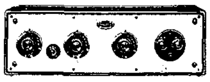
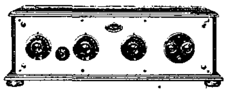

Model 20—$100


De Luxe Model—$120

YOU'LL never forget the night you first tune in your ATWATER KENT Radio. The thrill of it will live in your memory—the sheer delight of filling your room with living voices or the music from an orchestra perhaps a thousand miles away.

Its clear reception, and the ease with which you can bring in distant stations will be a revelation to you. An added pleasure will come with the knowledge that no one possesses better radio than yours.

ATWATER KENT craftsmen, guided by the experience of skilled engineers, have fashioned the finest materials that money can buy into ATWATER KENT Radio. You will find it combines every feature that means radio satisfaction—unusual selectivity, sensitiveness, distance, volume and tonal quality.

The ATWATER KENT dealer near you will gladly help in the selection of your radio. There is a price, size and style for everyone.

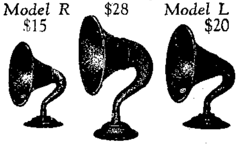
Instructive literature on request

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4704 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Model M $28

Model R $15

Model L $20

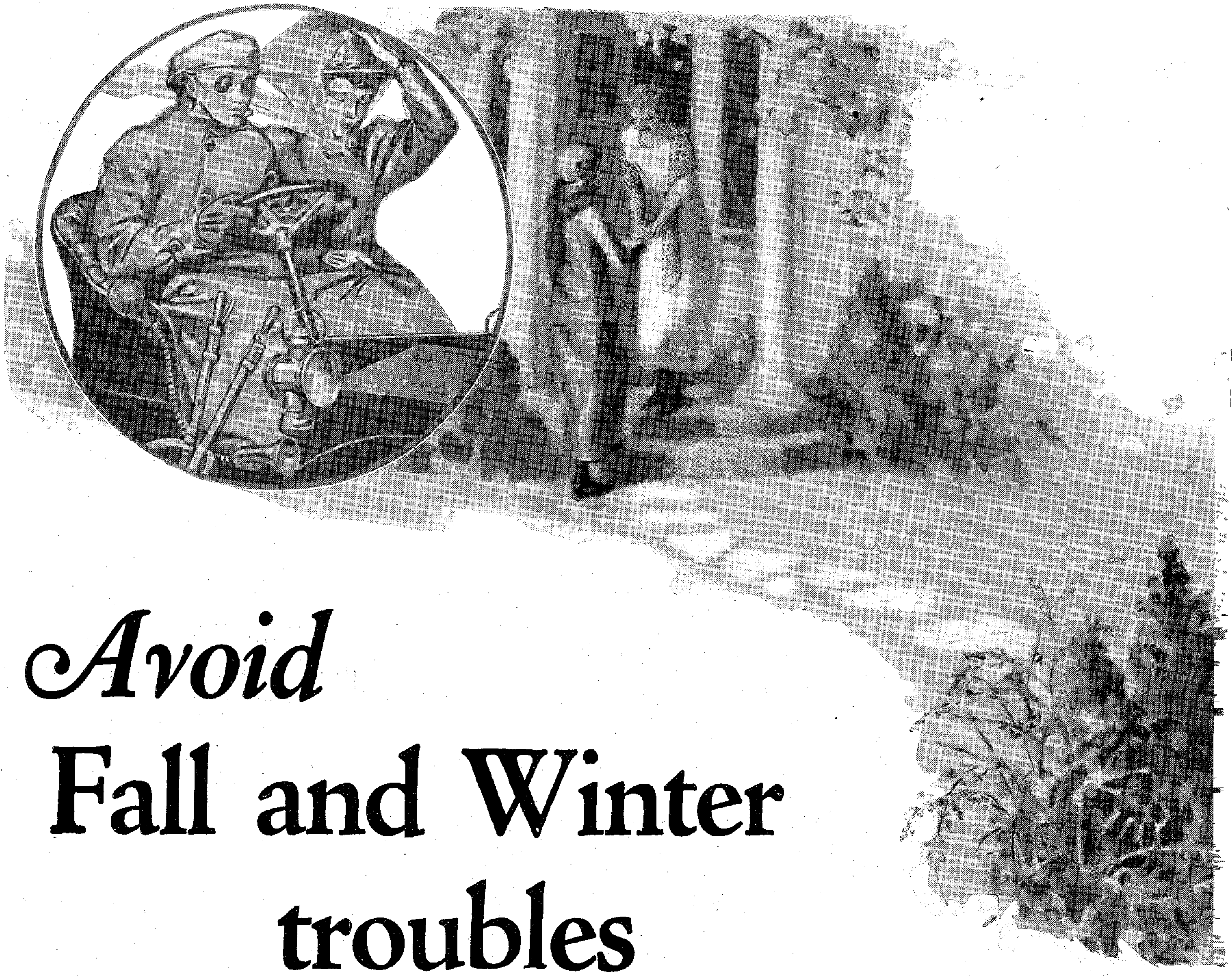


THE true worth of a loud speaker is judged by its faithful reproduction of broadcasts. In ATWATER KENT Loud Speakers each kind of material used, each detail in design is there for a purpose—to bring about a tone that is pure, clear and natural.

ATWATER KENT Loud Speakers bring out the best from any set.

Skilled engineers and master workmen have set a new standard in their production.

THINK OF WHAT IS BACK OF IT



Avoid Fall and Winter troubles

DRIVING an automobile in cold weather was almost a heroic adventure twenty years ago. Cars had no windshields, no front doors, no adequate tops, no comfortable enclosed bodies and heaters. The driver sat right out in the open!

And mechanical troubles were legion.

But one by one the bars to cold weather driving have been broken down. Windshields, tops, side curtains, and enclosed bodies came.

The self starter and advances in design and construction have made today's automobile almost as easy to drive in cold weather as it is in summer.

And yet cold weather must be specifically reckoned with — particularly in regard to lubrication. Why?

In some cars the oil pump is located above the oil level, in others there is exposed oil piping, while cars with splash feed systems require an oil that will be readily atomized. In these cases an oil of the proper character and fluidity is necessary to complete circulation of the oil and to assure correct lubrication during cold weather.

The Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers has carefully determined the lubricating oil requirements of all cars under winter operating conditions. Many require an oil of different body and character than is recommended for summer use.

Is your car among these?

For correct lubrication of the follow-ing automobiles during cold weather we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Buick
McLaughlin-Buick (*Canada*)
Chandler
Chevrolet
Cleveland
Dodge
Dort
Durant Four
Essex
Flint
Gray
Haynes
Hudson
Hupmobile

Jewett
Jordan
Kissel
Locomobile
Maxwell
Moon
Nash
Overland
Packard (8 cyl.)
Paige
Reo
Rickenbacker
Star
Studebaker

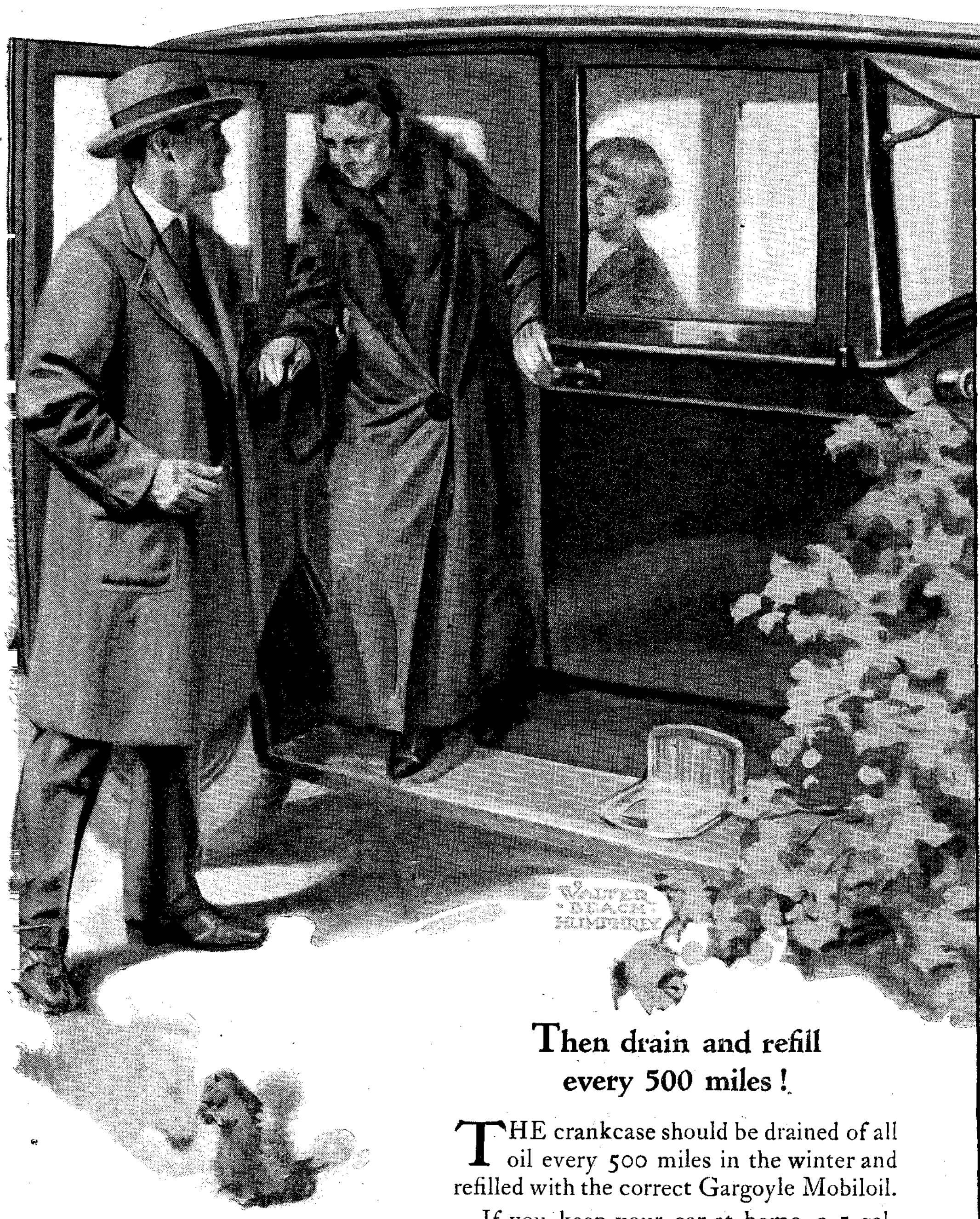
For Fords—*use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's. Then you will be sure of securing the oil best suited to your engine for cold weather driving.

Domestic Branches:

New York (*Main Office*)
Albany
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Dallas
Des Moines
Detroit
Indianapolis

VACUUM O



Then drain and refill every 500 miles!

THE crankcase should be drained of all oil every 500 miles in the winter and refilled with the correct Gargoyle Mobiloil.

If you keep your car at home, a 5-gallon can or a 15-gallon steel drum of the correct Gargoyle Mobiloil will provide perfect engine protection this winter.

Fair retail price
30c a quart from bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil. Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest and the Far West.

The Quart Can: The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while on long trips or for emergency. Carry two or three under the seat. Fair retail price 35c (grades "E", Arctic and "A," 3 for $1.00). Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

COLD WEATHER
Driving Tips

1 Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.

2 When starting in cold weather hold choke closed only while cranking. Open it part way the instant the engine starts and fully, as soon as possible.

3 Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.

4 Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freezing mixture in the radiator and keep at proper strength during cold weather.

5 Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during cold weather.

6 Be sure you have an adequate supply of the correct grade of Mobiloil in the crankcase.

To assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1 See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.

2 Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.

3 Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity, have recharged.

4 Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.

5 Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage

6 Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Consult Chart of Recommendations for correct grade for winter driving. Refill with this grade of Mobiloil. Change oil every 500 miles thereafter.

Tear out this list. Check what you wish to have the garage man do. Give it to him with your car.

Check here

☐ Inspect and adjust contact and breaker points.
☐ Clean and adjust spark plugs.
☐ Test and fill battery or if below 1200 G, recharge.
☐ Adjust carburetor.
☐ Lubricate chassis and spring leaves.
☐ Drain oil from crankcase and refill with correct grade of Mobiloil for winter.
☐ Fill radiator with alcohol or anti-freeze mixture.
☐ Supply radiator cover.

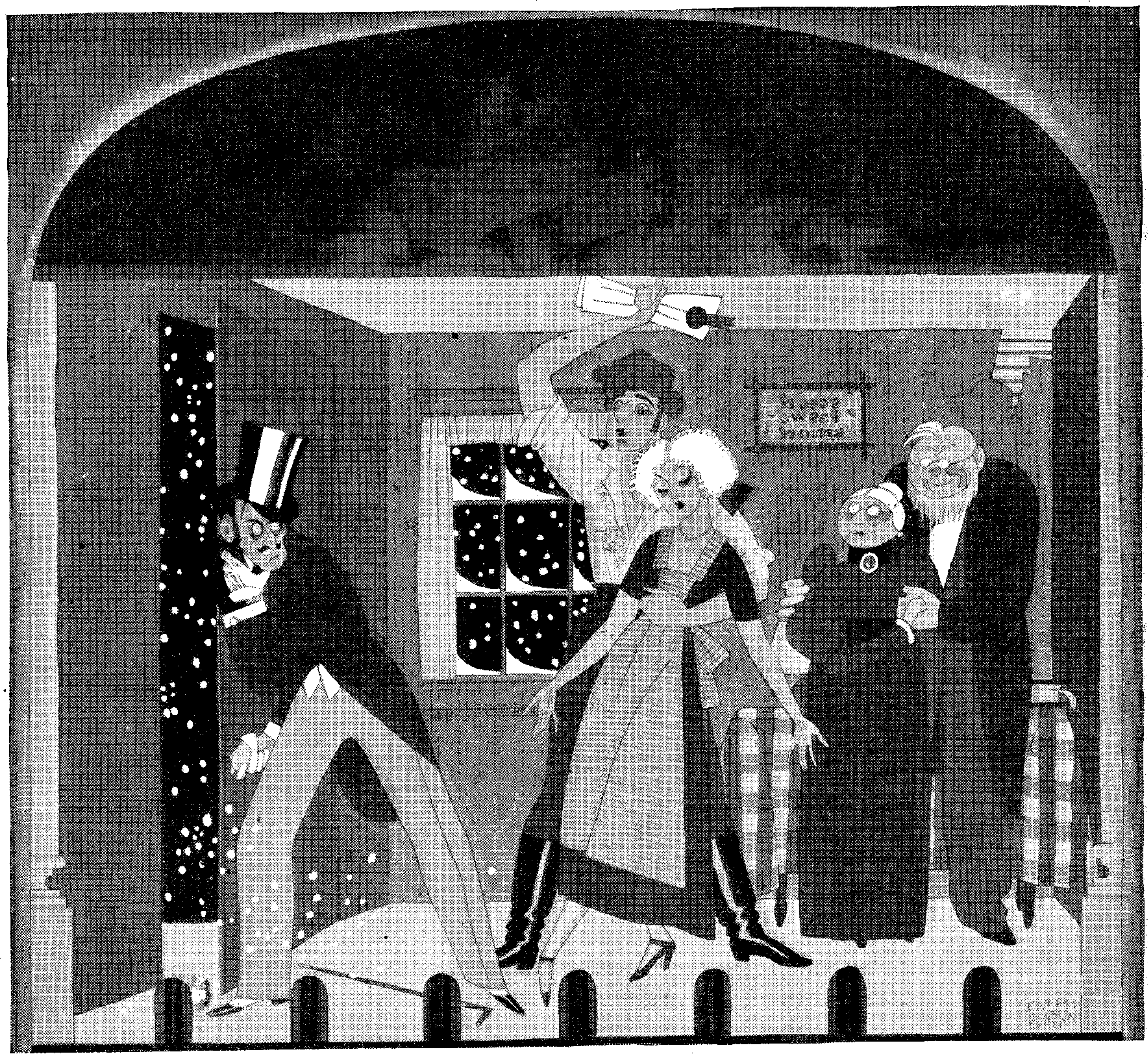
COMPANY

Kansas City, Mo.
Milwaukee
Minneapolis

New Haven
Oklahoma City
Peoria

Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland, Me.

Rochester
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis



CURTAIN!

AT LAST marcelled Claude is reunited to blond Ella. The old homestead is saved and Sir Jasper takes his crime-ridden soul and his incredible hat out into the night and a bitter paper snowstorm! In the theatre of today such a scene would be greeted with shrieks of laughter, but it stirred the public of a past decade to wild applause.

The curtain of public favor has fallen on the old crude melodrama, but it has only begun to rise on movies and the radio. It has fallen on the buggy and the red plush sofa. But it has risen on the automobile, electrical equipment and the phonograph.

Everywhere experts and specialists are planning new inventions that will command public favor. Scientists are working at new processes that will change buying habits.

But those who would anticipate or develop the favor of the public by advertising must do more than collect scientific data, collate facts and figures and establish lines of communication to original sources.

The advertising agency which will adequately serve and counsel a client must also keep alive that sixth sense which detects intangible changes in public thought. It must keep in accord with changing tastes and new viewpoints. It must know what people are doing and thinking. It must draw on the experience gained only by years of continual contact with buyers and sellers in order profitably to suit a commodity to a market. For after all is said and done, markets are simply people. And the human mind is, now as always, a variable and changing quantity.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 46)

been awful. It was not a battle-field but a slaughter-house. A friend of mine who had gone through three wars stated that the fighting at Shanhaikwan during the past few days would make the battles of the South African war look silly. But it reminded me of my dreadful days in Gallipoli.

"The day before I left, Wu Pei-Fu had sent a large number of monkeys—for what purpose no one could ascertain. Some said it was to try out poison gas. Others that they were to be used to ascertain whether Chang Tso-Lin's wire entanglements were electrified.

"Refugees from the lines of the Mukdenites flocked in and sat on the wall or in the fields, looking with awe on the scene. Little babies were crying. Frantic fathers were trying to secure food for them. Attempts were made to get them to go to the seaside where they would be safer, but they preferred sitting where they could see their houses rather than seek safety. All that they owned in the world was there.

"As I boarded my train, long trains of wounded were being brought in and dumped on the railway sidings, with no one to care for them or even to give them water. As the train steamed out an airplane came overhead and dropt a bomb 200 yards from the train. The aviator continued dropping bombs on the station for some time, but we got away unhurt."

One of the most striking things about the casualty lists, adds the *Daily News* correspondent, has been the number of officers killed and wounded on both sides. Heretofore, he adds:

Chinese officers have remained in places of safety, but the present conflict proves that they are learning their duty and fighting along modern lines with bravery and determination.

The determination of Chang Tso-Lin's attack, which resulted in his defeating Wu Pei-Fu's crack divisions, surprized the foreigners and Chinese alike. The intense cold is causing great suffering to both sides, for a cold piercing wind has been blowing from the north for three days, and the sky threatens snow.

YE NEWSPAPER EDITOR COURTS FULLEST INVESTIGATION

"OUR TURN NEXT," remarks a newspaper editor, one of the editors responsible for the editorials of the Baltimore *Sun*, viewing, without undue alarm, the promised investigation of the newspapers of the land. Nearly everything else has been investigated, it appears, by various more or less official committees. The newspapers have helped. By spreading the news of the various "probes," by writing editorials on the reports of the probing committees, they have made themselves assistant investigators—whenever they haven't been responsible for the investigations themselves. Turn about is fair play, concludes the *Sun* man, thus presenting and arguing about the matter:

Everything else has been investigated and it seems about time for the newspapers to have their turn. The intelligentsia have been pecking away around the edges of the great newspaper conspiracy for quite a good many years now, with but little result. The darned sheets continue to be run as their editors or their owners want them to be run, the great financial interests continue to preempt the financial pages for the advertising of their stocks and bonds, the woes of the common people get but cursory attention, and not a great many editors take Bob La Follette very seriously. Obviously, the time has come when Something Ought to Be Done About It.

Therefore, the news published this morning that the Social Science Research Council, aided and abetted by Rockefeller money, has organized a commission which will spend two years investigating newspapers, is good news. Some awful disclosures may be expected. You can see just how awful the disclosures may be when you read in the dispatches that the commission is going to concern itself with "the effect of money on the news."

With all due regard for the wisdom of the investigators, we hope they will not confine their investigations to this point. The effect of money on the news is a big problem, but it seems to us that it is not so important as the effect of a lack of money on the news. We could wish, also, that they would spend some little time in investigating the effect on the news of the real estate editor's wife's most intimate friend. The lady has an idea she wants to put across and comes in most every day. She is a pest, and she has spoiled many a good yarn in this office. We wish, also, that they would investigate the effect upon the newspaper's editorial policy of the fact that the cook comes in too late every morning properly to cook breakfast, and of the editor's unfortunate habit of mislaying the clipping upon which his chief editorial was to be based. Such things as these have world-shaking consequences.

And we hope—this time with all seriousness—that these investigators, when they get down to it, will remember that American journalism is not the product of the big cities merely. Big city newspapers are standardized. Their readers are so wide-spread and so varied they can take most any stand on any subject without arousing any great antagonism. The real courage in newspaper editing—if there is any such thing as courage in newspaper editing—is in the smaller towns. When Julian Harris printed a series of articles attacking the Ku Klux Klan in his *Enquirer-Sun* in Columbus, Georgia, that was courage. When Gerald Johnson, in the Greensboro *Daily News*, bucked the traces and refused to accept everything done by the Democratic jobholders in North Carolina, as well as in Washington, as the finest action of highly cultured and civilized men, that was courage; and when George Putnam, of the Salem (Oregon) *Capital Journal*, took off his rosy spectacles and began to tell the Oregonians that there was a remote possibility their culture was not the most complete and perfect the world had ever seen, and that Ku Kluxery was not the finest flower of chivalry, there was bravery amounting almost to foolhardiness.

Propaganda? The newspapers are flooded with it. Nearly every reader, every human, we sometimes think, is a propagandist for some little pet idea of his own. Sometimes it is difficult to get our own propaganda into the papers, so persistent are the others.

Two or three things we venture to hope. One is that when the investigators come into this office they will time their visits so as not to interfere with the morning hour of meditation, nor with the meetings of the Three Hours for Lunch Club. The other is that when they get down to the propaganda they forget that it was Rockefeller money which gave them their jobs, and make a real study of the effect of Anti-Saloon League propaganda upon the editors' human weaknesses.

THE FARMER BREAKS THROUGH HIS ISOLATION

ELECTRICITY HAS DONE IT, says a handbook just issued by the General Electric Company and reviewed in *Public Service Management* (Chicago). Electricity, we are told, lights cities, does the heavy work on mills and factories, ministers to the comfort in homes and adds to the general happiness and prosperity of the nation. Not content to serve the city only, it goes into the country and there lights the farmer's home, drives his machinery, operates his tools, serves his women folk in the home, makes life lighter and more profitable to everybody concerned. Ultimately, a majority of the American farmers may be supplied by means of transmission lines which are already traversing the country in large numbers. Even to-day, electric light, heat and power serve 300,000 farms in this country. We read further:

Farm isolation is a thing of the past. It may be aptly said to-day that the farmer is as near to town as he is to his radio set.

Talented musicians, actors, and entertainers take part in radio programs and the farmer, figuratively speaking, occupies a front-row seat. Prominent educators broadcast instructive talks, and the farmer obtains the full benefit of their teaching. Crop, weather, market reports are announced by radio in his home and he receives authoritative information that is of economic advantage to him. Broadcasting stations are being used to warn him of the spread of stock disease epidemics and insect plagues, so that he can take the necessary precautions to protect his stock or crops. This knowledge, broadcast at a time when the farmer can use it most advantageously, is valuable and could not be given him so quickly in any other way.

He listens to the sermon of nationally renowned preachers. The great political orators of the world address him in his living-room, informing him of national and world affairs. At baseball and other sport contests he occupies the grandstand and follows the progress of the games play by play.

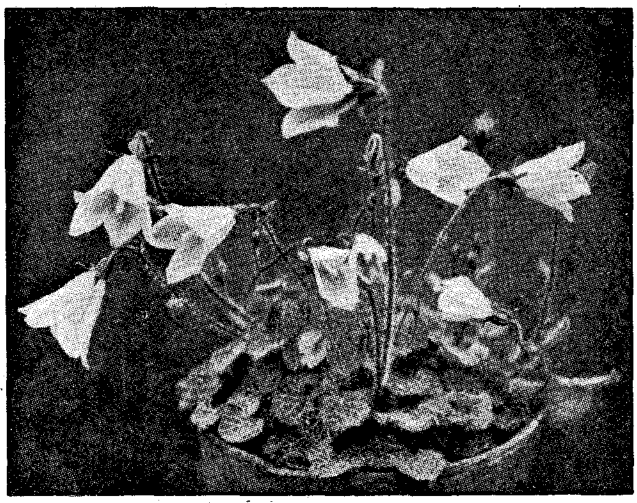
These are a few of the benefits that are brought to the farm fireside by radio. Heavy rains or deep snow can't keep music in the air from the farmhouse. The drab curtain of isolation, obscuring the activities of the world from hundreds of thousands of out-of-the-way farms, has been lifted forever by radio.

BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

ADVENTURES OF A PLANT-HUNTER IN CHINA

NOT EVEN THE MOST AMIABLE PERSON likes to have a yak come stumbling into his tent at night and blow on his face. It certainly is not done in the best circles, but these "woolly cows," as the Chinese call them, have more curiosity than manners. If you are on a hunt for new kinds of strange plants, in the farthest mountain country of China, you must stand the rather disturbing ways of the yak for the sake of the fresh milk it gives. Also you must stand many other things far more unpleasant than a yak. Few people stop to think, when admiring new and lovely kinds of flowers, how they were brought from the faraway country where they are native, or what dangers and privations some man has endured to "open the gate of the world to a wider vision."

When Capt. F. Kingdon Ward, F. R. G. S., of England, received a letter telling him to go to Szechwan, his first question was, "Where is this sneeze located?" It proved to be a province in China, and there he repaired, and the story of his wanderings and of his rewards in exquisite plant treasures is told in his book, "The Romance of Plant Hunting" (Edward Arnold and Company, London).



A PRIZE FIND OF THE PLANT HUNTER

"The most charming plant of all was little *Campanula Calicola*, found in the limestone cliffs." Last year it received an Award of Merit at the Chelsea show in London, and Captain Ward says it is "perhaps the most beautiful rock plant I discovered."

Starting from far up the Irrawaddy, with a caravan of Chinese mules and muleteers, Captain Ward slipt back into the travel of the Middle Ages, and so was off for many months, on a long and lonely way, far from any white companion. However, there was much of interest to see, and one day he had a pleasant little adventure with a bird. He tells this story of feathered ingenuity:

> Once, while basking in the sunshine, I watched a wee bird—a flycatcher I think—who had built her nest in a bush at the foot of a cliff, and raised three fledglings. Great was the distress of the little parent, therefore, on approaching with a fat moth, to see a human being seated hard by. She dared not fly across the path to her home, lest she should thereby discover her secret to me; so she hopped backwards and forwards in the bushes on the other side of the path, crying out in alarm. This brought on the scene, not only the father bird, likewise clasping a green caterpillar firmly in his beak, but several other tiny feathered friends, curious as to what all this coil might be about; and, beholding the situation, out of sympathy they joined in the chorus of distress. Such a chatter was toward, all piping at once, as is the way of birds. But having no solution to offer, presently they went their ways, one by one, leaving the unhappy parents to their dilemma. "Wee, wee, wee, r-r-r-r," they cried, and again "wee, wee, wee-r-r-r." To and fro in the bushes, greatly agitated, they flitted, and always that plaintive "wee, wee, wee," ending on a rolled "r." But they would not eat the babies' food; and indeed it was remarkable how they managed to keep up their signals of distress without either dropping or swallowing those morsels.
>
> At last the note changed. The mother's quick brain had devised a plan. "I am coming," she purred to the hungry mites, who, with gaping beaks, snuggled down in the nest, unconscious of the turmoil outside, and wondering, perhaps, what had delayed their meal.
>
> Now the mother flew into a patch of long grass and disappeared from sight, and I saw the grass shaking. A minute later she scrambled across the open under cover, and came round to the nest from behind; scarcely could I see her, tho it was not difficult to follow her route.
>
> Presently she emerged warily, flew off, and returned to repeat the maneuver; but the male bird, lacking that spur of love which had given the mother this insight, still flitted to and fro, timid and indecisive. When at last he screwed himself to follow the same course, his courage failed him half-way, and rending the air with his danger cry, he returned to his starting-point, having accomplished nothing save to betray to a keen watcher that which they were both most anxious to conceal.
>
> For you must understand, reader, that tho plant-collecting is your aim, you will come upon many interesting things in the course of your travels; and if you are at heart a student and a naturalist, as I hope you are, you will profit by them.

The plant-hunter's life is not helped when he finds, as Captain Ward did, that it sometimes rains for a month at a stretch, and the way up to a steep mountain-peak is beset with fierce difficulty. Roaring waters cross the path, there are reeking forests to push through, swamps to wade, and masses of bamboo to cut, and yet what is all that to the triumph which fills the heart of a plant-hunter at the sight of a new flower:

> Stop! what is that? Through the rain mist we see, as tho through a lens, specter-like and magnified, a new flower. Surely it must be imagination, a sudden image in the whirling rain! We have seen all the meadow flowers!
>
> A breeze rips open the veil for an instant, and we see clearly. Then a fresh exhalation seethes up from the valley, and everything is blotted out again. It is like the opening and closing of a shutter. But that glance was enough. The hillside above us is sheeted with lovely flowers, graceful, delicate, alluring in color. We peer through the engulfing mist, rubbing our eyes as the vision passes. Yet a few minutes later we are in the meadow, wading knee-deep through them. They are real enough now. They cover the summit of the ridge, shyly embroidering the bamboo thickets, hiding behind the raspberry bushes; they grow in dozens, in scores, in hundreds. In the driven rain they hang their heads, leaning over to the cruel lash of the wind. The flowers are rose pink outside, aglow with health; but inside, they are dappled and speckled with royal purple. Each leafy stem, which is twelve or fifteen inches in height, bears one, two, or more, of these nodding flowers, large as teacups. The petals curl back elegantly; gem-like drops hang from the leaves. Such is *Nomocharis Farreri.*

When Tibet was at last reached, Captain Ward decided to look on the Muli range of mountains for alpine plants. He made a headquarters at a wonderful spot called Glacier Lake Camp, and from there scoured the country for miles for the flowers, and it was here that his woolly friend, the yak, appeared:

> In June, there was camped close to us a herdsman with his yak. Every morning before they were permitted to disperse into the alps, the cows were milked, and every morning half a bucket full of frothing warm milk was brought to my tent, for which I rendered, in exchange, a quarter of a brick of tea.
>
> At night the yak were driven home and tethered by the tent where the herdsman dwelt: the cows and calves being kept in

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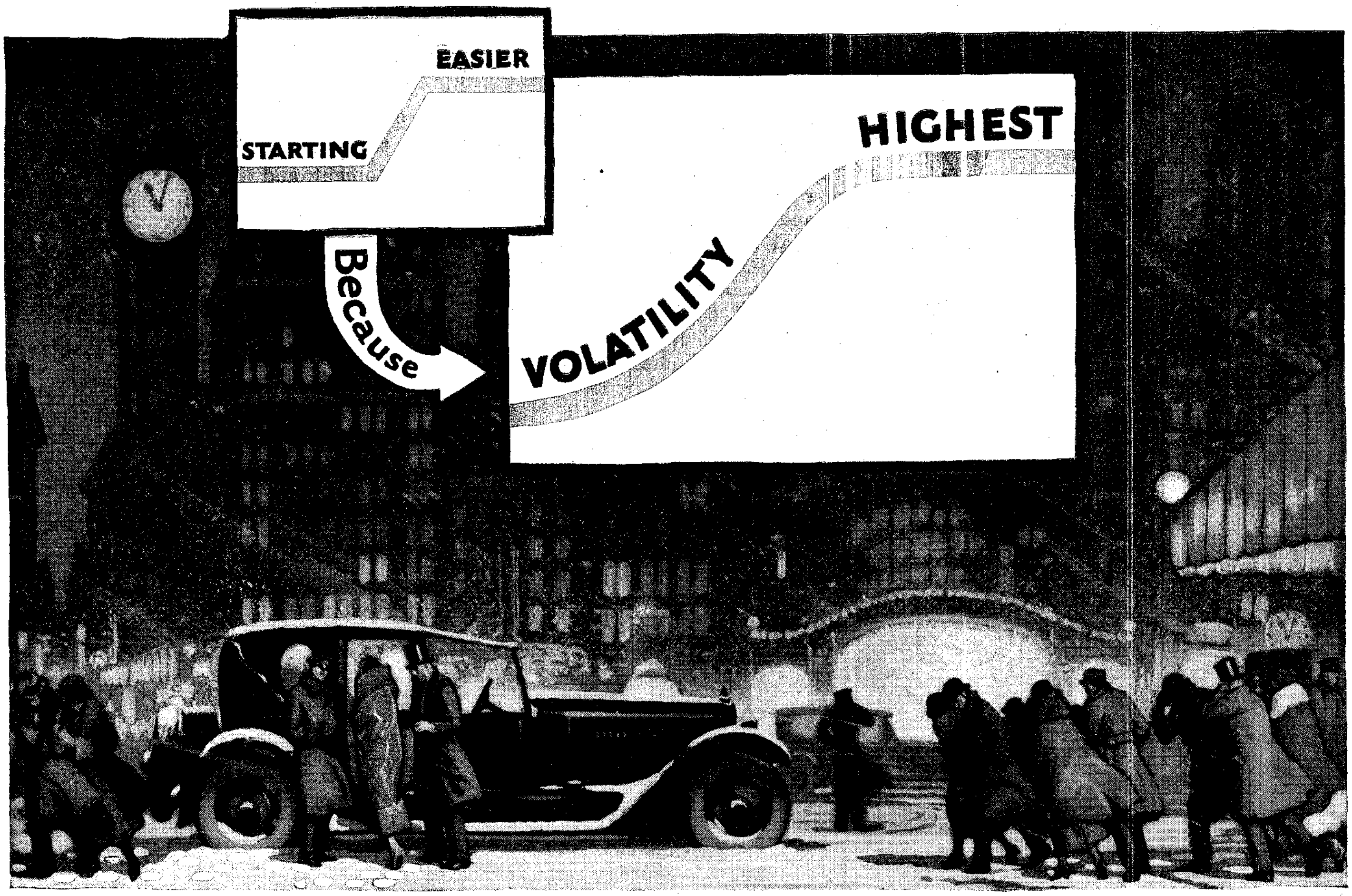

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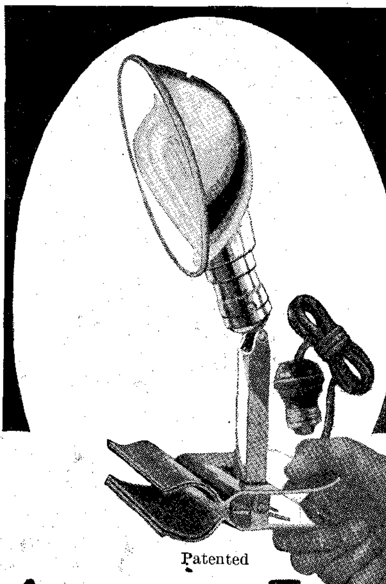

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

a separate pen. These "woolly cows" (as the Chinese call them) would form a ring round our tents, grunting to each other, and moving with infinite caution, one step at a time. At last one is close enough to thrust his nose through the opening of my tent and see what there is inside this odd bag. He does so, blowing loudly through his nose, and peeping cautiously. Then comes the alarm, and the investigators, standing about in attitudes suggestive of polite but innocent curiosity, instantly spin round, and waving their short plume-like tails high in air, scamper off.

But not far. Their curiosity is even greater than their timidity. Besides, when they find that no punishment follows discovery, they are more reluctant to retire, and do so only as long as the pressure is applied. The men were adepts at devising new and unexpected stunts. When putting one's head out suddenly and saying "shoo" in an astonished yak's face no longer held any terrors for them, they would lie low inside their tent till the cattle had gathered round, and then beat lustily on the canvas; and when that too grew contemptible through familiarity, they adopted the ruse of stealing out and opening umbrellas suddenly in the beasts' faces, to their complete discomfiture. But whatever we did the yak always returned. At night, when, as sometimes happened, they were not tethered, they were an unmitigated nuisance. Under cover of darkness they would renew their investigations, and tripping over the tent ropes, blunder half through the entrance. It was no pleasant experience to wake in the middle of the night from an unsound sleep, with the hot, fetid breath of a clumsy yak snored over your cheek. But the yak is a useful beast nevertheless, and in this dour country one is thankful to have him. The cows supplied me every day with fresh milk and delicious cream cheese; and when we were snowed up in October, unable to move, they came to our rescue with the only species of transport which could have got through safely. Once upon a time we bought a dead yak and had beef every day for a week. I did not discover till later that one does not buy live yak—they are too valuable. However, apparently this one died of nothing more infectious than old age.

Captain Ward speaks of many plants he found, of marvelous beauty of shape, and of wondrous masses of flowers of gorgeous color, and it is in the spring in that remote Chinese land that they are the most lovely. As he says:

> But it is in spring that the moorland puts on its wedding garment. Then you may wander for days ankle-deep through a chromatic surf of rhododendrons, rose pink, ivory white, lavender, plum purple, crimson, and amber yellow. They are woven into carpets of queer design and ample pile, or form tuffets, or hassocks or mere tangles, or mats, or brooms. They spread and sprawl everywhere, bushy and twigulous, all foaming into flower together; till looking across the dark ocean of moorland you see the billowy hills crested with color; and, where escarpments break the even roll, the plant growth surges high up the rocks. It is Western Szechwan, the Tibetan Marches, home of the "Lapponicum" rhododendrons.

Beside rivers to cross, mountain ranges to climb, and raging winds and storms to live through, the collector has other enemies to fight, and those are serious indeed. They are the insects, and they devour the seeds of the precious plants themselves. Captain Ward tells a funny story about the effect of one onset of these plagues:

> A curious example came under my notice in the case of a species of Caragana. When the pods had released the hard round seeds, which are like small shot, we noticed a crackling noise, an odd crepitation, proceeding apparently from one of the many sheets of drying seeds.
>
> Presently Yang-kin came to me in great excitement.
>
> "Sir, the seeds are alive, they are hopping about of their own accord."
>
> I went. I looked. I laughed. As Yang-kin had reported, the Caragana seeds were dancing on the paper with a rat-tat-tat like hailstones hopping on the pavement; and on breaking open one I found that it was but a shell, inhabited by a grub who, alarmed at the crooked turn of events, exprest his disappointment by dancing with rage. He was, in fact, being slowly desiccated.

WHAT "DOG-LIKE" DEVOTION IS

UNHAPPY is the mortal who has not at some time had a dog friend, which loved him for himself alone. No social aspirations entered his dog mind, no fear of poverty with him, or selfish hope of golden gains with some more wealthy owner, Mr. H. J. Massingham in his book "Untrodden Ways" (Dutton) has written an appreciation of his dog that will touch every dog-lover with its truth and beauty. He says:

> To one great naturalist, recently dead, the dog was a "carrion flower." Other men, with a fair share of authority and that complaisance which is one of the proofs of man's sovereignty over the rest of the animal kingdom, argue that the dog is little more than a composite of physico-chemical irritability. He perishes with the grass of the field.
>
> I put it to my own little mongrel rufous spaniel, my confidant in sickness and health, the red carrion blossom that I have worn for nine years. Do you, said I, consult the how and why and what of things? Are you concerned with the mystery of your minute presence in this wide universe? Do you speculate upon the problem of eternal life, and what is your opinion of us who assume it so blandly for ourselves, but not for you, who for our benefit inoculate your kind with hideous diseases, and strap their trembling bodies to the operating-table, who drive them by whip and starvation to antic parodies on the stage of the only rational being in the world? And he (or ought I to say "it"?) forgives me my nonsense because of his exceeding love and reverence for my godship.
>
> He lives for one rapturous, overmastering idea—the divinity of me—and tho he can not always understand the language of the god, yet his voice is the music of heaven. Of one element in dog psychology we may be quite sure—dogs have a sense of humor, but they are incapable of irony. That is the prerogative of man, and when I read

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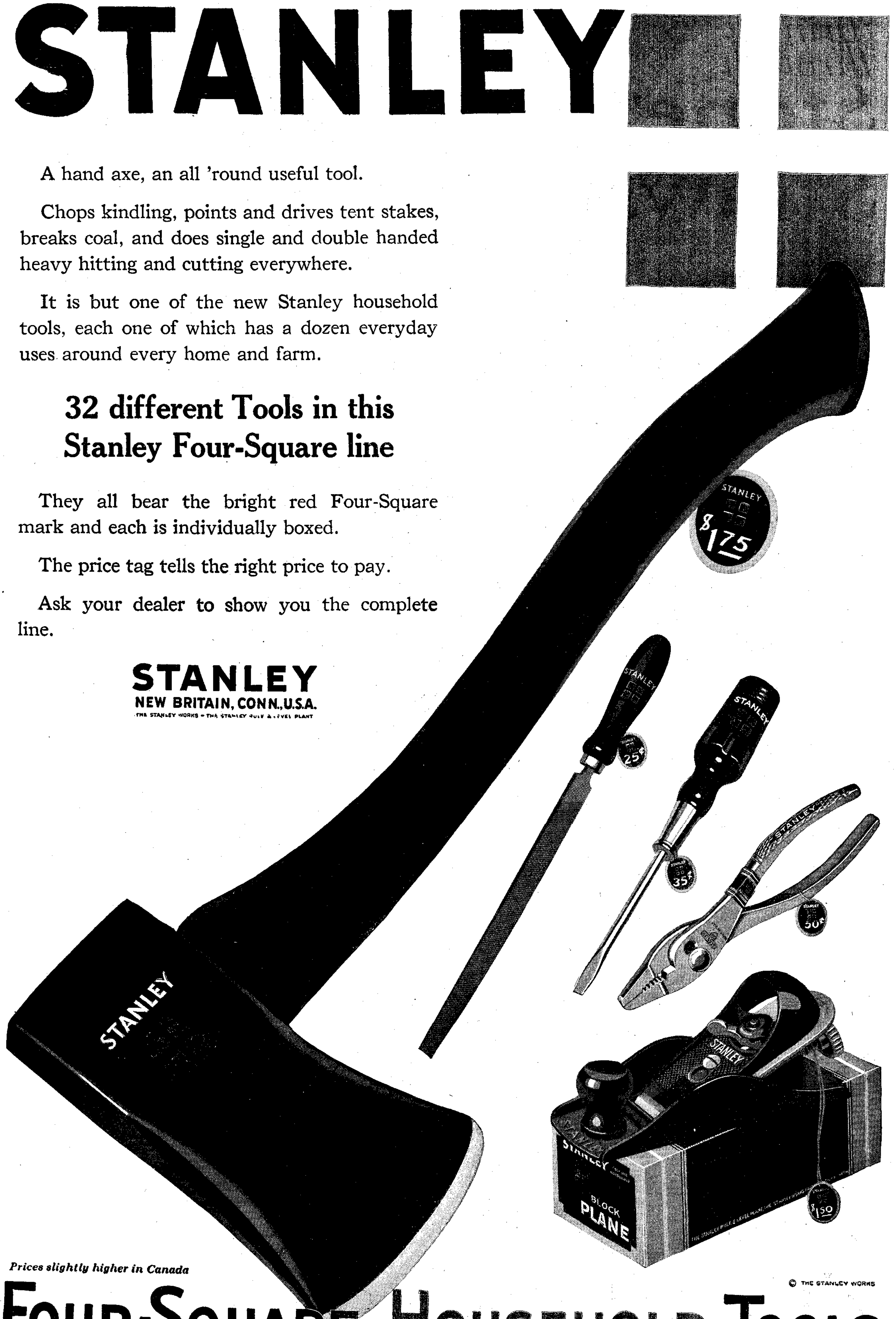

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

this message in my dog's eyes . . . I begin to reflect somewhat uneasily upon my theistic qualities. Of course, one clings to one's godship as to a darling vice. It is so agreeable to be seen as a tree walking, in spite of the discomfort of feeling as morally big as a sandhopper. For us the irony, but for our dogs, to the pitch of their capacity, the true divinity of this love. He fixes this godliness upon me, but I, perforce, and whether I will or no, must resign it to him.

You will be surprized to hear it, but my dog prays to me. Not for cucumber, kettle-holders, stones, biscuits, shoes, gooseberries, a walk, a lap, a game, or to have the door opened, for no personal desires or needs, but simply in thanksgiving for my beauty and greatness and splendor and nobility. He sits on his hind legs and just begs me to go on living and illuminating the world with my glory. What I eat is ambrosia to him; when I take my stick it blossoms like the Scriptural rod; and when I go about my great affairs and leave him behind, the world grows heathen and dark to him.

But if I have greater ambitions and designs and am off into the country, his tremulous anxiety lest I should desert him foments into a kind of neurosis Overnight we put scatterments of clothes and books on the sofa. At once his whole bright demeanor changes, and with ears laid back, stiffened hair and a strained, intent expression he places himself on top of them and there crouches. The only thing that will induce him to move for anything on earth is the appearance of two old bags, into the largest of which he jumps. When I come to lift him out, he looks up at me with elongated neck and body, quivering from muzzle to tail, and, lest I should take him away from myself, he voices a low menacing growl, part protest, part entreaty and part apology for the insistence of his will against mine.

Step by step the bags are filled, while he sits by with his body prest against the gaping one, until they are removed into the hall, whereupon, sacrificing all his regular comforts and companionship, there he remains in the dark. He is usually the first to bed, but now he has to be plucked up and carried there, amid growls, whines, struggles and violent expostulation. When the bustle informs him next morning that the supreme moment approaches, he leaves the bags for the door, and when I force it open against his scrabbling, with a gasping yell he precipitates himself into the cab. On the journey he effaces himself, because his nervous exhaustion is such that he sleeps the day through.

But if I go no farther than Charing Cross, hour after hour he sits on what is called a bureau and looks out of the window and waits for me, until I come once more to close the great gap of time, and in my voice the harps of heaven sound again. If I am impatient and raise my voice to correct him (God chastising a devout stumbling in too eager a service), he runs not from but to me, at me, all over me, in an anguish of mind that he has offended me, as cruel on its plane as Cowper's sense of sin on his. If I raise my hand gently to box his ears, he lays both his within it. If he has a weakness, it lies in Epicurean delights. Yet (to put an edge on my vanity) not the most ravishing cates and fleshpots can bribe him into forgetfulness or to give over watching for me, and if I go away altogether, he will touch nothing until he is sure I am not returning that day. If I go bathing in the sea on a rough day, his lamentations shake the strand that he is not permitted to risk his life (as he did once), not to save me, but to be with me. He serves me not in servility, but in gladness and with fire, and to please me and execute my wishes is all his happiness. For nine years he has lived in heaven, and learned there by virtue of his adoration the secret of eternal youth. His spirit has grown only in love, and in that he is indeed older, tho not wiser, than his years.

Almost daily now the snow-line creeps and deepens along his muzzle, and over his eyes, through which looks all his rapt being on tiptoe, the blue film, fatal and accursed, slowly thickens. What will it be for him when I am but a ghost in his sight, and the glory of my presence shines through a cloud? But his love needs no eyes, as his spirit walks jauntily in an old garment. Yet I know (being a god), as he does not, that I must become more and more incorporeal to him, until there comes a night when my godship fades, dissolves, and leaves not a wrack behind. I am a god, but mortal, for it is on him my godship depends, and oh, so much besides.

Dog and god, god and dog, so the tale runs. Let us at least, then, give the dog credit for our own Olympian selves, and return to our worshipers a trifle of that service and humility which are godlike indeed.

NOT A DULL MOMENT IN JUNGLE-LAND

THOSE who always think of the jungle as a tangled mass of tropic vegetation, overhung with deadly serpents hanging from all the trees, and clouds of poisonous mosquitoes buzzing around and biting every one in reach, are, it seems, according to Ruth Rose, as she writes in *Asia* (New York), mistaken. When Miss Rose volunteered to be Jack-of-all-trades if she might only accompany the expedition which William Beebe was taking from the New York Zoological Society to South America, she had somewhat those same ideas of the jungle; but to her joy she found housekeeping in the forest full of marvelous interest, and far from being as dangerous as she had feared. To be sure, the bats had to be scooped up in butterfly-nets, and "white ants" once descended into the tea, but those were minor considerations beside the excitement of almost daily additions of valuable specimens, and the surprize of not knowing from day to day what new form of food would be brought in for dinner. Miss Rose gives a delightful description of life on such an expedition:

> Our first zoological problem was how to get rid of bats, to which the long-deserted bungalow had evidently appealed strongly as a residence. From the numbers that we found in possession, we might have imagined that the housing question was as acute among the forest inhabitants as it is with city-dwellers. All sorts of weapons and strategies were employed against them. We scooped them up in butterfly-nets; we pounced on them with gloved hands; we chloroformed them and sprayed them with chemical forms of discouragement. Soon we became so hardened to

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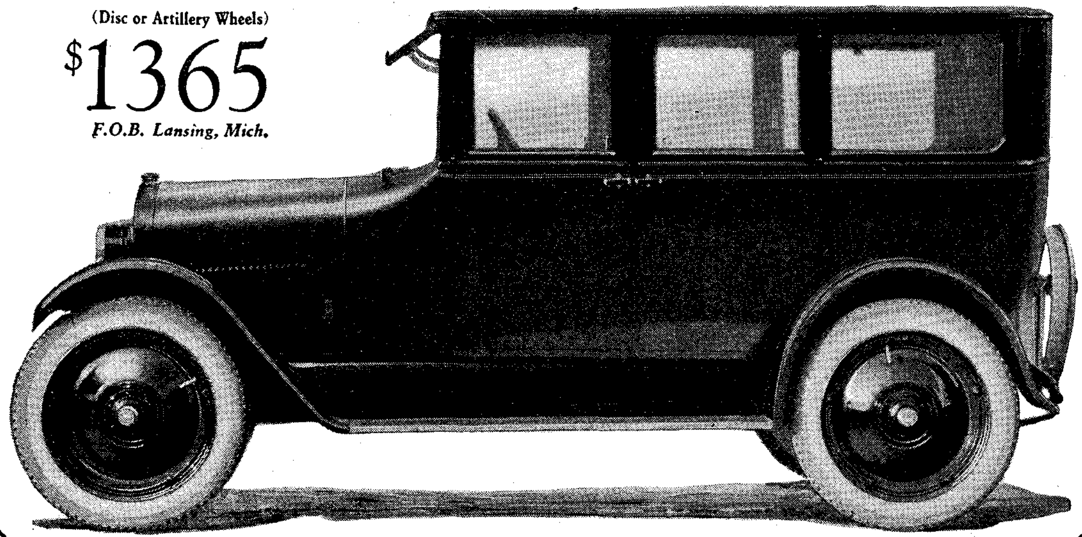

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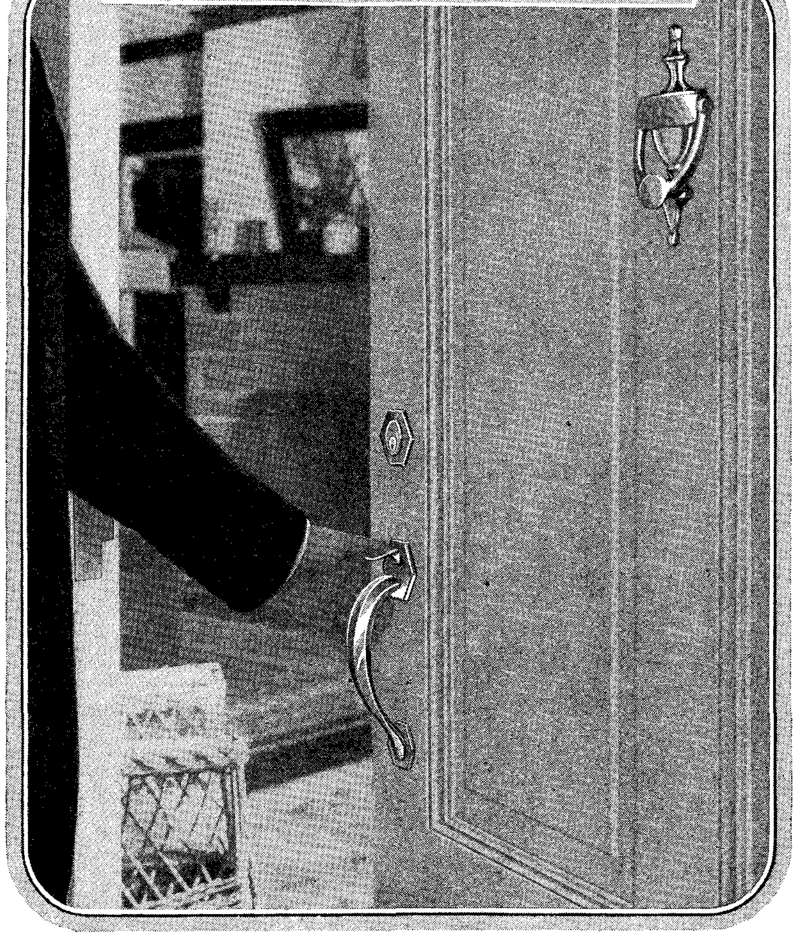

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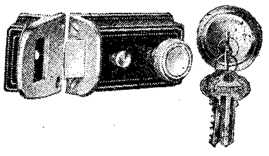

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

unusual indoor sports that, when one of us, tired of bending over his desk of an evening, found recreation in taking pot-shots at bats as they flitted from dark passageway to dim laboratory, the rest of us scarcely raised our heads unless he scored a hit. At length, having reduced the bat tribe by uncounted dozens, we called a truce. Thereafter we lived in amity with those that haunted the premises and scratched and squeaked between ceiling-paper and roof.

This peace was, as peace usually is, conditional upon the good behavior of the weaker side. Sometimes our evening studies were disturbed by the family difficulties of our tenants. A tremendous scuttling and chattering would break out over our heads, tiny claws and wings would beat an enraged tattoo and, amid protesting squeals, a bat meteor would whiz down on us. One bat was ejected from his domestic circle with such violence that he made a landing in a large aquarium filled to the brim with water and unfortunately close to a paper-littered desk. Our tolerance ended where the aquaplaning began, and the grinning little demon finished his career in the chloroform jar.

The closest neighbors of the scientific expedition on one side were the convicts of the penal settlement, which was several miles down the river. There were about two hundred of these men, offenders in varying degrees, the majority of whom had been sent up from the towns of the coast to expiate their sins in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots in the colony. In the other direction were two Indian villages, tiny settlements that made a hardly perceptible scar in the vast surrounding wilderness, and, says Miss Rose:

To their inhabitants we and our activities were an inexplicable mystery.

We boasted that we lived off the country, at least so far as fresh meat was concerned, and because we were far too busy with other problems to devote any time to hunting for food, two Indians from the nearest village were hired to supply our table and also to bring in animals that might be of interest as specimens. Their almost daily visits were an exciting form of lottery. For several days, however, we had drawn blanks and we should soon be confronted by the humiliating necessity of dining on canned beef. Even the pepper-pot, that hardy perennial dish of South America, which resembles not at all the Philadelphia variety, was nearly exhausted.

Early one morning during this threatened famine, Degas appeared. Degas and Prince were our Nimrods. Of course, these were not their real names. Those were shrouded in a sacred veil of mystery. The South American Indian receives at birth a name which is never used and which no one knows except his parents, himself and possibly the medicine-man. To call him by his real name would not only be a deadly insult, but would bring down all sorts of misfortunes upon him. In the course of time he chooses what might be called a working name, but until then he exists in a state of complete anonymity.

Degas had come to borrow a rifle; he had news from up the river that a great herd of "bush-hogs" were headed in our direction, and, being guiltily conscious of his recent failure as a provider, he was anxious to redeem himself in our eyes. Having been armed to his satisfaction, he padded away into the jungle shadows, just as a dugout filled with his neighbors and relatives arrived.

By this time we had been established on Kartabo Point for several months, and our menagerie had grown to astonishing proportions. All round the compound were cages, aquariums, boxes and pens, occupied by such a variety of creatures that even Noah might have been imprest. Twice a day I made the tour of these cages, distributing provender to the inmates. If you can imagine the task of a housekeeper obliged to cater to an enormous family, hardly any two of whom will eat the same dish, you will see that the position of steward for a "zoo" is not a sinecure.

Under the clump of bamboos that stood midway between the row of tents and the laboratory was a little bird-house perched on a high pole. This was the residence of Mishkin, a monkey, who was at the moment the ruling favorite of the camp. At sight of the bananas that I carried, he executed a fireman's slide to the ground and with outstretched arms ran to the limit of his chain, uttering funny, birdlike coos. Then he carefully stood on his head and regarded me solemnly between his paws, quite sure that in this pose he was simply irresistible and that no one could be so hard-hearted as to ignore him. Even in the excitement of receiving and consuming his breakfast, he did not forget to keep a wary eye on a near-by box, wherein had been packed the shimmering coils of a fifteen-foot boa-constrictor, one of our latest captures. Mishkin objected to the proximity of this specimen.

It was easy for me to sympathize with him; for I had been the victim all my life of a snake-fear that I had always considered an incurable disease. Tho I am country-born and country-bred, when I see a snake in the New England woods, I always feel my heart skip a beat and my hair give an imitation of the "fretful porpentine." Finding it rather inconsistent to air my fears when joining a scientific expedition devoted to the capture and study of living reptiles, I rigorously represt my real sentiments on the subject, and no one seemed to notice that I was never among the occupants of the first row when specimens of the serpent tribe were brought in.

I suppose this suppression should have aggravated fear, but it had the opposite effect. Having concealed my shudders when the director of the station handed me several lively feet of snake and carelessly requested me to put them into a convenient cage, I slowly began to realize that there were either no shudders to conceal—or only minor ones. For a while, determined to overcome my weakness, I practised every morning on Adèle, an attenuated little whipsnake, about two feet long. Her habits were nocturnal, and her absurdly protruding eyes bulged from her head in an expression of enduring astonishment. By being firm with myself and devoting ten minutes to a "daily dozen" with Adèle, I became snake-broken, so to speak, in the course of a few weeks, and with immense pride had recently assisted at the capture of the big boa that was now Mishkin's neighbor and his *bête noire*.

In a round wire cage near by a little black marmoset chattered and showed his sharp white teeth in that imitation of a bat that had earned for him the name of

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

Mang. A family of enormous toads proved that the tongue is quicker than the eye by doing feats of legerdemain with the grasshoppers that I dropt into their cage. Four baby mouse-opossums, so small that the whole family could sit together comfortably on the palm of my hand, scrambled down a twig, swinging by long, prehensile tails as cleverly as any monkey. Presently each was established in a chosen corner, munching busily on a bit of raw meat, held squirrel-fashion in tiny hands. Into an enclosure full of small lizards I emptied the contents of a butterfly-net, miscellaneous sweepings from the tall grass beyond the compound, and stayed to watch the lightning dashes of the little saurians as they licked up the assortment of insects I thus provided.

It seems that on the other side of the laboratory was a home-made island, constructed for what is surely the strangest of living creatures, the sloth. This combination of pen and pit had been made by digging a deep, straight-sided ditch around a piece of ground about twelve feet in diameter, and planting there a single dead tree of considerable height. There the captive sloths lived, if so vital a verb may be used to characterize their languorous mode of existence. She goes on:

At present there were three inhabitants of the dead branches—no, four; for clinging to the coarse, gray hair of the largest female was a tiny, shapeless, furry bundle, which could be detached from its apparently precarious resting-place only by a surprizing amount of force. When thus removed, the bundle emitted a shrill, sad whistle that by family resemblance proved it to be its mother's child. Every movement of our prisoners exprest an infinite weariness; their flat, round-eyed faces had an unchangeable look of blank stupidity; their progress was incredibly deliberate; mentally and physically they were slowed down to the last possible notch of sentient life. Occasionally one of them would display enough enterprise to leave the dead tree and fall into the surrounding moat, where he would feebly drag himself along until a rescuing-party came out from the laboratory.

Our small island, originally planned only for sloths, was soon occupied by other specimens. On the low branch sprawled two brilliant green iguanas, and in the moat several species of turtles and frogs had scratched little caves in the steep walls. Now and then a nocturnal visitor that had failed to watch his step would be discovered in the morning, racing distractedly round the sides of this inexplicable trap. By this means we had become possest of two spiny jungle-rats, and on one occasion we speculated excitedly on the identity of the creature that had been large enough to claw down a large portion of one wall in its successful efforts to escape.

We hoped it was a jaguar and bitterly lamented its agility; for it would have made a companion for Pasht, our half-grown jaguar cub, whose fascinating kitten ways we were content to watch respectfully from the safe side of a stout netting. The director's assistant had sufficient temerity to come into personal contact with Pasht; the rest of us admired but did not emulate his fine disregard of claws and teeth.

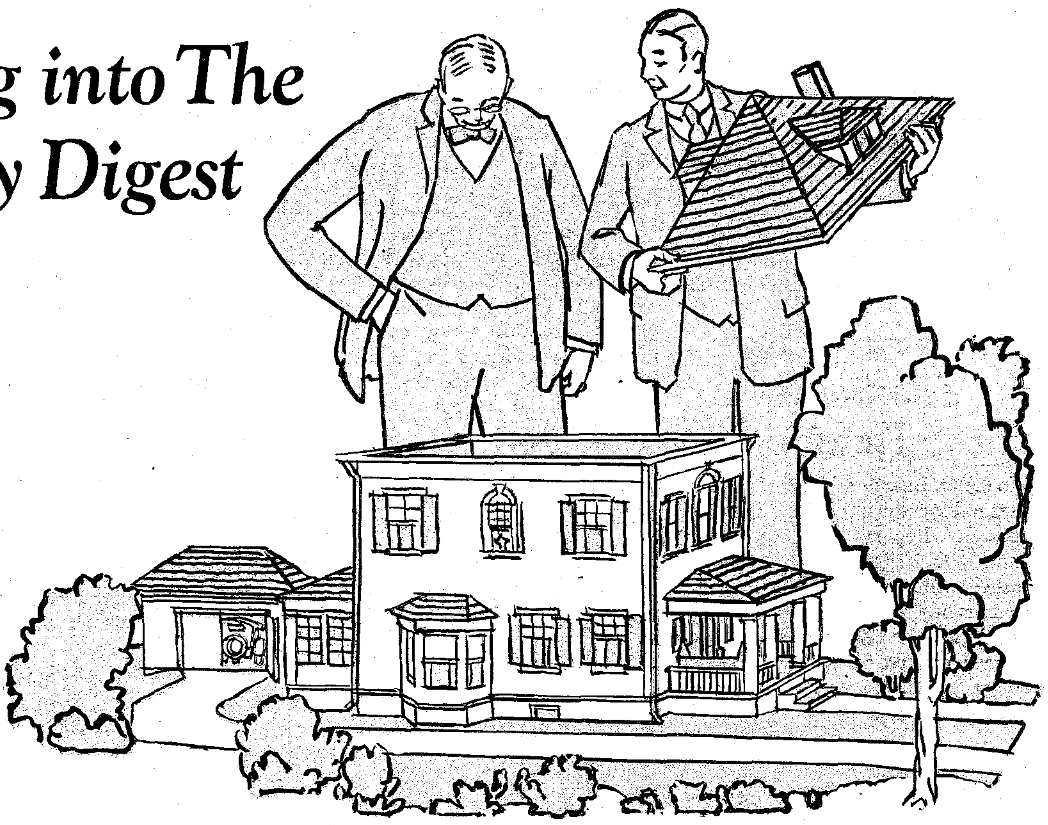
When I returned to the laboratory after feeding my assortment of pets, on that morning when Degas came to borrow a rifle, work was in full swing. Several of the party had gone out to the jungle, scantily provided with food, but loaded down with the paraphernalia required for a day's collecting. The two artists were drawing—one trying to reproduce the almost non-existent features of a microscopic form of insect life, the other engaged in a struggle to persuade the baby sloth to pose. This operation was attended by such shrieks from the unwilling model that one might have imagined portrait-painting to be a torture overlooked by the Inquisition. At his desk the director bent over a microscope, quite undisturbed by the screams of the artist's victim; for his attention was focused on the tiny eggs of a parasitic wasp, which were hatching as he watched. Farther down the room our English entomologist complained at the freedom with which tropic mold grew on precious specimens. Outside, our French guest, a famous aviculturist, explained to our black head "boy" the method that he had found best for taking humming-birds alive. I settled down to a morning of dissection; for the previous day had been so richly productive of specimens that some of them were still waiting to be examined. Life in the tropics has a lazy sound, but let no one who is indolent join a scientific tropical expedition with the idea of leading a *dolce far niente* existence. The sluggard might be adjured to go, not to the ant, but to the scientist, to learn his lesson of unflagging industry, and even the most radical sluggard could not wish for an eight-hour day in the jungle, with so much to see and marvel over.

Suddenly the several concentrations of the laboratory were interrupted by a shout of "Dolphins!" Miss Rose explains:

It was a sort of war-cry with us, like Betsey Trotwood's "Donkeys!" There was an instantaneous scurry. Some of us rushed for rifles and others for ropes and strong nets, while the rest sought for paddles and unmoored the boat. In less than a minute we were paddling hard toward midstream, where the water seemed to be boiling round the flexible bodies that now and then leapt into the air in effortless, graceful curves. For five years, the director had tried to secure a specimen of the rare fresh-water dolphin, and whenever a school was sighted, we made a frantic effort to shoot and net one of the elusive creatures. This particular attempt was as fruitless as all preceding ones had been. As we approached within a practical distance, the water became smooth, and in a few seconds, another spot, just too far away, was alive with leaping forms that, to our exasperated eyes, seemed to waggle their tails derisively as they struck the water with resounding smacks. After this had been repeated a half-dozen times, the dolphins tired of our company and vanished altogether, while we paddled back, hot and weary, but still optimistic.

There was no sign of Degas all day long, and to-morrow's dinner began to have a tinny aspect. About an hour before sunset I set out into the jungle, chiefly in search of exercise, but armed with butterfly-net and snake-bag for the reception of such specimens as should insist on being captured. Behind the camp several broad trails branched and met again and plunged down into swamps or wandered along on

Looking into The Literary Digest Home



We have just taken a good look into The Digest Home

What we saw there permits us literally to take the roof off the 1,433,483 homes and see:

1. The occupation of Digest families.
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3. The great circulation of The Digest among the men who direct the manufacturing, the wholesaling, and the retailing of America's vast industries. 73.9 per cent of The Digest men are executives in their businesses and professions.
4. The strength of women's interest in The Digest, and consequently, the advertising value of our pages for products bought by women and used by the *whole family*.

The average number of readers per copy in the immediate family of the subscriber is three and three-tenths, and the total number of readers 4,709,293. Since the 1920 U. S. census figure is 4.2 members per family, including babes in arms, it is clear, however, that The Digest is read by practically all who are old enough to read it at all. There are:

1,919,592 women	469,333 girls
1,846,052 men	474,316 boys

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When we set out to discover how many women read The Digest we decided to find whether or not they "belonged to us." In answer to a direct question we learned that The Literary Digest woman prefers The Digest to any woman's magazine, and that it is voted to be 50 per cent more popular than the most popular woman's magazine.

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The Literary Digest

354 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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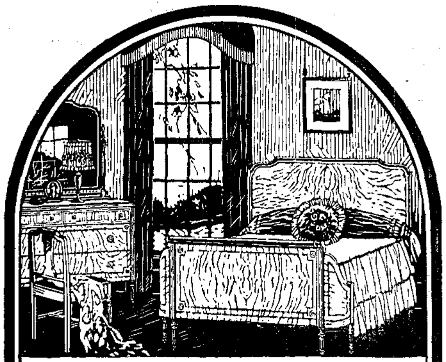

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

higher ground. These were the work of our convict friends, who came in squads of fifteen or twenty, in charge of a single black warder, and who, with wicked-looking *machetes*, slashed these pathways through the thick jungle for our especial benefit. The trusting spirit of the warder toward his criminal flock was most impressive. One evening as they were getting into their boat after a day of trail-cutting, I heard him say casually to the biggest, blackest and most villainous-looking of the lot: "Man, you run back in the bush and fetch me my revolver. I leave him on the big stump." And in a few moments the prisoner trotted in with the retrieved, and loaded, weapon, which was passed from hand to hand through the gang of convicts until it reached the warder.

Then we have a story which shows that Miss Rose was a real "tracker," expert enough to win praise from a native hunter. As she tells it:

On this particular afternoon my chosen path was the Cuyuni Trail, which climbed steadily to the top of a fairly high ridge. A great blue morpho flapped lazily ahead of me, swooping to left and right, but keeping always to the cleared trail. Far above, a flock of parrots screamed harshly, and, tho I could not see them through the dense foliage, I knew they were flying companionably, two by two, with probably an "odd man" forlornly bringing up the rear. I walked perhaps a half-mile, without hearing anything more unusual than the scuttling of lizards in the underbrush or the whir of a humming-bird. Then I stopt abruptly. Some large animal was apparently plunging through the forest to the right of the trail, where dead branches were snapping like a volley of gun-fire. Whatever the creature was, it must be jumping up and down in one place; for the sound of breaking twigs neither receded nor came nearer. As I puzzled and strained my eyes, a little puff of wind stirred the leaves and brought to my nostrils the strong, musky, unmistakable odor of peccaries, and I knew that I had blundered into Degas's herd of "bush-hogs." The noise was not the snapping of dead branches, a familiar alarm in the jungle, but the clashing of the boars' tusks as they rooted in the forest mold for suitable provender.

I had never before encountered a peccary until after *rigor mortis* had begun, and I was wildly excited. Thanks to a favorable wind, they had not yet scented me, and I wondered if I could possibly get close enough to observe them without being discovered. Recalling all that I had learned from books about the wily redskin and his stalking tactics, I dropt on hands and knees and with infinite caution worked my way into the underbrush that masked the sides of the trail. The animals were nearer than I thought. Almost before I had left the clearing, I saw big gray backs moving slowly about. The buttress-root of a *mora*, one of the giant trees of our Guiana wilderness, offered a screen behind which I was presently crouched, feeling that I had become at least four-fifths eyes, to absorb what I was so fortunate as to behold.

Now the animals seemed to be moving on all sides of me, great bristly beasts as unlike domestic pigs as a wolf is unlike a pet dog. Their sharp little eyes twinkled past me, unseeing. I can testify to the protective coloration of khaki; for at one time I had eleven peccaries practically within arm's reach. There were full-grown boars, big sows and young ones of various sizes. I tried to count those farther away, but, because of the intervening brush, could not make more than a guess at their numbers.

For a quarter of an hour I must have sat there, entranced with my luck, before the thought of Degas and dinner occurred to me. The opportunity of leading an Indian to game must not be neglected. I was quite certain that to extricate myself from the herd without starting a panic was impossible, but by some miracle and a deal of inchworming, I actually succeeded in wriggling back to the trail. Once more on my feet, I retreated stealthily for a hundred yards, and then, taking to my heels, I rushed back at top speed to camp. As I burst into the compound, Degas was stepping into his dugout from the wet rocks at the end of the point, to paddle home, and by the disconsolate hunch of his shoulders I knew that he had spent a fruitless day. Professional hunter tho he was, luck had been against him on this particular occasion.

With a frantic gesture, I shouted "Hog!" and Degas snatched up the borrowed rifle and came trotting behind me. More than half expecting that the peccaries would have disappeared by this time, I led him back to the spot where I had left the trail. There I stopt, and Degas's stocky little form melted silently into the shadows and was lost in the green tangle of jungle.

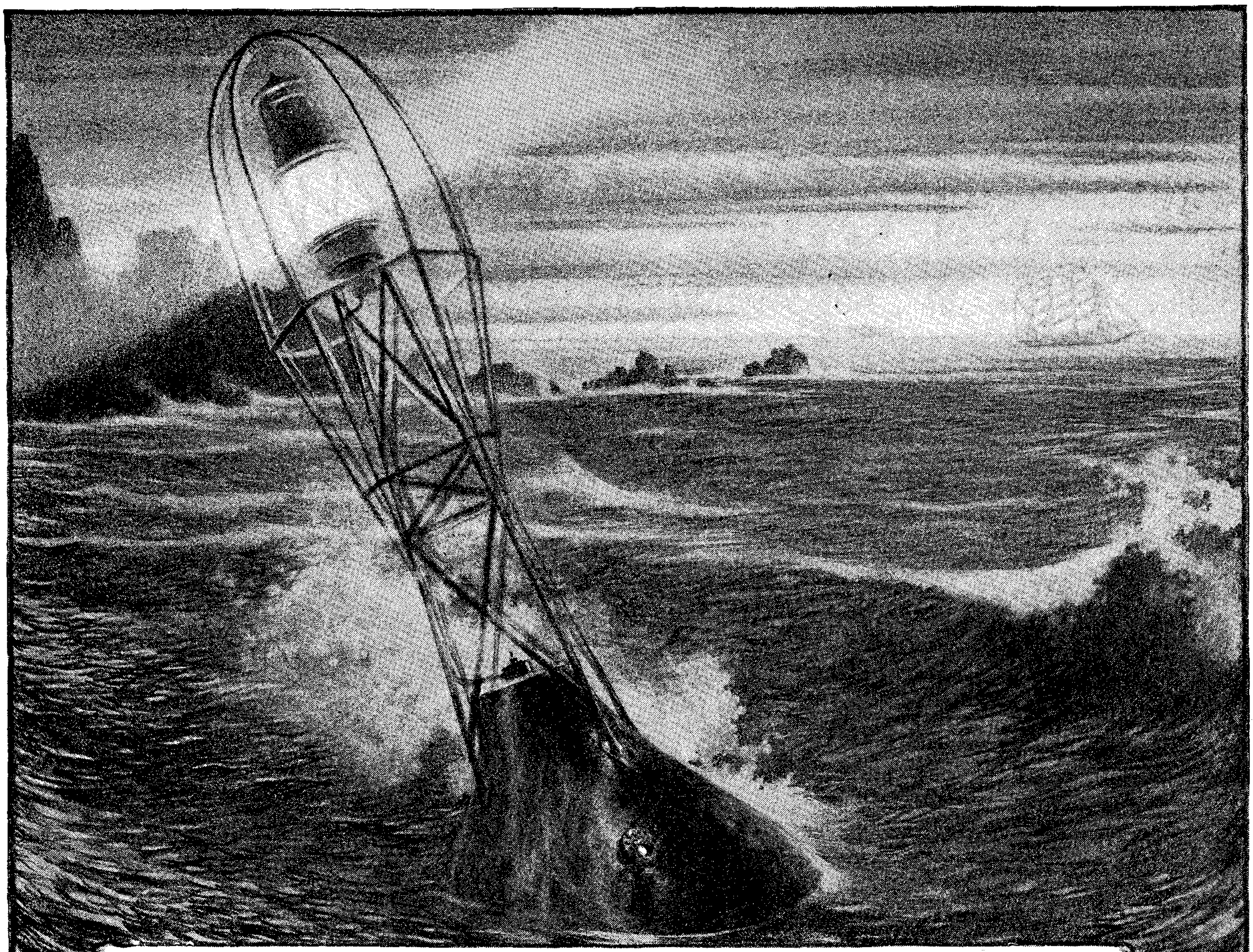
It was sunset by this time and the tree-tops were black against a flaming sky. There was no longer any sound from the herd. I listened to the pounding of my overworked heart and considered ruefully how my companions in camp would jeer at the things a tenderfoot thought she saw.

Suddenly a shot crashed into the breathless silence, and the jungle seethed with noise. Squealing and grunting, smashing through underbrush, shouldering and tripping one another, thousands of peccaries poured into the clearing. At least, to my excited gaze there were thousands. Certainly, when I crouched among them, I had far underestimated their numbers. Now there seemed no end to them. The "bush-hogs," in a jostling, screaming gray mass, swept past, luckily some fifty feet or more in front of me, and flung themselves down the steep bank for all the world like the swine of Gadara. I was vaguely conscious of more shots and felt the ground vibrate as if under a cavalry charge. Then, as the storm-center passed and only a distant clamor was heard, I saw a dead peccary lying almost at my feet.

Soon Degas came up with an expression that was nearly a smile on his solemn round face. "Kill three," said he, very much pleased with himself. Then in a burst of loquacious praise, he nodded at me and said, "You track 'em good."

I unblushingly accepted the compliment, as due my woodsman's skill. After all, why not seize any chance to improve my position in Degas's eyes? I was only a female—even worse, an ignorant, white female—and if I could get credit for anything, I shamelessly purposed to do so.

Degas now removed his tattered undershirt, which was exactly 50 per cent. of his attire, and gravely handed it to me. Then, with many grunts, he hoisted the limp and gory peccary to his bare brown back and secured it ingeniously with lashings of bark and a tump-line round his own forehead. Thus we returned to camp in the brief tropic dusk. Degas trudged



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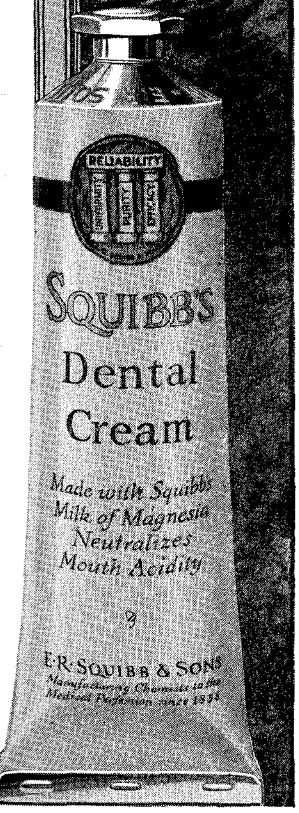
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Mr. Bruce doesn't know of the eternal vigilance that its makers exercise to keep "good old Edgeworth" unchanged in quality. But it is our conviction that a man buys the next tin of Edgeworth because he liked the one before it.

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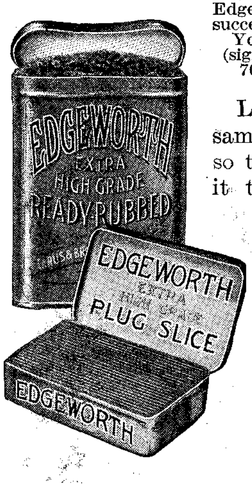
My pipe is in my mouth nearly every hour of the day, and I smoke continually, using a can in less than two days, but have never felt any bad effects from Edgeworth.

I have the best smoking combination there is—a can of Edgeworth and a B B B curve stem—and these two friends, having been with me for eight years, are going to be with me as long as I live.

Wishing you and Edgeworth the best of success, I remain,
Yours very truly,
(signed) F. K. Bruce,
705 East 39th St.



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sturdily along under a weight that must have equaled his own, and I meekly followed, carrying his rifle and undershirt, as befitted my lowly station, well satisfied, however, with what had been accomplished.

As soon as we arrived, one of the servants cut out the gland on the boar's back, because, if not quickly removed, it would have tainted all the flesh with its musky odor. The other servants returned with Degas to bring in the remaining peccaries before ants and jaguars should rob us of all those meals in the raw. I boastfully recounted my exploits and felt more pleased than ever when the director informed me gravely that I had been in actual danger when I so blithely crawled into the midst of the herd.

"When you met that jaguar a few weeks ago," he said, "I told you that there was practically no risk in such an encounter. But if those peccaries had scented you, gone panicky and charged in your direction—well, I should not have wanted to be in your shoes."

Of course, that sense of having been a bit daring and a good deal lucky was all that I needed to make the day perfect. I decided that my peccary adventure was the best one so far—except the adventure of the boa-constrictor. But that, as the great teller of jungle-tales has said, is another story.

INTELLIGENCE OF KITTY AND DOBBIN AGAIN

INTELLIGENCE tests are all the rage nowadays. To enter school or college, to work in a factory or a kitchen, to carry mail—take an intelligence test. Some day we may find that our pet cat or dog or horse, before it can get its license, must pass a test in intellect, and it is cheering to see from letters received by the Boston *Post* in its animal contest that the cats and dogs and even cows of this country are above the average in intelligence. The story of the cat which became guardian angel to a chicken shows some thought, either by the cat or the author:

In 1890 I was living in Berwick, Maine, on a small farm. I set a hen and in due time she brought forth one lone chick. Not caring to bother with one chick, my wife put the chick in a box and placed it in a warm place under the kitchen stove. The family cat mourning the loss of her family of kittens was found later under the stove holding the little chick as close as she could between her forepaws, and her body keeping it warm and contentedly purring to it. She was allowed to keep that chicken, and they were inseparable, always being together, and when I would sit down and call them the cat would sit on one knee and the chicken on the other and feed from my hand. The chicken grew to be a handsome brown leghorn pullet, and being allowed the freedom of the yard, as was the cat, when she began laying she would come and peck at the door or window until she gained admission and would go straight under the stove, lay her egg, then march out. In the course of time the cat became the mother of more kittens and my wife going out in the shed to the box where the nest of kittens were was surprized to find the mother cat away and the pullet on the nest with her wings spread, covering the kittens, remaining until the mother returned and doing this until the kittens grew to a size to care for themselves. Many came to see this wonderful sight. Call it what you like, I feel it was a display of wonderful intelligence.

Mrs. Alice Hackett's black Morgan horse showed at once both thought and compassion of the highest type when he saved a child's life:

Prince was a black Morgan horse.

One August evening four of us drove over to a neighboring country hotel for a reunion and dance.

It was well on toward the "wee sma' hours" before we started homeward. Prince, neighing a little impatiently at being kept so long in harness, started off briskly.

It was a moonless night and to add to the general blackness, we had omitted to take along our lanterns. Part of the way led through a long stretch of woods, the tall trees meeting over our heads.

But we had no fears, for Prince had keen senses and was trustworthy. We were trotting gaily along when suddenly Prince came to a standstill. We could distinguish nothing in the darkness. We listened; we called out. No answer. We coaxed and then we urged Prince to go on. He would not stir. At last my brother groped his way out, and passing his hand over Prince's back, felt him trembling and in a cold sweat. He struck a match, and there stood poor noble Prince, balancing himself on three legs, shivering from the strain, his right forefoot lifted and underneath lay a sleeping baby boy about three years old.

With more than human sense, the horse had scented the child, and realizing his hoof would crush him, stood balancing himself to avoid stepping on the unconscious baby. The child had wandered from a gypsy camp. After caring for him the remainder of the night, we returned him to his parents the following morning.

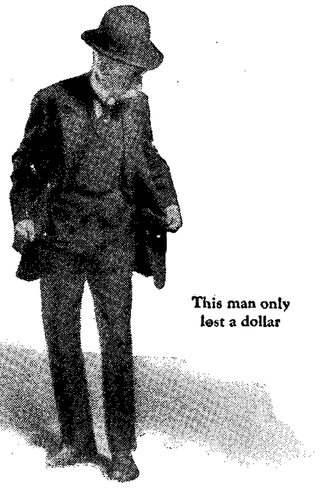
Here is a story of three cats who pitted their wits against a squirrel and, according to Fred G. George of Meriden, Connecticut, who tells the story, not only lost, but in common parlance, "got all that was coming to them":

As a general thing cats are not noted for their reasoning powers, but an incident which happened recently in our yard has proven that they do at times show considerable cunning.

We have three adult cats at our house, and in our front yard is a maple tree where squirrels make their home; on the side of our house about 100 yards from the maple tree is a hickory-nut tree, and between these two trees the cats and squirrels have been running races for some time, with the squirrels always winning by inches. The cats seemed to realize that it was a waste of effort to catch Mr. Squirrel, so seemed to grow indifferent as to his presence, but it would seem that they were plotting the downfall of their furry enemy.

One day as a squirrel left his home tree for his morning meal on nuts, the three cats sat together lazily blinking; suddenly, as if by pre-arrangement, "Tom" made a bee-line for the walnut tree; "Blackie" made a wide detour to get on the opposite side of the squirrel's route; the white cat remained stationary, but on the alert. Suddenly the two cats rushed for Mr. Squirrel, who quickly "about faced," so that the two cats came together in a

The President nearly lost $45,000



This man only lost a dollar

The hole in the pocket where he nearly put $45,000

President: "Nonsense! With those sprinkler, heating and power piping specifications the way your engineering department has developed them, any contractor can handle the work. My chief engineer was just telling me he never saw such splendidly detailed plans."

Architect: "That's flattering, but there's a long way to go before plans and specifications become a producing equipment."

President: "You guarantee that the finished jobs will meet your specifications, don't you?"

Architect: "Certainly, but——"

President: "That's all there is to it. There's a difference of $45,000 in the estimates on this $300,000 worth of work and I'm going to put it in my pocket. That will please my bankers,—gives us just so much more working capital, you see."

* * * * *

"What does your Architect say about it?" asked his banker the next morning when he heard of the contemplated saving on the piping work.

President: "Oh, he's against placing it with the low bidder. Very clever architect—but not a good buyer like us. Can't see the necessity of these economies on purchases. Wants the best and thinks the only way to get it is by paying a higher price."

Banker: "The best is always higher priced. It's just the same with materials and contracting service as it is with bonds. Good securities sell on a 5 or 5½% basis—poor ones to net you 8 or 10. Why? Because they are safer—better. You take my advice on securities. Your Architect is no different from your banker—take his advice when you invest in a new building."

President: "Why—why—I thought you'd be delighted to see us add $45,000 to working capital."

Banker: "I would—but not at the cost you're apt to pay. See here a minute," he went on, pulling a pad toward him, "you've got an investment in that whole property—land, buildings, machinery, stock, equipment, etc., of $5,000,000. You can't start earning money until these piping jobs are in. You've figured to do $10,000,000 a year at 10% net which makes each day's net profit over $3,300. If there's twenty days' delay in getting into production, where's your $45,000 saving gone?"

President: "But—but——"

Banker: "There's no 'but' about it. As a banker, I had to be assured that your promises of early production would be realized, so I called up your Architect this morning and asked for the bald facts. He told me that the delay might amount to more than 20 days in spite of all he and his field superintendent could do. Explained why, too, although I confess I didn't understand the technical references to purchased material, hangers, interpretive engineering and a lot more. Said he knew Grinnell Company would get the work in on time and that it would be right with no changes to be made. Spoke of their fulfilling the spirit as well as the letter of the contract. You should follow his recommendation on a contractor just as you'd take your doctor's advice on where to get an especially important prescription filled. In fact, I was so impressed by what he said that I've asked him to help me prepare a paper on it for the Bankers' Association."

President: "I see now—I was just about to put that $45,000 in a pocket with a big hole in it."

* * * * *

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In some such revealing moment he realizes the departure of youth—a moment that comes once in every man's life.

The tragedy of it is that for so many the day comes so soon. According to the United States Life Tables for 1920, the average American enjoys *full* health only until the age of 31. How many of those who make up the "average" are spendthrifts of health!

They go without sleep, and brag about their stamina. They neglect regular exercise. Worst of all, perhaps, they eat unwisely, stuffing their systems with the very things they know are worst for them, plugging their organs with drug stimulants.

Almost every man knows the dangers of regular mealtime doses of caffein. "Avoid caffein" was a lesson repeated again and again in the health classes at school. Yet millions disregard this recognized rule—and at the age of 31 hit the long trail downward toward physical disaster!

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Postum is *all wheat*—whole wheat and bran, sweetened a trifle and skillfully roasted. It has the full-bodied, delicious flavor of this roasted grain. Every member of the family can enjoy it together, every meal of the day, without fear of headache, sleeplessness, nervousness, or indigestion.

For the sake of health—and the happiness that springs from health—we want you to try Postum for thirty days. We will give you, free, the first week's supply for this thirty-day test, and have Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing Postum in the most delicious way. Accept Carrie Blanchard's offer now!

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

terrific head-on collision. As they sat gazing at each other in a dazed condition, the squirrel was laughing at them from his "home" tree, while "Tom" sat lazily blinking at the base of the walnut tree.

THE LAMB-LIKE SEA-LION

A BABY sea-lion, trying his best to save himself from the hard fate which had just overtaken his mother, dove under the foamy waters of the breaking waves and tried to reach the deep sea, but it was impossible, and the poor little animal was washed helplessly ashore near the dead body of a mother sea-lion. Floating in the waves were the dead bodies of five old sea-lions which had just been killed. But this particular baby was fortunate, for he came ashore at the feet of William L. and Irene Finley, and was gently gathered by them into a sack which they had intended to fill with clams. The story of how the sea-lions were killed, and why, and what happened to the "water-baby" that was rescued, is told by his rescuers, in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington):

> Offshore the water whitened at the base of three big basaltic rocks, guano-gray with the uncounted colonies of sea-fowl. Just above the wash of the waves lay the flippered forms of a herd of sea-lions, stretched in the sun like logs rolled up by the tide. Suddenly a gasoline boat rounded in from the sea. Two men with repeating rifles opened fire into the sleeping herd. The lumpish forms rolled and humped as they wallowed wildly down the ledge and flopped into the sea. A bull and two cows failed to reach the water. The helpless calves bunched and wiggled further up the rock. As the heads of the frightened mothers bobbed to the surface, the hunters continued their deadly fire until the water washed red across the barnacled reefs. Then they cleared for other waters before the arrival of the watchful Federal warden.
>
> Three Arch Rocks, where the slaughter took place, lie a mile off the Oregon coast, six miles south of Tillamook Bay. It is a Federal reservation for the protection of wild birds and animals, established by executive proclamation of President Theodore Roosevelt, October 14, 1907. It has been raided several times by those who are bent on the extermination of sea-lions. To the salmon-canner, the gill-netter, the seiner, the trap man and the fish-wheel owner, these mammals of the sea prey on their salmon. The Fish Commission of the State of Oregon hires a professional hunter to kill sea-lions because the schools of salmon are diminishing. Are these lions of the sea the cause of smaller salmon runs, or are the commercial interests harvesting at the expense of the future?
>
> Along the shoreline opposite the rocks, the bodies of five old lions were rolling in with the drive of the waves. A young sea-lion struggled in the breakers. The roly-poly baby could not get back into deeper water. He dove and dove, but came up exhausted. Soon he washed ashore at our feet near the body of a dead mother. Instead of going down the beach to get clams,

we filled the sack with the little sea-lion and lugged him back to camp.

There we got a bottle and a rubber nipple and tried to give the famished young sea-lion a drink of warm milk. He was worse than any calf I ever tried to feed. By sheer force, we got the nipple in his mouth, but he wouldn't hold it there a moment. He immediately began humping up and butting around with his head as if he was in the habit of taking his dinner on the jump. When he got a taste of milk, he was wilder than ever in his movements. The milk didn't go through the nipple to suit him at all; we simply had to up-end the bottle and give him a big gulp at a time. What we really needed was a squirt-gun or a force-pump to give him a satisfying stream.

Our sea-lion baby, nevertheless, thrived on the milk we gave him for a few days until the weather moderated so we could launch a boat in the surf. Then we took him out to his home rocks a mile offshore and placed him on a lower ledge of rock with another young sea-lion of his own size and age.

Here, on the ledges of the sea cliffs, there was no sign of civilization. The great hulks of the sea-lions lying asleep in the sun or sporting in the water, the roll-shaped puffins with beaks like prows of battleships, the gaunt, black cormorants with snaky necks and green eyes, that sat at rigid attention beside their nests, the murres that hobbled and sprawled along to the edge of the cliff and dropt off, landing with a splash and literally flying under the surface, using the wings like the flippers of a sea-lion—all these things were foreign to our daily lives. As I crawled along the ledges, crept into the wave-washed caverns, listened to the suck and swash of the water that drove up from below through the deep-barnacled crevices with the flux of the sea, I could feel the cave-dwelling instinct that lived again within me. We had brought a cask of water and provisions. If we were storm-bound on the rocks, as was not unlikely at this season of the year, we could live on the big pear-shaped eggs of the murre that lay thick in the crowded tenements under the roof of the rock.

In the several days we spent about Three Arch Rocks, we had a chance to see a little of the home life of these big lions of the sea. The largest colony is on one of the low-lying inner rocks where the basalt slopes up to a height of thirty feet. The highest part of this rock was held by a large old bull that looked as if he weighed nearly a ton. He was a battle-scarred monarch. During the spring season the bulls fight viciously for supremacy. Around on the lower ledges were several other bulls. One in particular had been worsted, for there was a bloody gash in his left shoulder, or it might have been the glancing rip of a bullet.

The sea-lion is an awkward-looking mammal with triangular front flippers in place of legs and feet, and at the rear two short hind fin-feet extending at right-angles from the body. On land these flippers are about as useful in making headway as a man's feet would be if tied together. The best he can do with his front flippers is to balance himself and hold on to the rock. In moving along a ledge, an old lion has a sort of a hobby-horse gait. He rocks forward with his body, hitches up his tail-end and bows his back like a measuring-worm. In going up a rock, he makes very slow time, but if he is scared he can hump down toward the water with considerable rapidity. Apparently he could gain more headway if he just folded his flippers and rolled.

While a sea-lion is awkward on land, he

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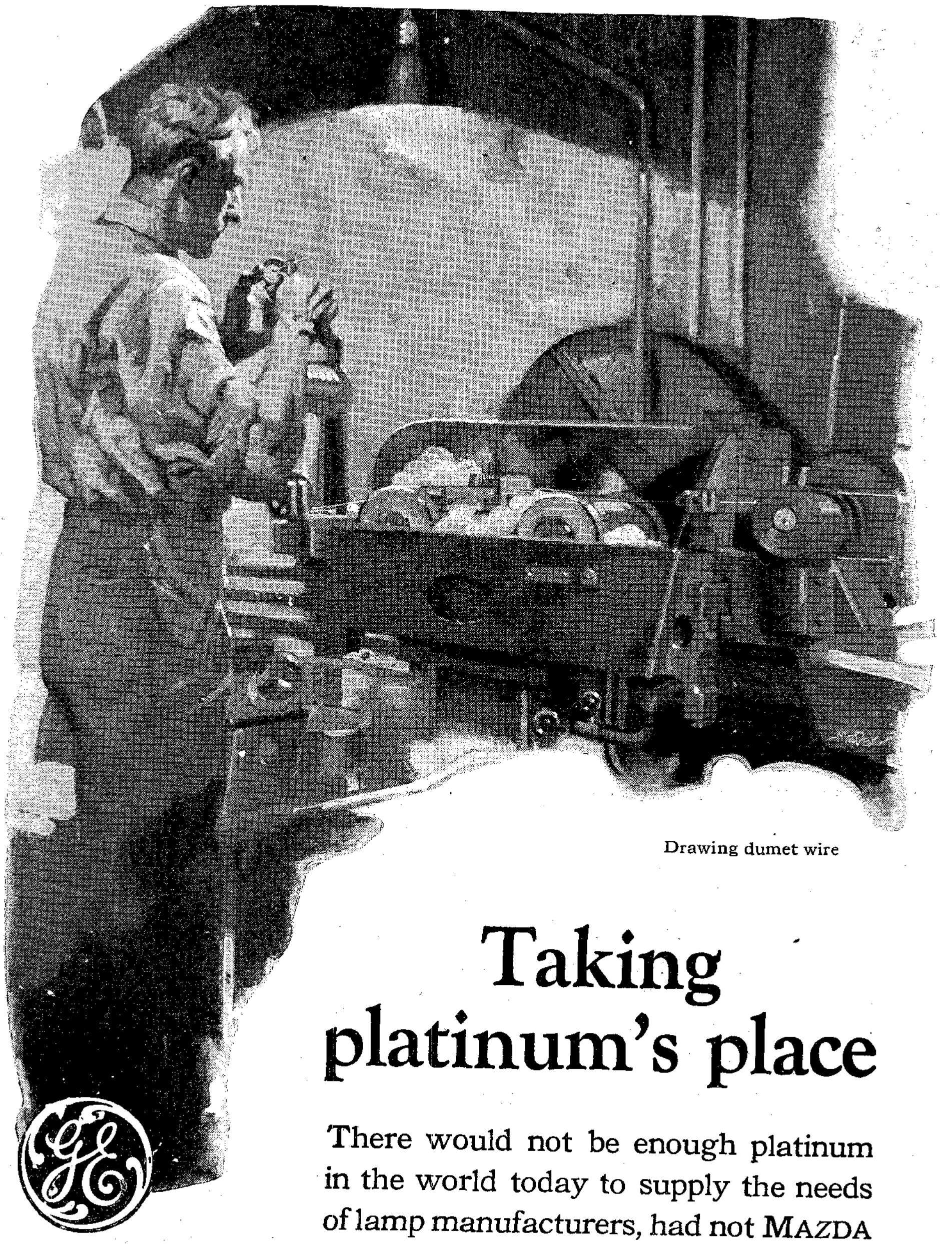
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

is expert in the water. Once when I was on a rock above and could see clearly into the water below, I watched two lions playing. They propelled themselves along by the tail flippers, rolling under and over each other, weaving smoothly in and out in a very graceful way, using the side flippers only on the turn. A large part of the summer day is spent in a sun-bath, lying on the rocks above the beat of the waves. When asleep, these aquatic animals crowd close together, making a lifeless looking heap until one rolls his head aloft to bellow about being crowded too much and turns to lie in a different position.

A fancied resemblance between the folds of skin on his shoulders and the heavy mane of an African lion seems to have given this mammal his name. Like the lion of the woods, this big mammal of the sea is carnivorous or flesh-eating, living to a large extent on squids and other salt-water creatures. As a rule, sea-lions stay out in the ocean and along shore, but sometimes one enters a harbor, like the harbor seal. While seals have a habit of eating salmon, occasionally stealing them from the gillnets of the fishermen, a careful survey by experts shows that sea-lions do comparatively little damage in this way.

A GORILLA PARADISE

THE gorilla is fortunate beyond his wildest dreams, that is, if ever he has dreams, for a real gorilla paradise is being founded to enable the much maligned beast to escape certain extinction. Here the animal, which may or may not be our "first cousin," can pass his days in peace, and the sanctuary will be left as undisturbed in fauna and flora as the Garden of Eden itself. The Government of Belgium has long regarded the almost certain depletion of the gorilla groups with dismay, and when Mr. Carl Akeley, the American scientist, urged the establishment of the sanctuary, the idea was seized upon at once.

A large region has been set aside in the Belgian Kongo, in Africa, and it is probable that by this time the news has reached the gorilla tribes, and that they are making ready for miles around to move into and take possession of this safe and certain wild life retreat.

Mr. James Gustave Whiteley, writing to the London *Times*, speaks of the splendid possibilities of this plan:

> The Belgian Colonial authorities are now laying off a large tract of territory in the Kivu district ("the gorilla country"), and this is to be a "sanctuary" for gorillas and for all other wild animals. Within these bounds not only the fauna but also the flora will be left undisturbed. Provision has been made for a sufficient number of wardens to prevent the intrusion of hunters and to prevent the destruction of plants or trees. The "sanctuary" will be a sort of Garden of Eden where the animals may live in peace, amid their natural surroundings, without fear of man. This reserve lies in the northeastern part of the

Belgian Kongo between Lake Kivu and Uganda. It embraces the three volcanos of Mount Mikeno, Mount Karissimbi (altitude 13,500 ft.), and Mount Vissoke, comprising an area of about 250 square miles of high and healthy territory, with a variety of temperature varying from the mild climate of the plains to the colder atmosphere of the mountain heights. Here "our cousin, the gorilla," may live in peace, and the scientists (disarmed) may come and study the living animal "on his native heath."

It should be mentioned that the idea of this great animal sanctuary was first suggested by Mr. Carl Akeley, the American big-game hunter, scientist, and African explorer. On his return to America from his recent visit to the Belgian Kongo, Mr. Akeley reported to the Belgian Government, through the proper channels, the depleted condition of the gorilla groups in the Kivu district, and urged the foundation of a gorilla sanctuary. The suggestion was immediately taken up and approved by King Albert and the Belgian colonial officials. The site of the reservation was selected by Mr. Akeley, and the plan is being carried out in accordance with his ideas.

The Royal Decree, which will be issued as soon as the exact boundaries have been surveyed, provides severe penalties for violation of the sanctuary, and the reserve will be officially designated as the "Albert National Park" (Parc National Albert) in honor of His Majesty King Albert, who has taken an active and personal interest in the project.

Mr. Akeley went to Africa and paid the orillas a rather extended visit, taking with him on the expedition two women and a child. According to Du Chaillu, and ther writers, the gorilla in his native aunt is a fierce and savage animal, and ne of his most frightful habits is to utter a roar and beat on his breast with his hairy fists, in rage. Mr. Akeley contends hat the gorilla is no worse, or even as erce, as most wild animals. He feels that even a gorilla should be allowed to beat his breast and utter a kind of roar when he sees men with guns coming to kill him. Perhaps the fact that he has sense enough to do that shows that he is some relation of man.

Mr. Akeley feels that the sanctuary established by the generosity of the Belgian Government, will be of greatest benefit not only to the gorilla himself, but to scientists who may come and study this interesting animal on his native heath. The senseless slaughter of animals for the sake of collectors of heads and skins will be over, at least in this part of Africa. Mr. Akeley asserts in an article in *The World's Work* (New York) that it is important not to misjudge the gorilla:

> It is of more importance to judge the gorilla correctly than any other animal, for he is unquestionably the nearest akin to man. Most scientists agree that man and the gorilla had common or at any rate similar ancestors. Since that time man passed through the dawn of intelligence and developed the power to reason and to speak. But how he developed these powers, no one knows. The gorilla has not these powers, but he has so many other

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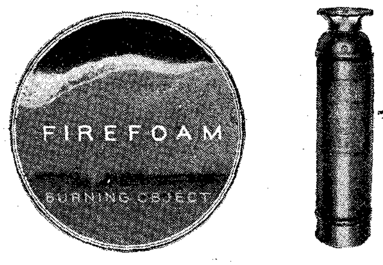

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

likenesses to man that there is no telling how near he is to the dawn of intelligence.

In the whole doctrine of evolution there is no one subject more interesting or likely to be more fruitful to study than the gorilla. He presents most important opportunities to the students of comparative anatomy, to the psychologists, to the many kinds of specialists in medicine, not to mention the students of natural history.

It is very commonly stated, in the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, for example, that the gorilla "lives mostly in trees." Unquestionably this is true of the chimpanzee, but I do not think it true of the gorilla. I believe that he has nearly passed out of the arboreal phase of life and entered the upright phase, and that in this he is the only animal except man that has achieved this distinction. To stand erect and balanced, an animal needs heels. The plaster cast of the gorilla's foot is ocular evidence of what science has long known—that the gorilla has developed a heel. Moreover, just recently the scientists who studied the body of John Daniel, the young captive gorilla that died last year in New York, discovered that, unlike any other animal, the gorilla has the same full complement of foot muscles which enable man to walk upright. The gorillas I saw in Africa usually touched both their feet and hands to the ground in running, but most of the weight was on their feet. Their legs are short, their arms long, and they carry the body at an angle of 45 degrees forward. They do not, however, put their hands down flat and put their full weight on them. They seem to be evolving toward a two-legged animal. And if they spent most of their time in trees they would not have developed heels and leg muscles for walking upright on the ground.

Not only has the gorilla developed a heel, but his big toe is much nearer like man's than that of any other animal. This may seem like a small matter, but a big toe that turns out from the foot like a thumb does from the hand can grasp branches and is useful in climbing. A big toe that is parallel with the other toes is useful for walking, but not for climbing.

But the gorilla has not lost all his aboreal characteristics, by any means. The length, size, and strength of his arms are evidence of the tree-climbing habits of his ancestors. I know that a gorilla can now climb with more ease than the average man.

I am certain that these Central African gorillas have practically abandoned arboreal habits. Whether the gorillas of the lower country of the west coast have done so likewise, I do not know from personal observation. Du Chaillu reported that they did not climb for food, nor did they make their nests in trees in that region.

The chimpanzee is not strong enough to fight a leopard. Consequently he has to sleep out of reach of this foe. The gorilla, on the other hand, has no foe but man. No flesh-eating animal in his territory is large enough to harm him. The gorilla is a vegetarian, so he kills no animals for food, and he has not progressed sufficiently along the paths of man to enjoy killing as a sport. He lives in amity with the elephants, buffalo, and all the wild creatures of his neighborhood, and in the Mikeno region the natives drive their cattle into the gorilla's mountains in the dry season of the year without molestation.

Altogether, then, as the gorilla has no enemies, he has no need to fashion himself a bed out of harm's way. All the gorilla beds I saw were on the ground. They consisted of a pile of leaves, about what the long arms of a gorilla could pull together without moving. I saw no signs of their occupying these hastily constructed sleeping-places more than once.

The gorilla makes no abode, has no clothes, uses no tools, unless grasping a stick may indicate the beginnings of such an idea. It is still before the dawn of intelligence with him. Yet scientists tell me that he has the palate and muscles that enable man to talk. In spite of Mr. Garner, the gorilla can not talk, but no one knows how near to it he is, perhaps a very long way. Of course, a parrot can be taught to talk, but a parrot has no brains to speak of, so that his talking is of no significance. But recent studies of the brain of John Daniel seem to place his brain about on a par with that of a two-year-old child. Now a two-year-old child can both talk and think. If the gorilla with his child's brain could learn to use his voice even like a parrot, we should have come very near to having a contemporaneous "missing link." This, of course, is a very unlikely thing to happen and it is not necessary, for science can make deductions from the gorilla's brain, muscle, habits, etc., which will enable us to understand more of the gorilla's significance or evolution without such a spectacular event as his acquiring speech. I mention such a thing merely as an unscientific way of trying to dramatize the importance of the study of the gorilla.

Of course it does not follow that because the gorilla's palate and muscles are like man's that he will be able to talk or pass out of the barking or roaring phase. The gorilla has what might be called "roaring pouches" that extend down the side of his neck. It is an interesting fact that there is evidence of these same pouches on man, altho they are nearly atrophied from long disuse. It seems, therefore, that even if the gorilla does not learn man's speech, man at one time used the gorilla's roar or one of his own.

As I traveled down from Mikeno toward the White Friar's Mission the fascinating possibilities of the study of the gorilla and its immense scientific importance filled my mind along with the fear that his extinction would come before adequate study was made. These considerations materially led my mind to the idea of a gorilla sanctuary; and I realized that a better place for such a thing than the one I had just left could hardly be hoped for. The three mountains, Mikeno, Karasimbi, and Visoke stand up in a triangle by themselves. Their peaks are about four miles apart. On the slopes of these mountains, in the bamboos and in the dense forest, there are several bands of gorillas. I judge that there are between fifty and one hundred animals altogether. In all probability the animals in this region stay on these three mountains. Such is the belief of the natives and it is a reasonable belief, because if they left these three peaks they would have to travel very considerable distances before reaching suitable country again. It seems, therefore, that it would not be necessary to fence the sanctuary, for I believe the gorillas would stay inside its limits. The road would be chiefly for police purposes to make it easier to be sure that hunters stayed outside. The policing of the road could be done by the natives. As the pay of such a policeman

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

is about 5 cents a day, the maintenance of the force is not a great matter.

Besides the road and the police the sanctuary would need a few trails and a station to consist of a residence for a white director of the sanctuary, living-quarters for the scientists, and enough servants to keep the station going, and a simple field laboratory.

A PRINCELY HUNTER—Prince William of Sweden says in his sumptuous book, recently published, called "Wild African Animals I Have Known" (John Lane, London) that "there is a certain malady to which the name of horizon fever has been given. Those who suffer with it are tormented by an insatiable desire to know what lies beyond that mountain range, that forest, desert or sea, which limits their vision." That desire must have taken Prince William to Africa, and his wonderful book on the African wild life, illustrated by a collection of rare pictures of the savage beasts themselves, is the splendid result of this adventure, which required enormous skill, patience and bravery.

Imagine waiting all night and day at water-holes, to photograph lions, tigers, monkeys, only to have "the stupid, ugly, and wary wart-hog" come along and frighten the birds, and they in turn give warning, to the other beasts. The shy, timid antelope is hard to photograph, and Prince William says that it took more than three weeks to get a picture of the Uganda Kob. These marvelous pictures of the strange and sometimes little known animals in their native habitat are a real contribution to nature lovers and scientists, besides making a book of most exciting interest, with the account of the expedition and adventures which Prince William has so ably written.

Good Example.—Parkins never was tired of prophesying calamities, and his friends were getting a bit fed up. Parkins had already predicted famine, and one day he remarked dolefully to a friend: "What would you say, my boy, if I were to tell you that in a short space of time the rivers of our country would all dry up?" "H'm. I should say," replied the friend, "Go thou and do likewise."—*St. Paul's Pioneer Press.*

Correct.—An official of the Civil Service Commission says that even the grave members of one examining board were amused by a certain answer in a set of examination papers. The question was: "Give for any one year the number of bales of cotton exported from the United States." The answer this applicant wrote was: "1492, None."—*Harper's Magazine.*

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

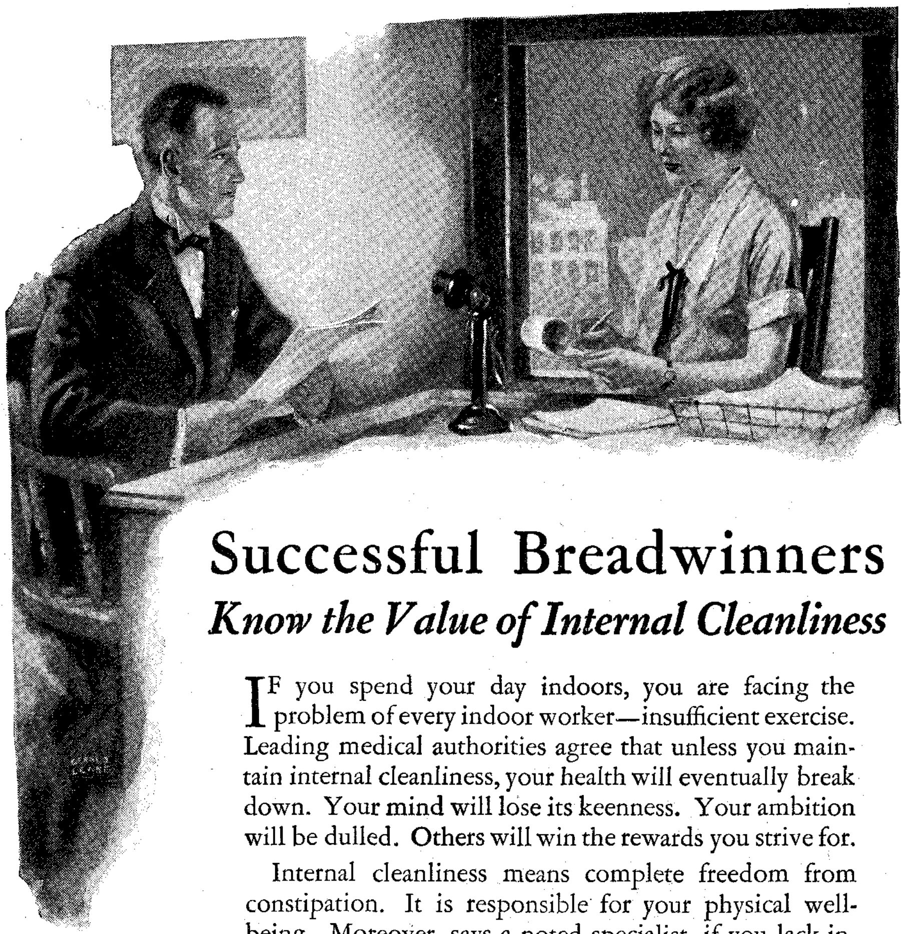
THE FIGHT FOR CLEAN AIR

EFFORTS of municipal governments, here and abroad, to get rid of the smoke nuisance, are detailed in a recent report on "Smoke Abatement, a Study of the Police Power as embodied in Laws. Ordinances and Court Decisions," by Lucius H. Cannon, librarian of the Municipal Reference Library of St. Louis (a branch of the Public Library), printed as a double issue of the Library's *Monthly Bulletin* (St. Louis). Mr. Cannon reminds us that smoke was not always considered a nuisance. It was not so under the common law, before a decision by Chancellor Coke, about 1616. In England, smoke abatement is a health measure, while in this country it has generally been delegated to some department of government designated in a special law or ordinance; or even created thereby. He writes:

> It has been placed under the supervision of many departments. In New York, Chicago, Baltimore, and some other cities, it is under the supervision of the health department. In Philadelphia it is under the boiler inspection department. In Denver the building inspector performs the duties required by the ordinance. In Cincinnati it is an independent department. In Columbus, Ohio, it is a division of the department of public safety. In Toronto, Canada, the department of public property has charge of smoke regulation.
>
> During the World War, there was a general let-up in the enforcement of smoke-abatement ordinances. The available coal was of a poor grade and the constant order and demand from Federal sources was for increased production. Even after the war the effort toward readjustment, and the unsettled conditions of mining labor and of the coal market up to within a year or so, made the rigorous enforcement of smoke ordinances generally impracticable and inadvisable.

In discussing the situation in different cities, Mr. Cannon gives the latest population as estimated by the Census Bureau, and also the areas. This he does in order to show in some instances the compactness with which the city is settled and thereby the increased offensiveness of smoke; or the vaster area, in other cases, over which the population may be spread, giving it an opportunity to devise restrictions and industrial zones, and making possible the escape of residential districts from injury or annoyance. He goes on:

> Some of the smoke dangers to which cities are subjected may be indicated by the number of industries in each city. For the industries are the commoner sources of smoke. In addition to the number of industries the capital invested in these industries shows the general size and extent of the plants. For these reasons statistics of industries and of invested capital are given. The suggestiveness of these statistics may be shown by taking a few cities, Baltimore, Maryland; Milwaukee and Racine, Wisconsin; and Flint, Michigan.
>
> Baltimore, the largest of these, is spread



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Internal cleanliness means complete freedom from constipation. It is responsible for your physical well-being. Moreover, says a noted specialist, if you lack internal cleanliness you are working under a severe handicap. Internal cleanliness is the secret of a clear eye and an active brain. With it work becomes a pleasure; without it, a drudgery.

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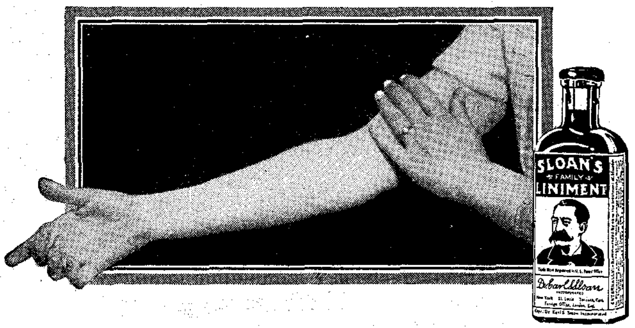

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over territory three times the area of Milwaukee. Baltimore's manufactures number 2,797, while those of Milwaukee are 2,003. But while the population of Baltimore is nearly 300,000 more, the capital invested in industries is only $12,000,000 more than that of Milwaukee. The statistics show that Milwaukee has the greater industrial resources, and these, together with its restricted area indicate that it has the greater smoke problem.

Notwithstanding the story that these figures tell of the two cities, another will be found under the headings of the specific cities in the following text. While Milwaukee effectively exercises its police power in respect to smoke abatement, the Baltimore ordinance seems not to be enforced.

Racine, Wisconsin, has an area of 2,998 acres, a population (1923) of 64,393, with 230 industries, capitalized at $108,280,953. Flint, Michigan, has an area of 18,140 acres, a population (1923) of 117,968; 107 industries, capitalized at $124,142,317. Flint has an area five times greater than that of Racine, and one-eighth greater than that of Milwaukee, with its nearly 500,000 people. The population of Flint is 53,000 more and it has 123 fewer industries than Racine, but the extent of the industrial plants is indicated by a capitalization of $16,000,000 more. On account of the greater congestion in Racine its smoke trouble must be a general annoyance.

The principal court decisions in connection with smoke are quoted *verbatim*. Some of the most interesting are: one by the Missouri Supreme Court (1864) affirming a lower court's decision awarding damages to a citizen annoyed by smoke; one by the Minnesota Supreme Court holding that "the emission of dense smoke . . . is not necessarily a public nuisance"; a Chicago decision (1884) in which the judge declares that "it will not do to allow the common council to place an embargo on all the interests that have to use this [soft] coal"; and one in which a Cleveland judge (1896) asserts that "smoke in many instances is just as harmless and clean as steam." In a majority, smoke-regulation ordinances of cities are held to be valid and enforceable.

The most smokeless of countries would appear to be Germany, altho there are no Federal laws there on the subject. Mr. Cannon abstracts the following from the British Ministry of Health Committee's final report on Smoke and Noxious Vapors (1921):

> The actual conditions of smoke emission [in Germany] are surprizingly good. The Phoenix Steel Works at Duesseldorf which employs 4,000 men have many Siemens-Martin and reheating furnaces and have only one bad chimney, which is from an old hand-fired boiler. They are obliged to use worse coal than they did before the war, but their furnaces are all fired with producer-gas, and almost smokeless. The works of Felton and Guillaume at Cologne employ (1921) 6,000 men on the production of wire. Their sixteen boilers, producing 12,000 kilowatts of electricity and burning 50 per cent. of lignite and 50 per cent. of briquettes, were practically smokeless, even tho the lignite has a calorific value of only about one-third of that coal for which

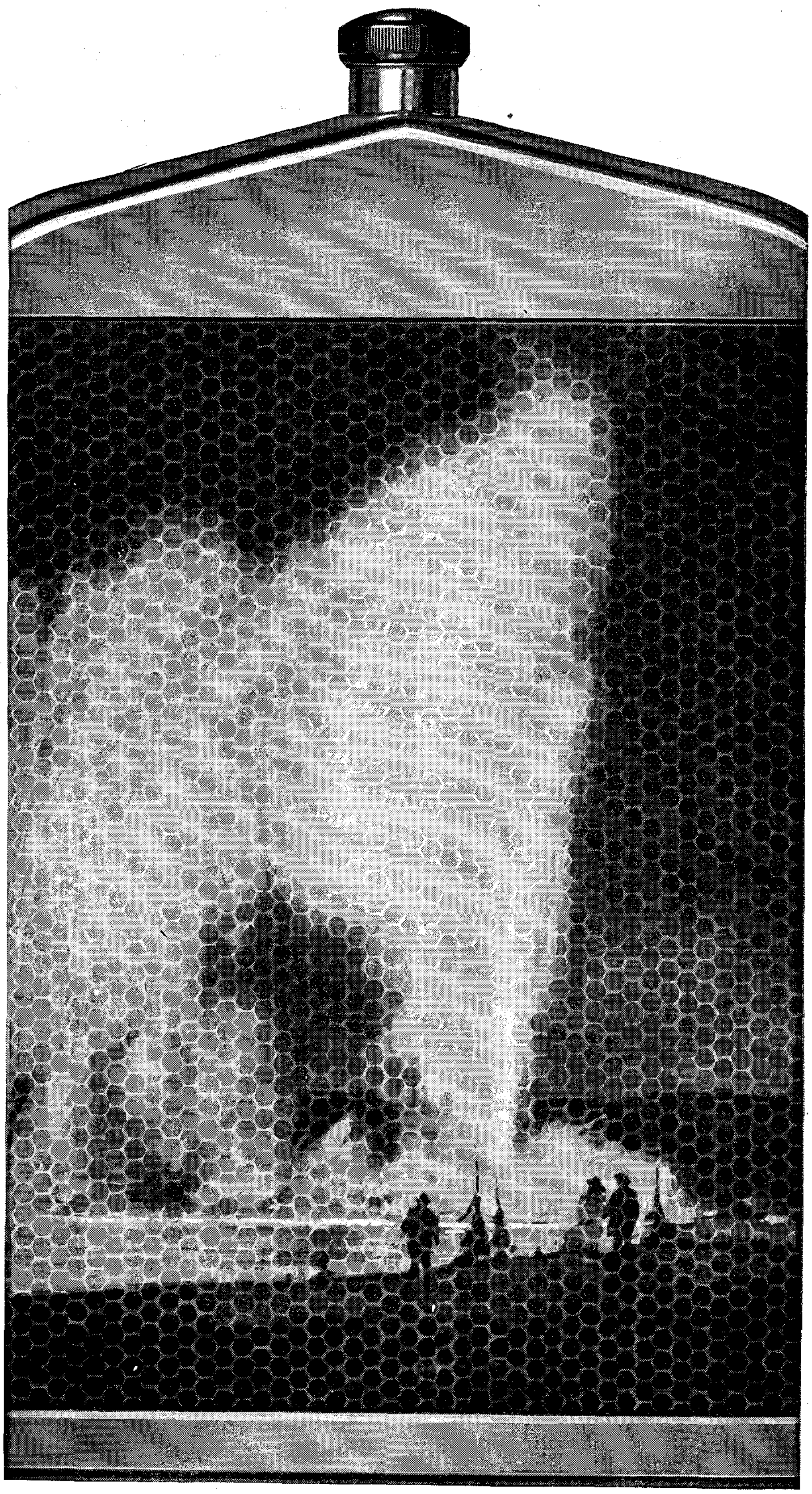
the boilers were designed. The furnaces are all gas fired, and the whole of the chimneys were at the time almost smokeless. The residents said that this was their normal condition. The general impression of chimneys throughout Westphalia and the Rhineland was very favorable, taking into consideration the number of metallurgic furnaces. The coal used contains relatively a small percentage of volatile matter, but the results are said to be better than under similar circumstances in England. Owing to the shortage and high price of coal, great attention is paid to its most economical use. At Krupp's works at Essen, the engineer said that he was in charge of 400 boilers, that he paid absolutely no attention to the question of smoke, but very great attention to the efficiency. All the boilers were fitted with mechanical stokers, and were practically smokeless. "From the high tower in the center of Krupp's works," says the report, "may be seen a mass of chimneys, some of which emit a considerable amount of smoke, and there is a general haze over the town comparable to, say, Warrington or Stockport. Even in Essen, however, which is perhaps the smokiest large town in Germany, the immediate suburbs bear no comparison with the smoke and soot of Manchester or Sheffield, and at a distance of a mile or so from the center of Essen there is little evidence of smoke pollution either upon buildings or vegetation."

The State authorities in Germany have devoted great attention to the restriction of smoke in all government works in order to set an example to industries and to the public generally.

DIAGNOSIS BY THE EYE

THAT the patient's eye betrays to an expert observer the morbid conditions of its owner, has been maintained by a certain school of physicians, especially in Europe, for nearly half a century. This peculiar method of "iriscopy," as it is called, is described in *Savoir* (Paris) by J. Laumonier, rather as a curiosity than as a legitimate scientific device. The writer admits that the iris has extensive nerve connections and may serve as a delicate sensation-meter, but he thinks that no detailed diagnosis by its aid is possible. Nevertheless, the "iriscopists" apparently hold their own on the continent of Europe. Writes Mr. Laumonier:

> One day, as a Hungarian named Ignace Peczely was seeking for owls' eggs in a nest, his hand was grasped in the bird's talons, and he had to break its leg to release its hold. He noticed that at this moment, and on the same side, a dark spot appeared in the iris of the bird's eye. This made a deep impression on him. Later he became a physician and endeavored to verify the observation in his own practise. He believed that he had proved, finally, that every lesion has its "signature" in some point of the iris, and that consequently this reflects and enables us to localize alterations of the organs. His observations were summarized in his book, "Guide to the Study of Diagnosis by Means of the Eyes," which appeared in 1881. At present, publications on "iridodiagnosis are numerous.
>
> It is not surprizing that the iris is able to show certain modifications of distant organs, because it is in relation with the



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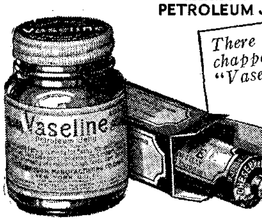

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

central nervous system and the sympathetic system. Physiologists hold this so strongly that Schiff, one of the most celebrated, considered the iris as a very sensitive esthesiometer.

Peczely and his successors consider the natural color of the iris to be blue—the azure tint seen often in new-born infants; consequently the blue iris is characteristic of perfectly healthy persons and of pure races. We detect here the tendency of certain German iridoscopists to sing, after their fashion, *Deutschland Uber Alles.* As a matter of fact the color of the iris clears up under the influence of various diseases, especially cervical paralysis, tuberculosis, aortic insufficiency, etc. Further, while the animal at liberty has very dark-colored eyes, when domesticated and more or less degenerated, its eyes are clearer. The color of the iris seems to be a Mendelian character in which the brown is dominant in relation to blue, as is indicated by statistics gathered in Germany, Great Britain, France, and Italy. Besides the blue iris, iriscopists recognize only the brown or chestnut iris; all the others—gray-blue, yellow-brown, etc., arising from the combination in variable proportions of brown and blue. This brown coloration results from pigment that accumulates in the tissue-cells of the iris; the more abundant it is, the darker the eye becomes, but its distribution is often quite irregular, so that many irises are unequal in coloration. In the view of our authors, the pigment is the consequence of injuries and diseases, and this is why the new-born infant, uninjured and free from diseases has blue eyes. But this interpretation is also erroneous, for the pigment of the iris is especially a matter of race. The Iberians, the Eastern Semites, the yellow races and the negroes have very dark eyes because their organism is rich in pigment, which must not be considered of pathologic origin, because it represents, on the contrary, a process of defense—a form of adaptation to climate. Who could think of regarding albinos as normal individuals, knowing how slight is their resistance to infection? And does not the Germano-Scandinavian type, with blue or light eyes, with tissues and skin feebly pigmented, constitute, by reason of the moist and foggy climate of its origin, as Pasche and Penka have remarked, an intermediary between the brown type and the pure albino? Consequently, it is very difficult to accept the significance that the iriscopists attach to the fundamental colors of the iris.

This conclusion, however, has no essential bearing on the detailed indications that the iriscopists claim to obtain from examination of the eye. Each iris, they say, corresponds to its own side of the body; the liver therefore belongs to the right iris, the heart to the left. The two irises may not be of the same color; in this case the lighter one corresponds to the healthier and more resistant half of the body. Mr. Laumonier warns us, however, that this opinion is hardly tenable. He goes on:

> Since each organ has its "signature" in a determinate part of the iris, it has to be divided into sectors, corresponding to the different organs.
>
> Now, how do lesions and alterations express themselves? They do so by various

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signs, some superficial, such as open or closed white lines, shades, colored spots, which indicate intoxications, inflammations and congestions, black patches, which belong to indelible lesions and losses of substance; others profound, radial or curved lines, which show muscular, vascular or nervous troubles, arteriosclerosis, spasmodic affections, paralysis, etc. Small points betray tuberculosis; small swellings, syphilis, and traces like the mycelium of mushrooms, cancer. Finally, according to the form and color of these signs, their component lines and their exact place in one of the sectors of the iris, are distinguished not only the affected organs but the nature or condition of the disease. You see that by the iriscopic method diagnosis is much simplified.

Unfortunately the results are not always in accord with the theory, and it seems that in most cases the iriscopists use affirmation rather than proof. Doubtless they have brought out some curious facts, but others in 348 cases of disease found only three agreements between the irian signs and the clinical diagnosis. Without denying the relations said to exist between the iris and the organism, we must recognize that the boasted precision of iridodiagnosis, and its consequent utility, have been singularly exaggerated.

This is a great pity. The method is so prompt and so convenient!

INTERFERENCE IN RADIO

INTERFERENCE in radio reception is grouped broadly into five classes by Prof. Louis A. Hazeltine, of Stevens Institute of Technology, the inventor of the neutrodyne, who writes on the subject in *The Radio World* (New York). First, he says, there is natural interference—that is, strays or "static"; second, artificial electrical disturbances, particularly from electric light and power circuits; third, interference from radio-telegraph stations, especially spark stations or abruptly modulated continuous-wave stations; fourth, other radio-telephone broadcasting stations; and fifth, radiating receivers. We read:

> To understand the nature of radio interference we must have in mind the characteristics both of the telephone broadcasting waves whose reception is desired and of the interfering waves. While we are accustomed to speak of radio waves as having each a single frequency or wave-length, this is the fact only with a continuous wave when it is not being modulated or interrupted. The modulation of a continuous wave by a pure musical note introduces two new frequencies—the "side frequencies," one above, the other below, the original "carrier frequency," by the amount of the frequency of modulation. A telephone broadcasting wave modulated in the usual way by music or speech has a whole series or "band" of frequencies extending about four kilocycles above and below the carrier frequency. For reception without appreciable distortion of the music or speech, it is necessary that the receiver respond to such a band of frequencies with reasonable uniformity. This imposes the limit to the useful selectivity of a receiver.
>
> All forms of interference ordinarily experienced also have their bands of frequencies. Static has a practically unlimited band—that is, it has components

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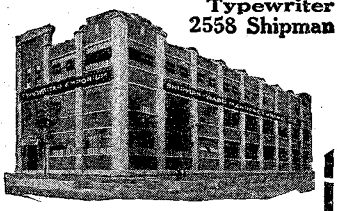

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

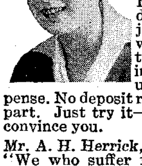
Continued

at all frequencies within the radio range. Spark stations have very wide frequency bands, the intensity of their radiation at normal frequency being not so very great in comparison with the radiation at widely differing frequencies. The interference from power lines is usually similar in having a very wide frequency band. Properly modulated continuous-wave telegraph systems have narrow frequency bands, commensurable with those of radiotelephony; while unmodulated continuous-wave systems have narrower bands still, and are therefore the least likely to cause objectionable interference.

In the design of radio receivers with the view of reducing the effects of interference, we have recourse in general only to the increase in the selectivity of the receiver and to the use of directional methods of reception. Directional methods, commonly through the use of a coil aerial, are not always convenient and frequently are not applicable, for the interference may be coming from nearly the same direction as the desired signal or from several directions at once. Selectivity is attained by the use of sharply tuned circuits—that is, circuits of relatively low resistance—and by the use of a number of successively tuned circuits. The limitation to high selectivity is the necessity of properly covering the frequency band of the signal being received, so as to avoid distortion and thus to retain satisfactory quality. This definitely limits the sharpness of tuning. It does not limit the number of circuits which may be successively tuned; and an increase in the number of such circuits will always give a corresponding increase in the selectivity against interference having narrow frequency bands. But interference having wide frequency bands simply can not be eliminated at the receiving end. No matter how narrow the band to which the receiver responds, it will always be included somewhere in the interfering band. Thus the complete elimination of static and interference from spark stations and from power lines is scientifically impossible by any measures applicable to receivers.

The real means for eliminating interference from sources having wide frequency bands, says Professor Hazeltine, is the removal of these sources. This means the elimination of the spark method of telegraphing and the application of methods for maintaining the purity of the waves from other transmitting stations. Spark stations are now rapidly being replaced by continuous-wave stations; and the broadcasting section of the radio industry can view this change with much satisfaction. He continues:

> Interference from power lines must also be traced out and eliminated. Sometimes this comes from leaky insulation and the like, but more often it comes from apparatus having sparking contacts, and employing high-voltage discharges. The running down of such interference is frequently a baffling matter. It is hoped that the manufacturers of such electrical apparatus as is most likely to cause interference will develop methods, or use methods already known, for reducing such trouble.



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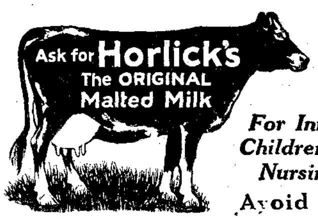

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Interference from static obviously can not be eliminated at the source. The only possibility for the future consists in increasing the power of the broadcasting stations until this overwhelms the static. Progress in this direction is also taking place.

Interference from radiating receivers consists in the radiation of a continuous-wave by an oscillating receiver. It is of relatively low power and so causes trouble only in the immediate neighborhood. However, in thickly populated regions this interference has often been most objectionable. Two methods of attack are possible, and both will probably have to be followed. The most obvious is the complete elimination of radiating receivers. It is to be hoped that all manufacturers, as far as practicable, will continue the developing of means for preventing radiation from the receivers which they supply to the public. However, we would still have the home-made oscillating receiver to contend with. We therefore must educate the user of such a receiver either to arrange it so that it can never radiate or else to so operate it as practically to avoid oscillation. This matter of educating the public is being carried on actively in many ways; but cooperation from the newspapers, the radio dealers, and all who come in contact with the radio user is needed.

WATER-JET OPERATES SENSITIVE REGULATOR

A MECHANICAL device so sensitive to pressure that the breath of a child directed into a funnel can release enough power to lift many tons of weight, and so sensitive to temperature that the heat coming from a man's hand held near a metal strip will effect the same result, has been perfected in Sweden after three years of experimentation and through tests in actual use. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> This remarkable multiplication of power is only an incidental feature of the apparatus, which takes the place of a man in an industrial establishment opening and shutting all sorts of regulating valves automatically and with an accuracy that no human being could ever achieve. The new apparatus can, for example, keep the temperature of a room within a quarter of a degree of the value desired, and can keep steam pressure from changing more than two ounces per square inch. It can also regulate electric current, speed, dampness or dryness, density of liquids, viscosity, and vacuum.
>
> This new regulator, which was invented by the Swedish engineer, Ragnar Carlstedt, is based on one of the simplest of all mechanical principles, namely the harnessing of a flowing current of water. In other words, if it is desired to open or shut the valve of a steam radiator in a room, this work is done by turning on water pressure from one of the water pipes of the house, instead of turning the valve by hand.
>
> But how does the regulator know when and how to turn this valve? The operation of the apparatus may be explained as follows: A thin strip of ebonite, which contracts or expands under the slightest change of temperature, is so mounted that any change in its length moves a lever up or down. Meanwhile a jet from the water current already referred to is constantly playing against the moving end of the

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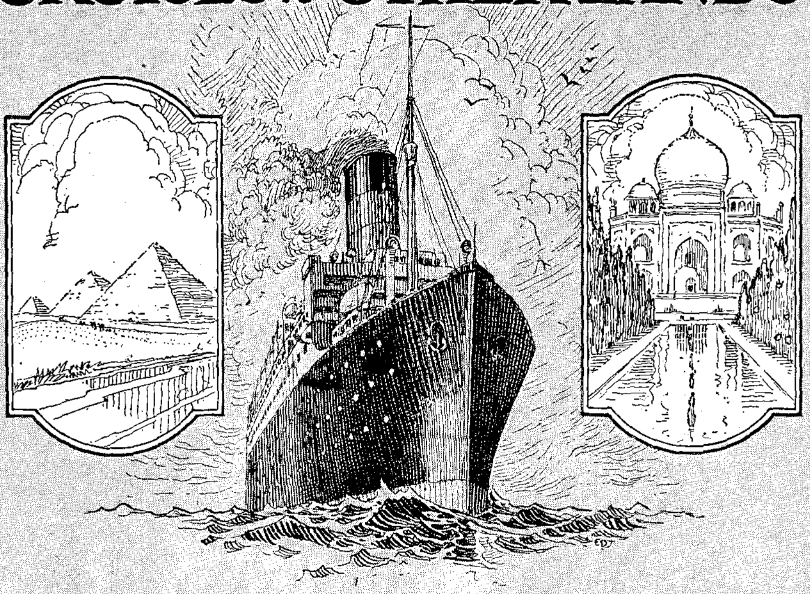

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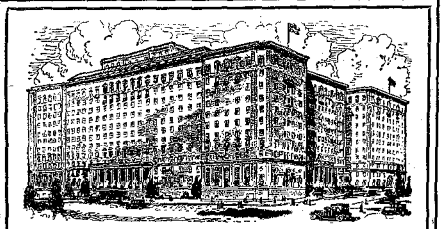

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

lever, which really acts as a lid over the jet, hindering its free flow more or less. If the jet is completely stopt, for example, the water backs up in the pipe until the pressure is strong enough to open a little valve, and this little valve sets free a current of water sufficiently strong to work the valve of the steam radiator. This final work is accomplished through a simple piston and cylinder mechanism. Even tho the playing jet of water be not completely stopt, but only hindered in the slightest degree, it will set into operation a corresponding degree of power, thus regulating the steam radiator valve just enough to raise or lower the temperature of the room as little as desired.

Whatever use the regulator is put to, its main operating mechanism remains the same, while the so-called impulse-receiver is adapted to the force or condition which is to be regulated. For steadying temperature the impulse receiver, as we have just explained, is a strip of ebonite. For maintaining an even amount of dampness in a tobacco factory, for example, a band of cotton threads takes the place of the ebonite, and, by contracting or being extended under the changes of humidity works the lever which hinders the jet of water, etc. For regulating steam-pressure in a power plant the impulse receiver is a cylindrical copper bellows which is connected with the steam pipe in which the pressure is to be regulated.

RADIO AS A CROWD-CURE

THE "crowd menace," so called by H. Addington Bruce, psychologist and writer, afflicts a large part of humanity. "Too many of us see too many other people for either their good or ours," says Mr. Bruce, as quoted in a recent Radio Press Service bulletin (New York). "This is a commonly unsuspected, but really serious danger of the modern overgrowth of cities and towns." Everywhere the individual finds himself surrounded by crowds, we are told. A crowd surrounds him as he goes to work, and a crowd surrounds him as he returns from work. Often he does his work as part of a crowd. When he goes questing recreation crowds again obtrude their presence on him. The results of the crowd menace range from dissatisfaction and unhappiness to liability to nervous and mental collapse and breakdowns both in morale and health. To quote the bulletin further:

> The rapidly increasing use of the radio is undoubtedly one factor in the solution of the crowd problem. No one need go into crowds constantly for recreation. Through the wizardry of radio, recreations are brought into the home, and the best of music, lectures, public addresses, and sports may be enjoyed without the discomforts of crowds and crowding in public places.
>
> Nor need promoters of amusement enterprises fear that the radio will steal their crowds. Judging from the size of recent gatherings at polo games, conventions, baseball games, boxing contests, theaters, etc., there still will be crowds large enough to suit even the box-office.
>
> But it is a significant and reassuring fact that for a large section of the American public, radio has put them in touch with these amusement resources in their homes and eliminated the crowd menace. These and other cultural and entertainment hobbies may be pursued by oneself, or with one's family, or a small circle of congenial friends.
>
> This is one of the many helpful and hopeful ways in which radio is making over modern life. Radio reception is constantly being improved and receiving sets put on a par with musical instruments. It is increasing the cultural and entertainment resources of homes everywhere in the land, and eliminating the crowds and noises which are the bane of some public assemblages. Not only concerts and conventions, but church services and college courses now come in over the radio clearly and with natural tone quality. Sets in which there is amplification without distortion bring in the programs loud and clear so that a whole roomful of people can hear, and yet every inflection of the speaker and note of the musical instrument is faithfully reproduced.
>
> Quality reception of this sort will do more than anything else to further popularize radio and combat the crowd menace. Manufacturers of radio parts report a very large increase in the number of people who are building their own sets and will enjoy broadcast programs this season for the first time. Radio is one of the most democratic things in modern life; in fact, a large majority of the sets in use in this country to-day are home-made and give excellent results.
>
> Radio will not solve the crowd problem alone—and it probably never will be fully solved until some way is found to prevent overgrowth of towns and cities—but it certainly is becoming a substantial factor in the solution.

GOLD FROM SEA-WATER

GOLD exists in all sea-water, and we now know how to extract it, but the process costs far more than the gold is worth. Prof. Fritz Haber, of Berlin University, who has devised a method of getting it out, is now in this country, we are told in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), and is responsible for two interesting bits of news regarding his work. First, the sea, like the earth, has metal-bearing "veins" running through it. These streaks of water where the gold is concentrated may contain nearly 100 times as much as the regions where it is lacking. Second, the concentration of gold in the richest ocean regions is nearly twice as great as in the lowest-grade land deposits that are profitable to operate. Is it too much to hope that some day, either by the discovery of a still richer ocean "vein," or by the invention of a more economical process of extraction, we shall actually get gold from the sea? We read:

> Professor Haber has requested the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries to furnish him samples of the coastal waters of the North American continent for analysis. Like a prospector among quartz hills, Professor Haber literally is seeking veins of gold, silver and other precious metals running through the oceans of the world.
>
> He explained to Bureau of Fisheries officials, however, that he no longer considers his experiments as commercially

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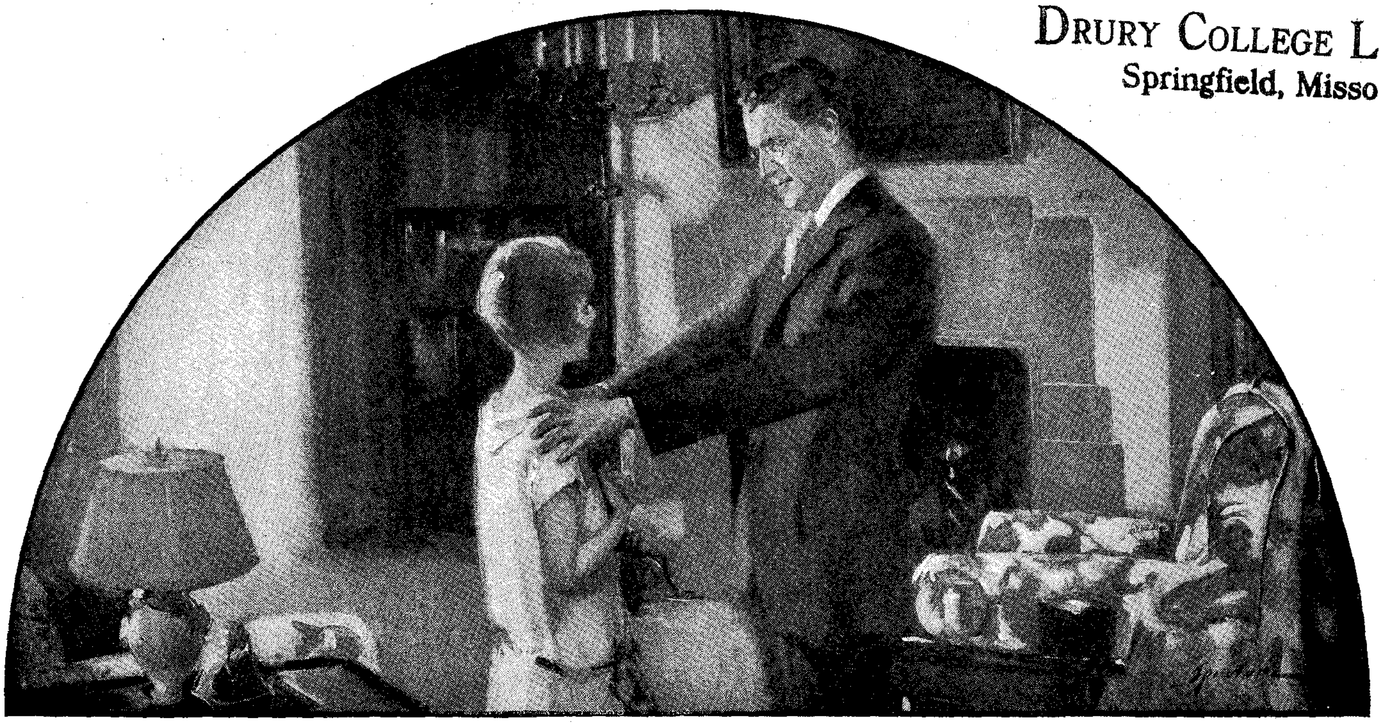

SHE'S COUNTING ON *YOU*

HOW she has grown. Only yesterday, it seems, she was that pink fluff of helplessness there in the crib. Too young to notice even her proud Daddy. Then, week by week, signs of quickening intelligence . . . the grip on your finger . . . the grab for your watch chain.

And now she's Daddy's Big Girl. Going to school and to parties. Interested in clothes and books and music. Yet, actually, almost as helpless as when she cooed there in the crib.

Suppose something happened to you. It may never happen, of course. But suppose . . . could Daddy's Big Girl go on just the same? Would she be sure of an education? Could she be sure of a comfortable home, clothes and food?

These are the questions every father must face. There is nothing more uncertain than life itself. No man knows what the future holds, and no man can stay the hand of Destiny.

What you *can* do is to provide adequate insurance; make certain that there will be actual *money* to take care of that precious girl . . . and her mother. Actual, regular income, beyond possibility of loss or mismanagement. Make certain before another day passes that everything will be well with them, no matter what comes!

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Wilbur Cortez Abbott in *The Bookman:* "There has not yet appeared a work which is so informing, so stimulating and so entertaining as this survey of the century in which we play our part in history."

Harry Hansen, Literary Editor of the *Chicago News* says (in *Harpers Magazine*): "It would take a reference library of 1000 volumes to cover the ground that has been summarized here."

The London Observer says: "There is nothing like it—the equivalent of a whole private library . . . all mankind's epitome. They ought to be in every house where some supply of the mental fuel called books is thought to be as necessary as coal scuttles."

Lady Rhondda says: "The volumes are a perfect gold mine. This generation owes you a big debt of gratitude for both conceiving and compiling such a book."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

valuable, and is pursuing them only with the hope of increasing scientific knowledge. The actual procuring of gold from sea-water is an accomplished fact, he claims, but the quantities are so minute and the expense so great that he believes the process never can be made profitable.

The best available data at present on the presence of gold in sea-water gives the following figures for different locations, bearing out Professor Haber's claims of wide variation according to locality.

Deep sea-water from the Atlantic Ocean has from 0.015 to 0.267 part of gold per million parts of liquid; water from Christiania Fjord, Norway, from 0.005 to 0.0006; from the coast of New South Wales, 0.032 to 0.065; and from the coast of New Zealand 0.005 part of metal per million parts.

On land the lowest gold deposits which it has been found profitable to operate contain about 0.14 part of gold per million parts of gravel which does not have to be crusht to extract the precious metal. The granites of California and Nevada have about 0.37 parts of gold per million; the sandstone, 0.03; and the limestone 0.007.

It will be noted that some sea-water contains nearly twice as much gold as the lowest grade gold deposit on land found profitable to operate.

Professor Haber was in charge of poison-gas research for the German Government during the war and is credited with the development of many of the deadly gases used by the Germans.

MAKING THE CORNCOB USEFUL

THE Englishman who liked his first corn-on-the-cob so well that he returned the cob to the waiter with a request to "take it out and put some more corn on it" had at least a rudimentary idea that cobs should *not* be wasted. To-day the American chemist is discovering all sorts of ways in which to press this product into service. Some of these are described in one of the semi-monthly *Research Narratives* issued by the Engineering Foundation (New York), entitled "Making Corncobs Useful." One county in Missouri, we are told, grows a kind of Indian corn, because its large cobs make good tobacco pipes. Some cobs are burned as fuel on farms. A "maple sugar" flavor is made by boiling cobs with water. Meat smoked with cobs has a flavor said to be better than that from hickory. But what use can be made of fifteen to twenty million tons of cobs wasted annually in the corn belt? Here is the answer:

> Chemists of the Department of Agriculture, working on the subject since 1918, have discovered new values in cobs and processes for making them commercially available. Iowa State College is investigating production from cobs of furfural, oxalic and acetic acids, wood alcohol, charcoal, activated char, pitch, tar, oils, cob flour, incense, punk, a plastic material, and fermentation products.
>
> The pithy, woody shell, and scaly exterior, or chaff, of the cob, physically so different, chemically are alike. Cobs season

Did You Ever Fall in Love With Words?

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York

in eleven days; wood requires one to two years. Great saving results in interest on raw material carried in stock for cob products.

When cobs are cooked for a few minutes under pressure in superheated water, adhesive materials are extracted. These compounds belong to the same group of chemicals as starch, dextrine and sugars. Pentosanadhesives can be used for pasting fiber boxes and cheap paper bags, and for other purposes not demanding high-grade, strong adhesives. A special use proposed is in manufacture of briquettes from fine sizes of anthracite, of which a superabundance results in preparing that coal for market. Thus utilization of waste cobs could enhance materially the value of near-waste coal; much experimental work has been done.

When cobs are digested for about two hours with steam under 135 pounds pressure per square inch, with a very little sulfuric acid, a different product results—furfural. Furfural is an aromatic liquid about one-sixth heavier than water, boiling at 161 degrees C., soluble in eleven parts of water, nearly colorless when first prepared, but darkening on exposure to air and light. It can be obtained also from oat hulls, bran and other vegetable substances. Its use had been limited because of the high cost by methods heretofore employed. In 1920, possibly fifty pounds were used in the United States, only as a laboratory reagent; the price was about $30. In France and Germany furfural has been made as a by-product in the manufacture of alcohol from wood waste. Annual production is now thousands of pounds, and since 1922 the price has been reduced to 25 cents.

Researchers of the Department of Agriculture, the writer goes on to say, have worked out practical processes and equipment for furfural from cobs in large quantities, at still lower cost. On a scale of fifty tons of cobs a day, yielding 4.5 tons, furfural could be produced for about six cents a pound, making no allowance for income from by-products. Furfural can now be made at much lower cost than formaldehyde, and can replace it in a number of fields. To quote again:

Attention has turned to discovery of additional uses for furfural and enlargement of its market. More than sixty patents on its production and utilization have been issued, mostly within the past five years, in the United States and other countries.

During the war, a shortage of acetone could easily have been met by distilling cobs.

If cobs be treated with phenol or cresol in presence of an acid, a sticky mass results on heating, which ages to a hard, black substance which can be prest into shape.

There is a promising field in the manufacture of resins similar to Bakelite, suitable for parts of electrical instruments, for printing plates, and various other molded articles. These phenol furfural resins are infusible and insoluble; they have high insulating qualities, great strength and great resistance to water and chemicals. They have a large field in radio equipment. Phonograph records may be made from them. There are also innumerable uses for fiber impregnated with these resins where great toughness and resistance are of value.

A fusible furfural resin is usable in

Of course I *want* to see you!

WHY DOES she want to see him? Why are some men always welcome while others are regarded as bores? There is a magic in fifteen minutes a day, which will help any man to be more interesting. The secret is told in a wonderful little book, which you can have free, by mail—but you must send for it now—today.

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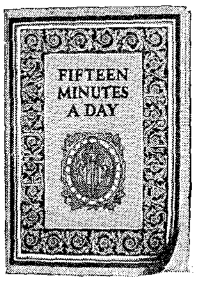

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THE "Limited" crashes through the night. And passengers sleep. They give no thought to the train's terrific speed. The Block Signal system protects them. Homes, too, are surrounded by dangers. Night prowlers infest our streets. Yet your family may sleep in peaceful security — when a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol is on guard. No other arm is so dependable, so accurate, so safe.

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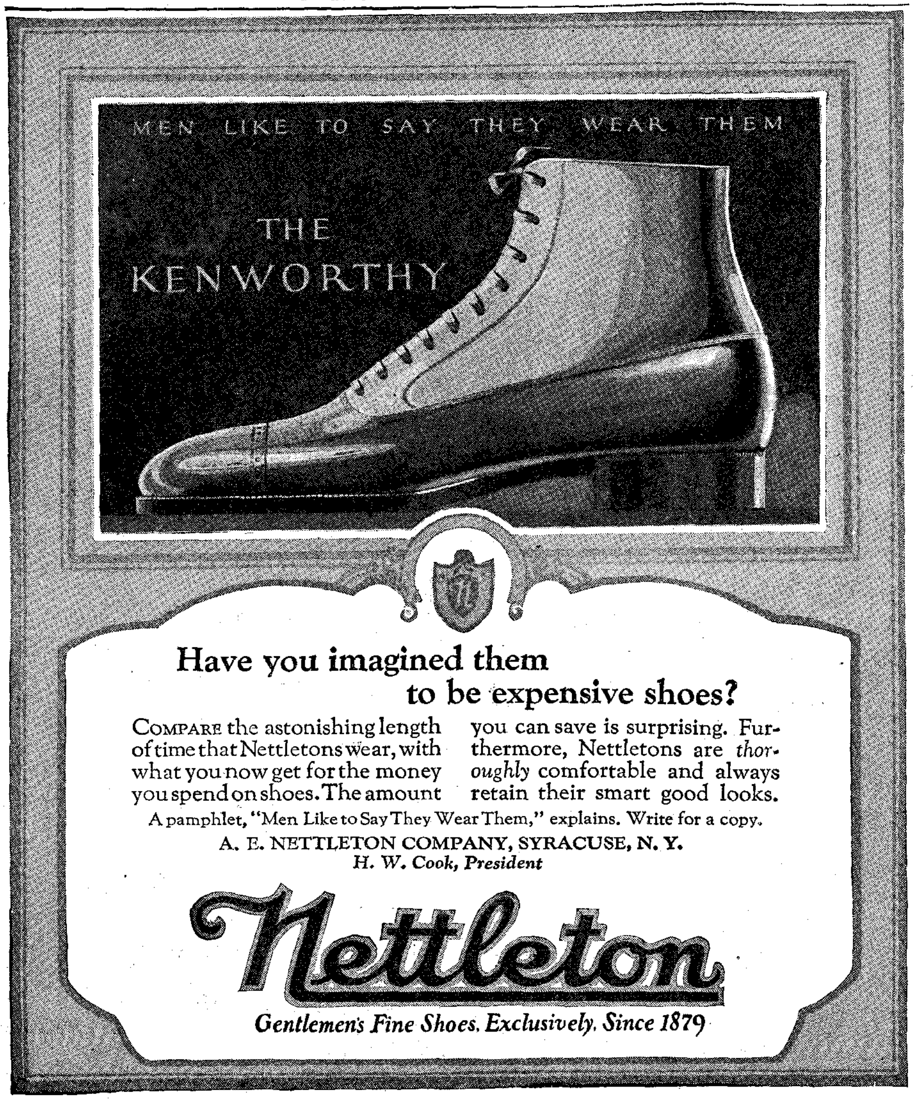
THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER



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THE KENWORTHY

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COMPARE the astonishing length of time that Nettletons wear, with what you now get for the money you spend on shoes. The amount you can save is surprising. Furthermore, Nettletons are *thoroughly* comfortable and always retain their smart good looks.

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A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.
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Nettleton
Gentlemen's Fine Shoes. Exclusively. Since 1879

varnish manufacture. Furfural is a paint and varnish remover; to apply it economically and effectively to vertical and inclined surfaces, it is mixed into a paste with starch, gum arabic, wood flour, or other inert material.

Furfural is combustible but not particularly flammable. It burns slowly with a luminous flame. Its possibilities as a motor fuel have been exaggerated. Furfural is a fungicide, germicide and preservative. Derivatives of furfural give some promise as vulcanization accelerators in the rubber industry.

The solid residue of the cobs can be used as fuel in the process of making furfural, or it may be utilized in the manufacture of certain substitutes for wood, for example, wallboard. It may also be purified and used as a substitute for wood flour, and to some extent in paper manufacture.

Chemist and engineer appear to have laid foundations for one or more new industries based on waste products.

BRITAIN'S OLD-FASHIONED RAILWAY BRAKES

BRITISH railways still stick to the old-style vacuum-brake, we are told by the London correspondent of *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York). The tenacity with which they cling to this former favorite is characterized by him as remarkable. The recent fusion or "grouping" of the various British railways brought forward the question of unification of brake systems, and the vacuum-brake will probably be accepted for general adoption throughout the amalgamated systems. This, we are told, is in spite of the adoption of the air-brake for the European railways, the conversion from vacuum to air of the Japanese and Dutch Indies systems, and the impossibility of getting the vacuum into successful operation on the India freight-trains. We read:

> Prior to consolidation a number of the British railways had adopted the Westinghouse air-brake for all passenger-trains, while others used the vacuum—the majority the latter. Many of the locomotives are also fitted with appliances for operating both forms of brake. This divergence in the type of brake was not the only serious variation in operating appliances that the British railways suffered from, and it was the hope of securing uniformity in such matters that formed a strong inducement for amalgamation.
>
> Various committees of inquiry have been held, and apparently as much discord has been evinced at these meetings as when the famous "Battle of the Brakes" was being fought in 1875, when the opposing forces almost came to blows.
>
> While it may be conceded the vacuum-brake apparatus used at present on the British passenger-trains is simple in construction, cheap to maintain, and satisfactory as a power brake for light service, it has its limitations, and when the trains exceed a certain length trouble arises, due to the difficulty of the locomotive to maintain the requisite vacuum and to its inability to recreate vacuum for the quick

release of the brakes after a full application. It is this latter weakness in quick operation which has compelled the electrified lines to adopt the air-operated system of braking. There are only one or two electric railways which use vacuum-brakes, and these are in the provinces.

In Great Britain the compulsory law, at present, only applies to trains in the passenger service, consequently only these have power brakes in operation; freight-trains are so far exempt and are still controlled by the antiquated method of attaching weighted brake vehicles or vans on which the brakes are manipulated by hand. A few fast freight-trains conveying fish, meat, and perishable commodities are run with continuous brakes in partial operation, never braked throughout; this is due to the difficulty of maintaining the continuous vacuum.

To an American observer, it must appear paradoxical to see a train of forty to fifty fully equipped vehicles pass, having the brake pipes disconnected at the twenty-fifth or thirtieth car, thus putting the power brake out of operation at the rear of the train and preventing the benefits of automatic action being secured for the rear van or "caboose." This is the actual every-day working of the British railways, so that there is no reason to be surprized at the serious effects of break-aways, etc., that we often read of.

Some very interesting experiments were recently made on a section of the London & North Eastern Railway where the Westinghouse air-brake has been standard for many years. A train from another division using the vacuum-brake was made up to the full length of the air-braked train and ran on one of the suburban services out of Liverpool Street, London. It was sandwiched into running to see how it compared in efficiency. The results were found to be so very unsatisfactory from a time-keeping point of view that it has been decided to retain the air-brake for steam services on this particular section. It is unfortunate that your British cousins will not take advantage of your experiences before committing themselves entirely to such a poor substitute for an effective power brake.

Open Season.—
FOOTBALL GAMES
During the State Fair
October 14th
Baylor
Vs.
Central Teachers College of Okla.
See Us for Guns, Shells and
Equipment
CHAS. OTT
Sporting Goods, Bicycles, Locksmith
—*Dallas (Tex.) Dispatch.*

The Fake.—WILLIE HARDCASE—"Maw, that dentist you sent me to that was advertised as painless wasn't."

MOTHER—"He wasn't?"

"No—I bit his finger, and he yelled just like any other dentist."—*American Legion Weekly.*

What's Wrong with This Picture.—
PRESIDENT STILL HAS
NATURAL BEAUTY AS IN
HISTORIC DAYS OF PAST
—*Headlines in the Oil City (Pa.) Derrick.*

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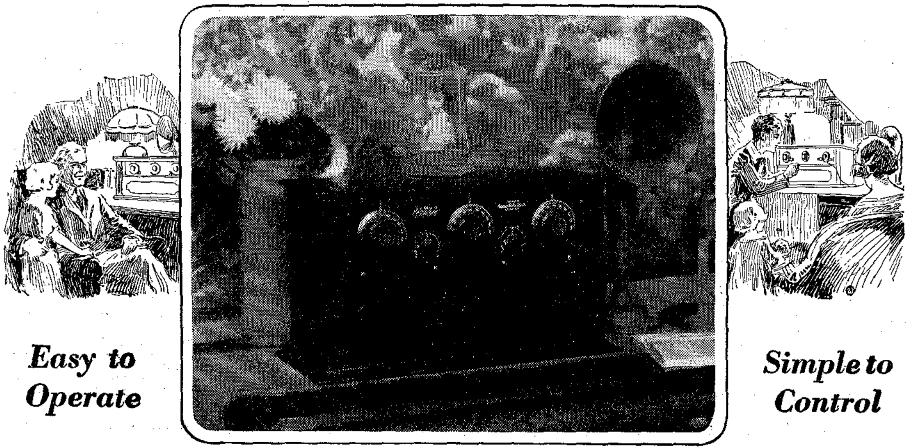


Easy to Operate

Simple to Control

WHEN you own a Radiodyne you can tune in on broadcast programs without wasting time tinkering. The Radiodyne shuts out interference from nearby stations. By simply adjusting the dials as indicated on the Radiodyne chart you can select the stations you wish to hear. All batteries are enclosed in the beautiful two-tone mahogany cabinet.

Uses a 25 Foot Lamp Coil for Summer Reception

WL Radiodyne CL

Wife Gets Good Results After Two Minutes Instruction

"We are getting constant reception this summer from stations 500 to 1000 miles away on loud speaker with a 25 foot length of lamp coil. I got Los Angeles, San Francisco and Cuba."
Bernard S. Slay, Minneapolis, Minn.

"I gave my wife two minutes instruction and left her alone with the set. When I came back she said that signals had been roaring in all evening and had a log to prove it."
Robert Seldon Rose, Marquette, Mich.

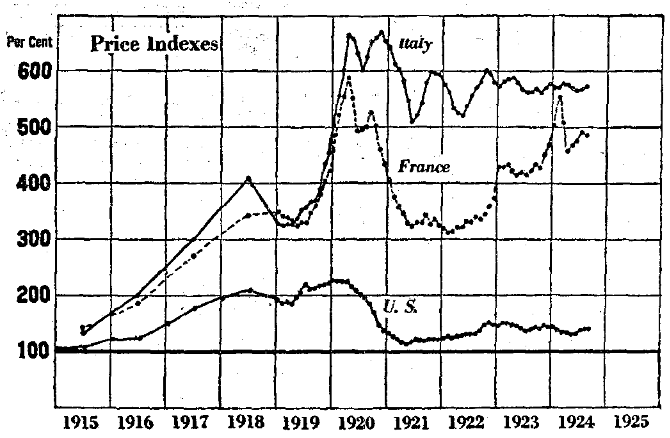
Write for illustrated folder which describes the Radiodyne in detail. If you buy a radio before you have a demonstration of the Radiodyne you will surely regret it.

Western Coil & Electrical Co., 302 Fifth St., Racine, Wis.

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

FRANCE'S PRICE PUZZLE

THE VIOLENT FLUCTUATIONS in the cost of living are worrying the French Government, and in view of the subsiding excitement about reparations seem to *The Business Conditions Weekly* of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to form that Government's chief fiscal problem. Prices rose sharply last year because of the inflation. In March this year, we are reminded, "when the franc declined below 3½ cents the price index went up to five and a half times the pre-war level, and with the franc at 5¼ cents the price index remains at 480 per cent. of the pre-war level." In a table which is reproduced on this page this business authority shows how prices have been jumping in France while they have become comparatively stabilized in this country and in Italy—in Italy, through the direct action of the Mussolini Government. One might think the only thing for the French Government to do is to help bring prices down, but the problem confronting it is by no means so simple. In fact, there is presented a very bothersome dilemma. As the Alexander Hamilton Institute explains:



PRICE TRENDS IN THREE COUNTRIES

Showing the striking fluctuations of prices in France, as compared with the pre-war level. It shows also how the Mussolini Government has stabilized prices in Italy, and how prices have been approaching stabilization in our own country.

> The French Government has been greatly concerned about two problems during the past year. First, the reparations question; second, the violent fluctuations in the cost of living.
>
> The excitement about reparations has measurably subsided in view of the acceptance of the Dawes plan, but the cost of living presents a great problem. Owing to the financial inflation of 1923 the general level of prices rose sharply. Last March, when the franc declined below 3½ cents, the price index went up to 5½ times the pre-war level, and with the franc at 5¼ cents, the price index remains at 480 per cent of the pre-war level.
>
> The problem is this: If the franc is to rise from 5¼ cents to 10 cents, the price index must decline from 480 to 300. This decrease of about 40 per cent. in prices would reduce the cost of living and benefit persons with money invested in bonds or deposited in savings banks, and also large numbers with fixt salaries. Meanwhile, however, merchants and manufacturers would suffer great losses and the farmers would get less for their produce.
>
> If the farmers, merchants and industrialists have their way the franc will never get back to 10 cents. They prefer that prices shall be stabilized at 4½ times the pre-war level, just as Mussolini has stabilized prices in Italy at 5.8 times the pre-war level. There is no doubt that conditions in Italy have been improved since the financial chaos produced by the Socialists has been superseded by the stabilizing policy of Mussolini. There has been steadiness in the value of the lira, which in turn has produced steadiness in the level of prices. Similarly, by keeping the franc at 5¼ cents, prices can be stabilized in France. This will require that the currency circulation of the Bank of France shall be maintained at 40 billion francs. The only way to increase the franc from 5¼ to 10 cents would be to reduce the circulation of the Bank of France from 40 billion to around 25 billion francs. It has been generally assumed among business men and investors in France that something of this sort would be done sooner or later. Among economists in England and America, however, it is generally believed that strong opposition will develop in France to such a policy. The alternative will be to keep prices indefinitely at four times the pre-war level.

HOW MUCH AND HOW OFTEN TO SAVE

"SUPPOSE I WANTED to save for something definite—a home, an automobile, an expensive bit of house decoration; how much must I save?" "That's simple!" comes the cheerful answer on the financial page of the New York *American*. The writer "gets down to brass tacks" by the use of some interesting figures showing how much to save per day or per week or per month in order to have a given sum in a given time. He starts with a table compiled by the School Savings Bank of Salem, Massachusetts, which shows how small daily savings accumulate with 4 per cent. interest compounded semi-annually:

Daily Savings	*In five years amounts to*	*In ten years amounts to*	*In twenty years amounts to*
$ .01	$19.983	$44.342	$ 110.233
.05	99.916	221.712	551.167
.10	199.832	443.425	1,102.3
.25	499.58	1,108.564	2,755.83
.50	999.16	2,217.128	5,511.673

Perhaps monthly deposits would be more convenient. The writer in *The American* shows, from figures compiled by the Cohoes (N. Y.) Savings Institution, "how deposits of one dollar to $25 a month made over a period of ten years accumulate when interest is paid at 4 per cent., compounded semi-annually":

Saved each Month....	*$1.00*	*$2.00*	*$3.00*	*$4.00*	*$5.00*	*$10.00*	*$20.00*	*$25.00*
1 year....	$12.26	$ 24.52	$ 36.78	$ 49.00	$ 61.30	$ 122.60	245.22	$ 306.52
2 years....	25.00	50.02	75.02	100.02	125.06	250.14	500.34	625.42
3 years....	38.26	76.58	114.82	153.10	191.40	382.84	765.76	957.20
4 years....	52.06	104.18	156.20	208.32	260.42	520.90	1,041.90	1,302.40
5 years....	66.42	132.90	199.22	265.76	332.22	664.54	1,329.20	1,661.54
6 years....	81.34	162.76	244.11	325.52	406.94	813.98	1,628.12	2,034.16
7 years....	96.88	193.84	290.78	387.70	484.66	969.44	1,939.12	2,423.19
8 years....	112.96	226.16	339.28	452.38	565.52	1,131.93	2,262.68	2,827.61
9 years....	129.76	259.80	389.76	519.68	649.66	1,299.23	2,599.30	3,248.47
10 years....	147.24	294.80	442.26	589.70	737.18	1,474.31	2,949.52	3,686.23

One dollar placed away in a savings bank every week at 4 per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually, mounts up amazingly. The Cohoes Savings Institution again helps us out with the following compilation:

($1.00 a week)....	1 year........................	$53.05
	3 years........................	165.69
	5 years........................	287.67
	10 years........................	638.68
	15 years........................	1,066.99
	20 years........................	1,589.60
	25 years........................	2,227.28
	30 years........................	3,005.38

Are you ambitious? Here is how weekly deposits of $5 for ten years at 4 per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually, mounts up:

Semi-annual Period	*Accumulation of Principal & Interest*	*Interest at End of Each Semi-annual Period*
½	$ 130.00	$ .65
1	263.90	3.25
1½	399.81	5.91
2	538.44	8.63
2½	679.85	11.41
3	824.08	14.23
3½	971.21	17.13
4	1,121.28	20.07
4½	1,274.35	23.07
5	1,430.48	26.13
5½	1,589.73	29.25
6	1,752.16	32.43
6½	1,917.85	35.69
7	2,086.84	38.99
7½	2,259.21	42.37
8	2,435.04	45.83
8½	2,614.39	49.35
9	2,797.32	52.93
9½	2,983.91	56.59
10	3,174.22	60.31
		$574.22

EMPLOYEE OWNERSHIP IN BANKING

A REFLECTION of the spirit of the times is found by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* in the decision of one of the greatest banks in the country to give its employees eventual control through a progressive stock ownership scheme. The Bank of Italy of San Francisco is most noted for having carried branch banking farther than any other institution in this country. According to its own statement it is the sixth largest bank of the United States on the basis of capitalization. It is now twenty years old and the occasion is celebrated by the adoption of the stock ownership plan. President A. P. Giannini, who retires to become Chairman of the Board, thus comments on the new departure, for which he is said to be responsible:

> We want it to be unnecessary for any one in our organization to have an outside or additional business interest. There is a big opportunity here for each one, and we believe that the adoption of this stock-ownership plan will make association with the Bank of Italy something to be earnestly desired.

With ultimate control, through stock ownership, the employees of the Bank of Italy, we read in a statement issued by the bank, will participate in the direction of an institution which, with its affiliation, the Stockholders' Auxiliary Corporation, will have a capital strength of $50,000,000, and rank sixth in size in this particular in the United States.

Remarking that "a business gains strength and cohesion when ownership is scattered and public interest is increased," the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* thus describes and comments on the Bank of Italy's interesting experiment:

> The Bank of Italy, a San Francisco institution with 86 branches, is by far the biggest branch-banking institution in America. It is the only one in America which is comparable to the great branch-banking institutions of Canada and England.
>
> Under the ownership plan, 40 per cent. of the net earnings will be set aside semi-annually, to be added to a fund subscribed by employees who desire to purchase stock. The amount with which the employee is credited from the 40 per cent. fund will be in proportion to the amount which he subscribes. No employee may subscribe less than 3 per cent. of his salary nor more than 10 per cent. Thus the higher salaried employees will be prevented from obtaining control, and the ownership will be actually distributed among the mass of employees.
>
> Such experiments as those of the Bank of Italy will be closely watched by the business community and by sociologists. Fundamentally they involve no change in the business structure. Ownership remains private. Industry and thrift obtain rewards.
>
> The principal point of interest will be the quality of the management of institutions which switch over to employee ownership. Will the control of a business by its employees mean a deterioration in the quality of the work performed by the men at the top, the men who have to make the decisions upon which the success of the business depends? This is the principal question which comes to mind in a consideration of employee-ownership plans.

"Protect her from door-bell swindlers"

"OH, Marion, how did you ever happen to do that!"

A glib promoter in the neighborhood had persuaded women to buy taxicabs, each paying a few hundred dollars for one. It was hard for Marion to keep cool when other women showed their "dividend" checks. So she bought a taxicab too. The dividends, of course, were paid out of her own money. The stock salesman soon disappeared. She frankly told her husband about it when he came home.

"Don't scold her," said Fred's father. "She'll learn something from this experience—and you, too. Suppose you went away and never came back. What might happen to the money you left for your family's support? More than once I've urged you to make a will and appoint a competent trust company as executor and trustee, yet you haven't done it. Protect her from these door-bell swindlers."

Nine families in ten are as dependent upon the business judgment of the breadwinner as upon his earning ability. Should anything happen to him, it would be more necessary than ever. The wife and mother, who makes the home, has a right to make certain that the family income will be safeguarded if the breadwinner is taken away.

A trust company has the business judgment and experience of many persons instead of one. Its life is continuous, as the individual's is not. It is under state supervision, held strictly accountable for all funds and acts, and has ample resources to make good this accountability.

There are over 2,000 trust companies in the United States. Write to the nearest trust company and its trust officer will gladly advise you on these matters.

Ask a Trust Company

for a copy of "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," a 24-page Booklet that will be helpful to you in planning protection for your family. Or, if more convenient, send your inquiry to the address below.

TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
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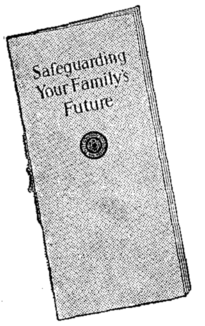

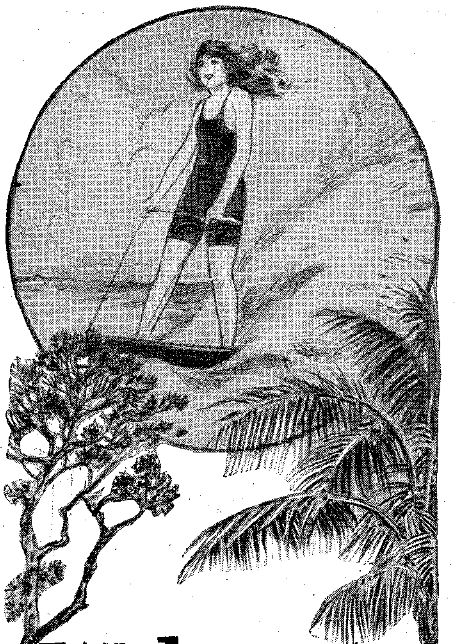

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 22.—The Commission of Finance of the Chamber of Deputies decides, by a vote of 20 to 12, to suppress the Government's appropriation for France's embassy to the Vatican.

October 23.—Gen. Feng Yu-Hsiang, the "Christian general," one of the commanders of the Peking Central Government troops in their defensive battles against the invading forces of Gen. Chang Tso-Lin, Manchurian leader, seizes control of Peking. Canton is in great disorder following the disturbances which began when members of the Merchants Volunteer Corps, the Fascisti of China, fought in the streets with the so-called Red Army of Chinese laborers.

October 24.—President Tsao-Kun issues a mandate ending the war with Gen. Chang Tso-Lin and orders the banishment of Gen. Wu Pei-Fu, commander-in-chief of the forces sent against the Manchurians, to Chinese Turkestan.

Eamon de Valera, recently released from an Irish Free State prison, is arrested in Ulster on his way to address a mass meeting at Newry.

October 25.—Col. James A. Logan, Jr., unofficial representative of the United States in the Reparations Commission, will be, it is announced in Paris, the official American representative at the international financial conference, beginning October 27, which is to work out a scheme of distribution of Germany's payments under the Dawes reparations plan. The cash collected by the French and Belgians in taxation and by the sale of coal and coke during the occupation of the Ruhr is to be included in the distribution.

The Mexican Foreign Office announces the withdrawal of all consuls located in Great Britain "as Mexico considers it undignified to maintain consular representatives in a country which has not conceded the honor to Mexico to maintain official relations."

Tsao-Kun resigns the presidency of the Chinese Republic. At the same time Gen. Wu Pei-Fu launches a heavy attack on the Shanhaikwan front in an effort to turn the right flank of Gen. Chang Tso-Lin.

Eamon de Valera, who was arrested at Newry, in Ulster, is released and returns to Dublin.

October 26.—Eamon de Valera is arrested again in Ulster, this time as he is about to make a speech in Londonderry.

October 27.—One hundred American marines are landed from the cruiser *Huron* at Taku, and start immediately for Peking.

DOMESTIC

October 22.—The congregation of the First Presbyterian Church in New York accepts the resignation of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick as associate minister, but invites him to preach on such Sundays as he finds convenient.

The State Department, it is announced, has sent a note to Roumania demanding that discriminations against American citizens having mining and oil concessions in that country be stopt at once.

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October 25.—Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, dies at the Naval Hospital in Washington, of complications, following an operation. Mr. Wallace was born in Rock Island, Illinois, May 11, 1866.

Laura Jean Libbey, one of the most widely known women writers of the world, dies at her home in Brooklyn, New York. She was sixty-two years old.

October 26.—It is explained in Washington that Col. James A. Logan is appointed as the official representative of the United States on the forthcoming international financial conference to deal with the distribution of Germany's reparations payments because the United States has a financial claim against Germany of between $500,000,000 and $600,000,000, for which provision must be made in the reparations settlement.

Lew Dockstader, one of the most famous American minstrels of a generation ago, dies at the home of his daughter in New York. Lew Dockstader, whose real name was George Alfred Clapp, was born August 7, 1856, in Hartford, Connecticut.

October 27.—Secretary of the Navy Wilbur announces that the Navy Department will ask Congress for authority to elevate the guns of the American battleships to put their range on an equality with that of the naval guns of other Powers. Adequate funds to maintain the Washington Treaty ratio of 5-5-3 will also be sought.

Percy D. Haughton, one of the greatest football coaches in the history of the game, and head coach of the Columbia football team since the start of the 1923 season, dies suddenly of acute indigestion. Mr. Haughton was born in Staten Island, New York, July 11, 1876.

On Their Way.—Speaking of white mule, two rustic sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the country seat.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha to be very careful. First thing y'know you'll have us in the ditch."

"Me?" said Bill in astonishment. "Why, I thought you was driving."—*Jester.*

In Training.—The Ohio woman who served her husband with home-baked pie every day for thirty years might have been trying to raise her spouse to be a Federal office-holder.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

Safety First.—A firm at Kiel is experimenting with armored diving-suits. What the pedestrian is looking for is an armored walking-suit.—*Detroit News.*

Admission Free.—Four babies have been born in the British Empire Exhibition. It is remarkable what people will do to get in without paying.—*Punch.*

Even More So.—That Hollander who says America has nothing to compare with Dutch windmills should see our cheer-leaders.—*Kenosha (Wis.) News.*

Far from It.—The *Shenandoah* wasn't the only gas-bag that toured the country.—*Parkersburg Sentinel.*

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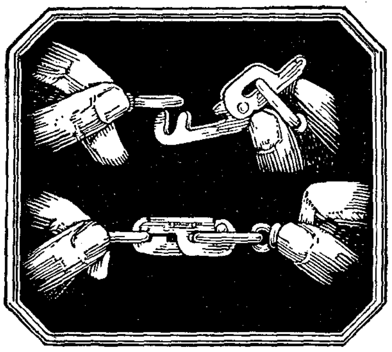

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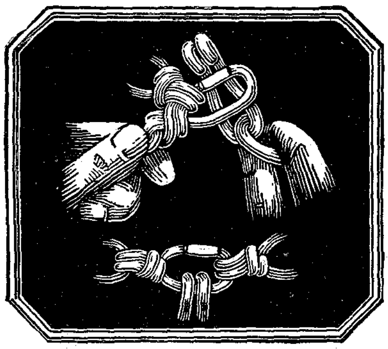

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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addressing two sisters—"D. E. McG.," Camino, Calif.—When a name and a title are to be used together in a plural sense, many persons are puzzled to determine whether the name, or the title, or both, should be in the plural form. For example, in speaking of two young ladies whose family name is Bell—whether to call them the *Miss Bells*, the *Misses Bell*, or the *Misses Bells*. To an inquiry on this point, a learned editor, who prefers the last, lately gave his answer thus: "There are two young ladies: of course they are 'the Misses.' Their name is Bell; of course there are two 'Bells.' Ergo the correct phrase, in speaking of them, is 'the Misses Bells.'" This puts the words in apposition; and there is no question that it is *formally* correct. But it is less agreeable to the ear, less frequently heard, and less approved by grammarians than the first phrase, which, if we may be allowed to assume that the two words may be taken together as a sort of compound, is correct also.—Goold Brown, in his "Grammar of English Grammars" (p. 245). The grammarian Fowle rules that if we wish to distinguish the *unmarried* from the *married* Howards, we call them *the Miss Howards*. If we wish to distinguish these Misses from the other Misses, we call them *the Misses Howard*. Other grammarians have varied preferences. Thus it will be seen that there is authority, in some senses, for all three forms.

apropos—"W. P. P.," West Liberty, Ia.—*Apropos* means "suited to the occasion, time, or place; opportune; fitting; as, an *apropos* remark." The word, pronounced *a-pro"po'*—*a* as in *art*, and the *o's* as in *go*—is derived from the French, in which language it is written as two words "à propos."

colon—"O. F. C.," Columbus, Ind.—A *colon* as a punctuation mark is used to separate clauses which are independent and discontinuous. It is used as a sign of apposition or equality to connect one clause with another that explains it, or to join clauses that are grammatically complete yet closely connected in sense. The colon, the interrogation-point, and the period were used for punctuation in the works of Firmianus Lactantius, printed in Subiaco, in 1465.

disassociate, dissociate—"E. R.," San Francisco, Calif.—The word *disassociate* was first recorded by Florio in 1603, while the word *dissociate* owes its first recognition to Cockeram, 1623. The first of these words means "to free or detach from association." The second means "to cut off from an association or society." The first is preferred because it is readily understood by the plain people. The second is used chiefly by scientists when they intend to "separate the elements of a compound."

extend, wish—"D. F. H.," Long Beach, Calif.—The sentence "*Wishing* you the compliments of the season" is a definite expression used by the person who wrote it to convey to his correspondent wishes appropriate to the season of the year.

To *wish* is to express the desire of such a condition, but to *extend* is to hold out for acceptance. Therefore, if you *extend* the compliments of the season to a person, you merely offer them as a matter of courtesy without any particular desire that they may be enjoyed by your correspondent. The two phrases are absolutely distinct in meaning.

has, have—"J. N.," Philadelphia, Pa.—In agreement with the rule that "when the nominative is a relative pronoun, the verb must agree with it in person and number, according to the pronoun's agreement with its true antecedent," the plural form of the auxiliary is required in the sentence submitted. The noun *writers* is the antecedent of the relative, not the pronoun *one*. "One of the very few writers on business and investments who *have* accumulated a fortune by the very methods *they write* about."

irrelevant, irrevalent—"R. B.," Chicago, Ill.—The form *irrevalent* is a perversion of *irrelevant*. The word *irrelevant* means "1. Naturally or logically foreign to the subject; not relevant; impertinent; inapplicable; as, an *irrelevant* illustration. 2. *Law.* Having no proper bearing on the point in question; not material to an issue; as, *irrelevant* testimony."

judgment—"P. S.," Mukwonago, Wis.—The earliest record that we have of the spelling of this word is provided by Dr. Murray in "The New English Dictionary on Historic Principles," Vol. V, p. 618, col. 2. It occurs in the "Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester," where it is spelled *iugement*. As you will see if you refer to p. 1306 of your *New Standard Dictionary*, historically *j* is only a calligraphic variation of *i* and the two letters are used interchangeably in medieval writing. In English the separation of *i* and *j* first occurred in the 17th century, but both letters were found side by side in later manuscripts. The form *judgment* dates from 1652, while the forms *iugement* and *judgement* date respectively from 1596 and 1617. Cowell in his "Interpreter of English Words" used the form *judgment* in 1672, and this form has been in use side by side with the form *judgement* ever since. In England to-day, under the influence of Dr. Murray's work, the form *judgement* has been restored to favor, yet in the Lexicographer's boyhood to be guilty of putting a medial *e* into the word was counted an error in spelling. Cardinal Newman spelled the word without the *e*, but Dean Milman never wrote it without it. William Penn omitted the *e*, as did also his predecessor Oliver Cromwell, and we in the United States do the same thing.

possessive case—"J. C. B.," Seattle, Wash.—The correct forms are "the *fox's* fur" and "Mr. *Pilz's* automobile," but "the *fox'* skin" and "*Pilz'* song," because singular monosyllabic nouns ending in a sibilant sound (*s, x, ce, se,* or dental *ge*) add the apostrophe and *s*, *except when the following word begins with a sibilant sound.*

The rule varies with dissyllabic and polysyllabic nouns as follows: "Singular dissyllabic nouns ending in a sibilant sound add the apostrophe and *s*, unless the sibilant is preceded by another sibilant or (according to some authorities) unless the last syllable is unaccented; as, *Porus'* defeat; *Moses'* face; *Jesus'* disciples; *Laplace's* theory; *Hortense's* fate.

"Singular polysyllabic nouns ending in a sibilant sound add the apostrophe and *s* only when a principal or secondary accent falls on the last syllable; as, *Boniface's* mistake; *Quackenbos's* Rhetoric; *Oriosius's* History."

psychological moment—"Mrs. H. DeG. C.," West Fordham, N. Y.—The phrase "the psychological moment" is interpreted to mean "the specially favorable instant to act, speak, etc." Actually, it means "the most effective time" and is synonymous with "the opportune moment." The expression came into the language through a blunder. In French it is rendered "moment psychologique" and was used according to Hatzfeld for "the moment in which the mind is in actual expectation of something that is to happen."—*Dictionnaire Général de la langue française.* From this meaning the term came to be misused for "the critical moment; the nick of time." According to Dr. Murray, the origin of the phrase is due to an error of translation of the expression "das psychologische Moment" which occurred in the "Kreuz Zeitung" in December, 1870, and was mistaken for "der psychologische Moment," the difference between the two being that in the first the word *Moment* designated "the potent element or factor," whereas in the second it designated "the psychological moment of time." Writing of the phrase, Sarcey, in his "Siege of Paris" (x. 243), said it "became current and even fashionable. One used to say, 'I feel hungry; it is the psychological moment for sitting down to eat.'"

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Making It Pleasant.—The latest Parisian motor-cars are painted in brilliant jazz designs of peacocks, flowers, etc. The idea, presumably, is that the stricken pedestrian's last impression of earth should be a cheerful one.—*London Opinion.*

Slim Trousseau.—"Ah's gwine to go to de pahty t'night, but fust Ah's gotta go home an' change mah clothes."

"Change you' clothes? Boy, when yo' buttons yo' coat, yo' trunk am locked!"—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Place for Him.—Two sweethearts from Aberdeen were rambling round, when they came to a movie.

The young man ran his eye over the front of the building. It rested on a title in large letters—"The Woman Pays."

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Easy.—Many beginners in golf—and many who are not beginners—are grievously afflicted with the malady of topping the ball. A player whose efforts to cure himself of this infliction only resulted in the reverse of the Coué formula, addrest a professional with gloom in his ear and despair in his eye. "I'm hitting the ball every time right on the top. I want you to tell me a cure for it!"

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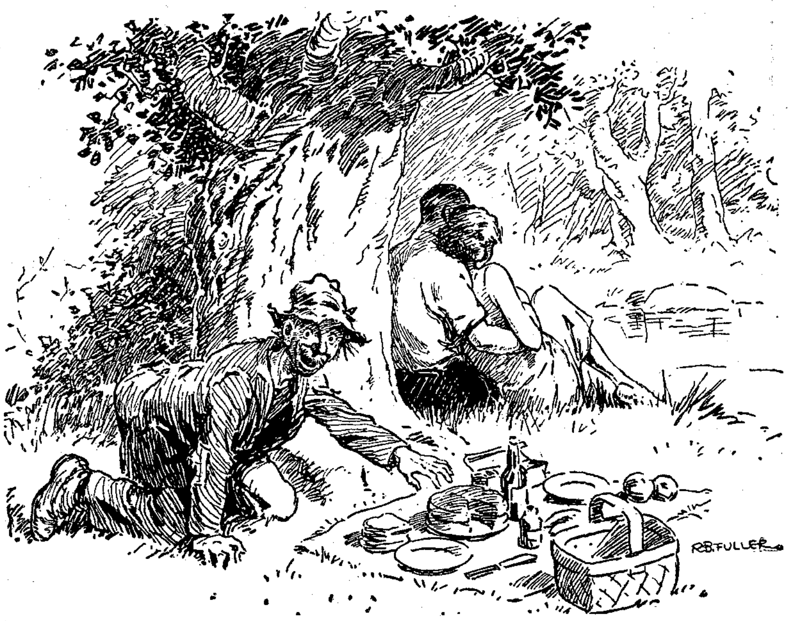
District Visitor—"We are told so."

Invalid—"Oh, I do 'ope they'll know 'The 'Oneysuckle and the Bee.'"—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).*



"GOSH! AIN'T LOVE WONDERFUL!"
—*London Humorist.*

The Upholstered Variety.—Diner—"Waiter, what kind of meat is this?"

Waiter—"Spring lamb, sir."

"I thought so! I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour!"—*London Answers.*

Versatile Child.—"Good gracious!" said the visiting bachelor, "does your baby always cry that way?"

"Oh, dear, no!" responded his host. "He has quite an extensive repertoire. This is only one of his lighter performances; he reserves his heavy work for 2 A. M."—*Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).*

No Kick Coming.—"I just stopt in to tell you," began the man at the complaint desk of the gas company, "that my gas stove blew up yesterday."

"Tell your troubles to a plumber," growled the surly clerk. "That's no fault of ours—you got no kick here."

"Oh, I'm not kicking," replied the customer cheerfully, as he opened the door. "Only I thought I'd tell you that your blamed old slot meter backfired at the same time, and I haven't been doing anything but pick up silver quarters all over the cellar ever since. Good day!"—*American Legion Weekly.*

Both Wrong.—"So you and Dick are to be married? I thought it was a mere flirtation."

"So did he!"—*Life.*

Terrible!—Missionary—"'During the three years we were on the island, my wife saw only one white face. That was mine."

Mrs. Guild—"How she must have suffered!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Who Knows?—"Pa," inquired his strictly up-to-the-minute offspring, playing with his radio set, "what's the wave-length for Santa Claus?"—*Western Christian Advocate.*

One for Two.—Friend—"I suppose you find your wife can live on your income all right?"

Newlywed—"Oh, yes, indeed; but it's up to me now to make another one for myself."—*The Etude.*

Branded.—Interviewer—"What do you think of the voter who casts his vote for the one he *thinks* is the best man?"

Politician—"He's a traitor to our party!"—*American Legion Weekly.*

Civic Pride.—"Crimson Gulch will one day be as famous as New York or Chicago," remarked the flattering stranger.

"I hope not," rejoined Cactus Joe. "The old Gulch is tough enough now."—*Washington Star.*

More of the Same.—A bishop relates the following experience: After the service one Sunday morning he was approached by an old lady who exprest great appreciation of his discourse. "Why, bishop," she said, "you can never know what your service meant to me. It was just like water to a drowning man."—*Boston Transcript.*

Striking a Balance.—A certain canny Scotsman had carried on a courtship of long duration without definitely committing himself. The girl, if she worried herself at the long probation, gave no sign until one morning her tardy lover, thumbing a small notebook, said: "Maggie, I hae been weighing up your guid points, and I hae already got to ten. When I get a dozen I'm goin' tae ask ye the fatal question."

"Weel, I wish ye luck, Jock," answered the maiden. "I hae also gotten a wee book, and I've been puttin' doon your bad points. There are nineteen in it already, and when it reaches the score I'm goin' tae accept the blacksmith!"—*Western Christian Advocate.*